THE ISLES AND SHRINES OF GREECE

S. J. BARROWS

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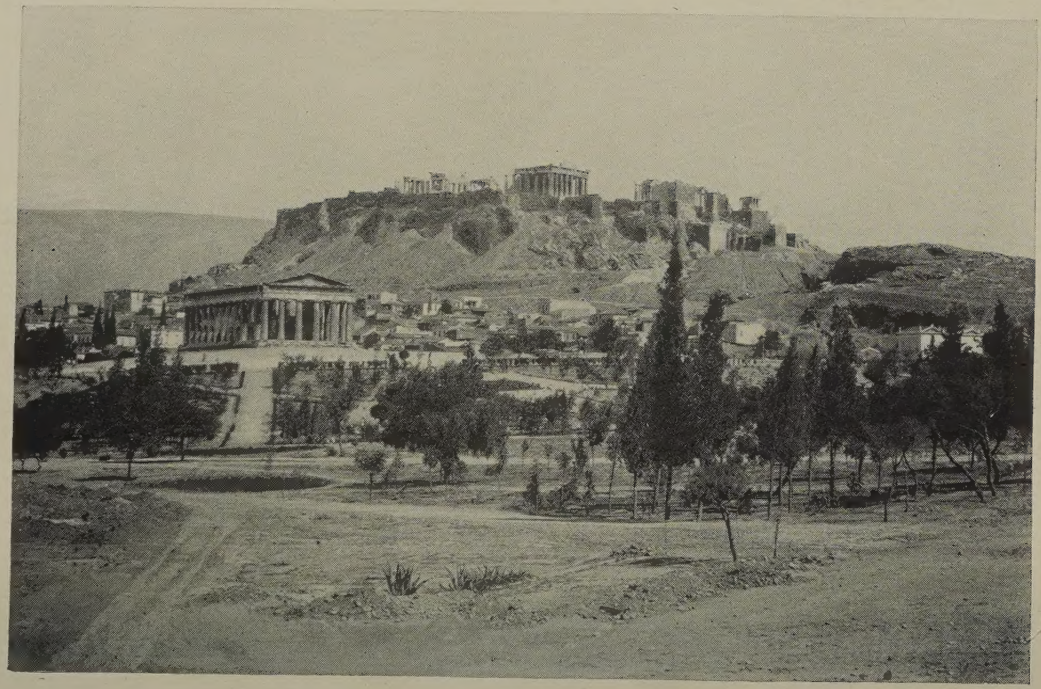
OF

GREECE



THE THESEION AND THE ACROPOLIS.

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BY

SAMUEL J. BARROWS

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS
1898

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TO

WILHELM DÖRPFELD, PH.D., LL.D.

Director of the German Archaeological Institute at Athens,

WHO IN BRINGING TO LIGHT THE HIDDEN TREASURES
OF THE OLD WORLD HAS WON THE
GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION
OF THE NEW.

PREFACE

THE isles and shrines of Greece! Not all the shrines, nor all the isles, but many of them, and these the most beautiful and the most famous.

This book is a partial expression of gratitude for rich opportunities enjoyed in Greece, where few persons, I fancy, have had a more varied experience. The great difficulty has been to compress within the limits of one volume the mass of material at my command. No place is described that I have not seen, though I saw many places which there is no room to describe. Nearly all of the illustrations are reproductions from photographs from my own camera.

In fulfilling a desire to enter Greece by the portals of the Odyssey and to leave it through the Trojan gates of the Iliad, my trip included the Ionian Islands, the Peloponnesus, Phocis, Thessaly, Attica, the Ægean Islands and Troy. If Crete is not included, it is because it lay out of my path, not because I admit the Turkish claim to that island, which by every consideration of history, lan-

guage, and tradition ought to be on the map of Greece.

As I was the only American accompanying Dr. Dörpfeld in his fruitful excavations at Troy in 1893, it is a special satisfaction to present some of the main results of that expedition to American readers.

Athens, the centre of Greek life and nationality, has received a large share of attention. But such chapters as "The Christian Shrine," "The Altar of the Home," and others included in the section under Attica, are subjects of a national character. The great interest awakened among students by Dr. Dörpfeld's studies of the old Greek theatre should make welcome a popular account in English of the essential features of his theory concerning it.

While I have confined myself mainly to my general theme, I have tried also to infuse something of the spirit of Greek life and nationality into these pages; but writing for the general reader rather than for the specialist, I have had to omit a vast number of facts and details upon which my statements are based. For the same reason I have sought to avoid the appearance of pedantry by spelling in the most familiar way those proper names which have slipped into English through the Latin. I much prefer to transliterate Greek directly into English, and in the case of modern Greek words have generally done this. I should consider it gross impiety to use a Latin name for a Greek god.

To the keen, vigilant eyes and ripe scholarship of Professor J. Irving Manatt of Brown University, who has read the proof-sheets, made wise amendments, and saved me from many errors, my special thanks are due. Mr. Michael Anagnos of Boston, a Greek "to the manner born," has cemented a friendship of many years by his helpful interest in these pages. Professor John Williams White of Harvard University has read the chapter on "The Greek Theatre" and offered valuable suggestions.

I am indebted to Professor Tarbell of Chicago University for material in the study of Attic grave reliefs, and return thanks to him and to Professor J. R. Wheeler of Columbia College, his associate in the conduct of the American Archæological School in Athens in 1892–93, for many courtesies. Professor Francis Greenleaf Allinson of Brown University generously permits me to use his close and spirited translation of the "Hymn to Apollo."

A few sketches which appeared originally in the *Christian Register* and the *New York Tribune* have been re-written for this volume.

In the early pages of the book I have taken a lively interest in pilfering from the notebooks of my daughter, and the reader cannot be sorrier than I am that Mavilla did not accompany me in all my journeyings. It is a poor girl who cannot write better than her father. I have borrowed, too, with not less gratitude, the eyes, the memory and the literary taste of my wife.

But where shall I stop in my acknowledgments? How many people has it taken to make this book! Dr. Dörpfeld will know how much, and at the same time how little, I have been able to draw from his delightful expositions. I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude to Dr. Wolters, the second secretary of the German Archæological Institute; to Dr. Körte, now of Bonn; to Mrs. Schliemann, Mr. Alexander Rangabe, Dr. Kalopathakes and his family, Miss Marion Muir and her pupils at Athens; to Monsieur and Madame Parren; and to all the rest who kindly united in making my stay in Greece a pleasant and abiding memory.

SAMUEL J. BARROWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
March 1, 1898.

CONTENTS

PAGE

I THE ISLES AND SHRINES OF GREECE

THE OLD GREECE AND THE NEW 3

II THE IONIAN ISLES

VIDO: A GREEK QUARANTINE 13

CORFU. I 24

CORFU. II 32

CEPHALONIA: A MOUNTAIN MONASTERY 45

FAR-SEEN ROCKY ITHACA 56

ZANTE:

I The Work of the Earthshaker 70

II A Bit of Exegesis 82

III THE SHRINES OF ATTICA

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS:

I The Parthenon 89

II The Propylæa 106

III The Acropolis Museum 116

ATTIC GRAVE RELIEFS 129

THE GREEK THEATRE 138

MODERN ATHENS 155

THE STREET AND THE AGORA 162

THE ALTAR OF THE HOME 181

THE CHRISTIAN SHRINE:

I From Paganism to Christianity 201

II The Modern Greek Church 214

PAGE

ATTIC DAYS 223
I A Composite Day 224
II The Athenian Press 228
III An Athenian Schoolboy 233
IV My Frieze of Goats 238
V A Greek Bugle Call 241
VI A Theban Terra-Cotta 242
VII A Treasury of Bones 243
VIII An Athenian Tetradrachma 244
IX Some Greek Vases 247
X The Greek Calendar 248
XI Greek Philanthropy 249
ATTIC WANDERINGS 251

IV THE PELOPONNESUS
FROM ATHENS TO MEGALOPOLIS 267
FROM MEGALOPOLIS TO OLYMPIA 282

V PHOCIS 295
DELPHI 297
THE DELPHIC HYMN TO APOLLO 303
THE MONASTERY OF ST. LUKE 307

VI THESSALY 315
TEMPE AND METEORA 317

VII ISLANDS OF THE ÆGEAN
EUBŒA:
I An International Funeral 335
II Eretria 342
THE CYCLADES 344

VIII TROY
I MARCHING ON TROY 355
II THE MODERN SIEGE 357

INDEX 373
INDEX OF GREEK WORDS 390

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE THESEION AND THE ACROPOLIS . . . . *Frontispiece*

CLIFFS OF CORFU . . . . . *Facing page* 24

THE SHIP OF STONE . . . . . " 38

NIKE BINDING HER SANDAL . . . . . " 112

THE MOURNING ATHENE . . . . . " 123

GRAVE RELIEF. ATHENS . . . . . " 129

TOMB OF HEGESO. ATHENS . . . . . " 130

THE THEATRE AT EPIDAURUS . . . . . " 152

THE AREOPAGUS . . . . . " 201

BYZANTINE CHURCH AT TEGEA . . . . . " 206

A HOMERIC ROAST . . . . . " 284

DELPHI . . . . . " 298

MY LITTLE MONK . . . . . " 307

PLOUGHING IN THESSALY . . . . . " 317

THE VALE OF TEMPE . . . . . " 322

A MID-AIR MONASTERY . . . . . " 326

MONASTERY OF ST. BARLAAM. ASCENT BY NET AND WINDLASS . . . . . " 330

EXCAVATIONS AT TROY . . . . . " 360

FOOD JARS AT TROY . . . . . " 368

I

THE OLD GREECE AND THE NEW

Ἴδε ποταποὶ λίθοι καὶ ποταπαὶ οἰκοδομαί.

MARK xiii. 1.

Ναιετάω δ' Ἰθάκην εὐδείελον· ἐν δ' ὄρος αὐτῇ,
Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλλον ἀριπρεπές· ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆσοι
Πολλαὶ ναιετάουσι μάλα σχεδὸν ἀλλήλῃσι,
Δουλίχιόν τε Σάμη τε καὶ ὑλήεσσα Ζάκυνθος.

ODYSSEY ix. 21.

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung.

BYRON.

THE

ISLES AND SHRINES OF GREECE

THE OLD GREECE AND THE NEW

THERE is a Greece of yesterday and a Greece of to-day, and every Philhellene believes that there will be a Greece of to-morrow. A country that has emerged from so many catastrophes of history cannot be easily extinguished in life, language, literature, art, or in political aspiration.

Each one of these aspects of Greece is interesting to me, and I find it difficult to separate them except for chronological or historic purposes.

One cannot set foot upon Greek soil without feeling the thrill of centuries of history. He is brought into the inspiring presence of some of the most perfect triumphs of art, or sees the ruder struggles of a more primitive age seeking to realize that which was to come. His imagination is kindled by embers of tradition which still glow in the life and thought of the people. The climate, the scenery, the mountains, rivers, plains, and valleys of Greece have been reflected in its literature, and furnish a beautiful background for its history. It is a small theatre for human action; but what a drama of war, art, politics,

religion, and civilization has been enacted within its limits! Battlefields, shrines, temples, theatres, inscriptions, statues, reliefs, vases, ornaments, and household utensils — some of them preserved on the very site where they were first used or reared, or stored within the walls of the greater museums — are the visible reminders to the traveller of a life and a history which are imperishably embalmed in its memorials. And, if one leaves the surface and descends into the tombs of Mycenæ, which the spade of Schliemann unsealed, he goes down into the deep, rich, and curious strata upon which Greek civilization was built. The traveller in Greece to-day cannot see all the temples or shrines which were seen by Pausanias and Saint Paul, but he can see the memorials of a primitive civilization which was lost to sight and mind, even in their day, except as it was preserved in the half-mythic, half-historic pictures of Homer.

Then there is a higher and later stratum of history, written on the tombs, walls, porticos, and theatres of the Roman occupation. Still later there is a stratum little worked in our schools, but of much interest, which reveals the traces of Venetian, Frankish, and Byzantine supremacy; and, finally, there is the long, blood-stained highway of Turkish invasion and rule. The Venetians may be known by what they built up; the Turks, like the Persians, by what they pulled down. In the great earthquake at Zante, some of the buildings which stood firm, though not unshaken, were the massive monuments of Venetian architecture, seen in the old castle and in private dwellings which have survived the shocks of seven hundred years. But, except here and there in the remains of some

mosque, the Turkish epoch is mainly shown by bombardment, neglect, and devastation.

The traveller in Greece sees the marks not only of the surge of political forces, but of the march and conflict of religious ideas. First, it is the magnificent reign of the Greek gods, when the religious sentiment was beautifully and grandly incarnated in the stone hewn from its mountain quarries. Then came the triumph of the cross, and afterward the triumph of the crescent. If the cross may accuse the crescent, certainly the crescent can accuse the cross of pillaging the temples and destroying the monuments of the heathenism to which it succeeded.

But Greece is something more than a graveyard of a dead religion or a dead nation. It reveals a life which is interesting partly because it is the prolongation and reproduction of the life of the past, and partly because it is a fresh, new life of our day. Greece is one of the oldest and at the same time one of the youngest of nations. It traces with pride its long lineage back to Pericles, Solon, and their progenitors; but it thrills with more excitement as it recounts the story of the Greek revolution the smoke of whose battles has but just passed away. I have heard children in the Athenian schools recite, not without ancestral pride, the story of Marathon as a task to be learned; but I remember more vividly a scene in a Greek prison school in which a boy told a story from the history of the revolution with such power that he was carried away by his own earnestness, and the visitors, themselves native Greeks, were kindled by his patriotism. The Greeks always have been and still are an intensely patriotic people.

Ages of misfortune and oppression have not sufficed to quench this sentiment, though there is the same difficulty to-day that there used to be in giving it united expression. It is but sixty-five years since the new kingdom of Greece was formed after the deliverance from Turkish rule. In that time it has made rapid progress in adapting itself to the conditions of European civilization in the nineteenth century. The process is still going on. If it is somewhat melancholy to see the ruins of the older Greece, it is extremely interesting to see the work of building the new nation on the ruins of the old. Our own country is an example of a nation whose development is proceeding with the greatest rapidity and on the grandest scale. This is one reason, as Professor Palmer has so well shown in his address on "The Glory of the Imperfect," why America is one of the most interesting countries in the world to live in. The process of making history is even more fascinating than the process of reviewing it after it is made. For the same reason I find it hard to be simply a student of archæology or history in Greece. Many go there whose interest and occupation it is to study simply the monuments of the past and who have little time for or little interest in the present. They hardly care for anything that is not older than the Christian era. Antiquity is at a premium here, and it brings its price. On the other hand, the Philistine finds his way to Greece also. He has no time or taste for anything that is not still alive and capable of making a bargain. A merchant resident in Greece, and born of English parents, told me that he had been in Athens several times, but he had never climbed to see the Parthenon.

The real Panhellenist, like our own Professor Felton, is deeply and intensely interested in the old Greece, but as keenly and sympathetically interested in the new. It is nearly thirty years since I read his fascinating Lowell lectures on "Ancient and Modern Greece." As I think of the interest of that work as a fresh presentation of the old and a vivid picture of the new, I find it to-day serving as a sort of mile-stone to denote the immense progress which archæology has made in Greece since it was written. At that time Schliemann had not put his spade into the ground. The treasures of Troy, Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Olympia were still buried. Eleusis, Megalopolis, Epidaurus, Argos, Delphi, Rhamnus, and many of the islands were lying almost undisturbed as they had been for centuries. The traveller walked over their sites scarcely knowing that below him were the remains of temples and theatres and works of art which it only required shovels and wheelbarrows and human muscle to reveal. The exquisite Hermes of Praxiteles and the fourteen thousand bronzes of Olympia, a large part of the rich collection of statues and grave reliefs at the Central Museum of Athens, and nearly all the collection at the Acropolis Museum, were not yet unearthed. Indeed a whole library of books and reports needs to be written to describe the monuments and buildings, statues and treasures, which have been found since Felton's day. Modern archæological science has been almost created in that time. This is one reason why Greece has still such a fascination for the enterprising archæologist. He knows that he is working in a field which is not exhausted. The

spade is even mightier than the pen. The promise allures him. He reads in his Pausanias the record of whole forests of statues and temples. Who can tell when he may make a discovery which will reveal some masterpiece of art or settle some of the vexed questions of history? Thus archæological work has an interest here which it cannot have in Paris or Berlin. The student there works with material that is already furnished him; in Greece he has an opportunity of unearthing it for himself. If the material is old the science itself is new. There is something to excite youthful ardor. It has the fascination and perpetual promise that fishing affords to the devoted angler, only the fishing is done in the earth instead of the sea. It is not surprising then that many of the men working in the field in Greece have no gray hair on their heads. Even Dörpfeld the prince of modern archæologists, at least in relation to architecture, is little over forty years old; and to refute the presumption that an archæologist must be a dried-up, wizened specimen of humanity he easily and modestly bears the honors of the handsomest man in Athens.

But the interest of Greece is not all below ground nor in the new and active life above it. There is an atmospheric, a physical charm, in its climate and scenery which attracts and rewards the traveller though he may care little for its ruins or for the new life about him. He may breathe the fresh, soft air, rejoice in the glow of the sunlight which shines for so many days with undimmed brilliancy, and see in the face of Nature the same sweet smile which beautified it three thousand years ago. In

that time Nature has not been wholly asleep. Forests have disappeared, springs have run dry, rivers have changed their courses, the sea has receded from the shore, villages and cities have decayed and been buried in earth and oblivion; but still there is the same grandeur of the mountain, the same fresh beauty of the plain, the same peace or wrath of the sea, as when the Homeric rhapsodist sang the glories of Olympus or painted in hexameters the garden of Alcinoüs. Byron gives a faithful transcript of the scene when he says: —

> "And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
> Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
> Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
> Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.
> . . . . . .
> Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
> Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
> Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
> And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
> There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
> The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;
> Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
> Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare:
> Art, glory, freedom, fail; but Nature still is fair."

The organization of modern travel, the multiplication of railroad and steamship connections, the appearance on the field of a new convenience and a new distress in the shape of a Cook or Gaze agent has enabled the tourist "to do" Athens and the rest of Greece in four or five days; but Greece will not do what she might for him unless he banishes the demon of haste and basks for months in the smile of her lovely countenance. An instantaneous view is better

than nothing; but there are fine shades of expression and soft, dreamy revelations of beauty which can only be taken by a time exposure.

The old Greece and the new. Rather let me say the old Greece *in* the new, and the new Greece *in* the old. This to me is the perpetual fascination of this land. The past and the present cannot be wholly unravelled. The old and the new are continually intermingling. Temples have fallen and monuments are broken, but the ideals of beauty they embodied still animate the modern world. The gods no longer sit on Olympus, but Olympus still lies under the shadow of the Almighty. You stand on the Acropolis and reverently view the Parthenon; and then your eye turns to the ever old and ever new sea, or lights on the fresh verdure of the grain that is growing in the valley, or watches the changing colors of the sunset spreading over Hymettus. You turn toward the Areopagus and think of the grand address which Paul gave to the crowd from the market; but down in the schools and streets below the children are repeating words and phrases some of which are eight centuries older than the speech of Paul, but are still included in the same tongue. Scarcely a festival passes that some old custom does not come to light which embodies the memory of classic days.

The old Greece in the new; the new Greece in the old. In what I write I shall not try to separate them wholly. It is the unity of the impression which makes the reality of Greece as it is.

"Why do you go to Greece?" said some one to me. It was a strange question. It nearly dumfounded me.

"Why does any one stay away?"

II

THE IONIAN ISLES

VIDO: A GREEK QUARANTINE

How many travellers in Greece spend their first night on Greek soil in a house of their own construction? Built, too, with an axe and a needle! Not Mycenæan, Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian in style, but historically Greek and essentially nomadic. If I gave it its etymological name I should call it scenic architecture. That Greek word *σκηνή* has come down to us through a series of theatrical transformations and embodied itself in the word *scene* in our own language with a great deal of its dramatic odor and character. But in modern Greek it still retains, also, its primitive meaning of tent, — one example of a thousand other moss-grown words which have come down from the days of Homer.

We had crossed the broad ocean, spent some weeks on the Continent, and made at Naples our final arrangements for the invasion of Greece. Travellers had told us that an indomitable will, a tough skin, and an artistic spirit were all that were necessary. As this outfit could not be procured in Naples, we tried to get a few other things on which we might rely. Our providence in this direction was greatly stimulated by the predictions of a friend in Rome that a Greek quarantine was something not to be endured. Of our party of seven, — four ladies, two boys, and his modesty, myself, — all but one had camped out on the "Beautiful Water" of Canada,

which the Greeks might insist on calling *θάλασσα καλή*, but which the Indians, not knowing Greek, had roughly called "Memphremagog." It was not easy in Naples to get all that might be needed for a camper's outfit. "A hamper of provisions," says Mavilla, "containing plenty of figs, sweet chocolate, and *marrons glacés*, was the most important part of our equipment. We had, moreover, a small kerosene stove, a baby tomahawk, a roll of Roman silk blankets and enough heavy drilling to make a large tent. Our family had not camped out seventeen summers without learning something of the art of making much of little; so when we added to our outfit a steel knife and a spoon apiece we looked forward undismayed to the Greek quarantine."

I was obliged to travel from Naples in a separate compartment from my family and was thereby relieved from following Paul's occupation as a tent-maker; but what happened in the ladies' compartment, and the subsequent experience at Brindisi, Mavilla has faithfully recorded: —

"On many of our journeys it would have been hard to confine ourselves to tent-making. Crossing the St. Gotthard Pass it would have been wicked to lose a minute of that magnificent scenery. Even the pleasant monotony of Holland gives a continual enjoyment to the eye; but the journey from Naples to Brindisi is well adapted to sewing, reading, or sleeping. Brown fields stretch away to the brown foothills. Glaring white farmhouses are scattered among the brown vineyards. Occasional cornfields, dashed with yellow pumpkins, soften the treeless landscape. There are few signs of life except here and there a

farmer ploughing with his white oxen, or a peasant riding across the country on his little brown donkey. One misses the richness and brilliancy of the usual Italian landscape, and wonders at the dulness of life in the heel of Italy. When we reached Taranto, our 20 x 30 tent was finished.

"An obsequious little English agent met us at the dingy station at Brindisi and guided us through the darkness to the waiting carriages. Our amazement knew no bounds when we saw ourselves surrounded by crowds of men with lanterns, banners, and torches, shouting and singing to the accompaniment of drums and a brass band! They at once made room for our open vehicles to lead the procession while they walked beside us and fell in behind. On all sides was the greatest enthusiasm and excitement, cries of "Viva Monticelli!" "Viva le donne!" Puzzled as we were, we could not help laughing, even in the peculiar situation of being the only women in the streets. The revellers saw that we were disposed to be good-natured, so they increased their merriment, brandished their torches, and waved their flags over our heads. At last we learned that there had been an election and Brindisi was celebrating the victory of the favorite candidate. The unusual advent of strangers was an opportunity not to be wasted, so we were escorted to the quay in triumph."

The steamer left at two in the morning, but we were safely and comfortably settled the night before.

The trip from Italy to Corfu, the first of the Greek isles, is a delightful one, when favored as we were with a calm sea and a clear sky. By early morning we find the bare and rugged outlines of the Albanian

mountains rising on the left, at first with a dimpled sky line, then growing more rugged and varied. They are for us the first sight of a country over which Turkish rule is extended. The hills are brown, gray and barren. Off to the right are islands of hazy blue. About ten o'clock Corfu comes in sight, — first a long tongue of land lapping the sea, from which rise stalwart mountains, wrapped in blue. This island, with its mountains, has been the scene of many a conflict, mythical or historic; but now it lies enswathed in perfect calm, as if it might really be the fabled land of Alcinoüs. As we near it, the hills describe more graceful curves and reveal their fresh verdure. At first there is little indication of human life; and it is hard to believe that this lovely island was known to the ancients for centuries before the existence of another continent was dreamed of, and that it has been the theatre of Homeric myths, the struggles of Greek against Greek, or of foreign rivalry and rule. Then come signs of the fertility which distinguishes the island. Olive groves spread over the hills. A white house stands like an outpost on a point overlooking a charming bay. The blue sea is like a smooth lake. The hills are green, black, brown and gray. Vessels are lying sleepily along the shore, taking siestas of oriental languor.

But we may not touch those sacred shores till the days of our purification are accomplished. Of more immediate interest to us than the harbor of Corfu, which lies before us under its protecting hills, is the question, "Where is our quarantine to be passed?" Just to the east of Corfu lies the island of Vido. We slowly round its southern end, raise

our flag, and come to anchor in the harbor. Rows of one-story brick buildings are seen on the shore. There is something ominous in their yellow color, but they cannot wholly tinge the cheerful complexion of the quiet, sun-bathed island.

Now the health officer has mounted the ladder and taken a census of the passengers, — so many first class, so many second class, so many steerage. Then we are told that only about ten more can be accommodated on the island. The larger number must spend two days of the quarantine on the steamer till there is more room. The steamer was not bad, but the island seemed better. It was then that the tent which the ladies had made turned the scale in our favor.

"May we put up a tent and camp by ourselves?"

"Certainly," said the health officer.

The director was sitting in a boat below.

"Is your tent all ready?" he shouted.

"Not quite," I answered. I saw that there were almost no trees on the island. There were some good spars on the steamer, but they could not be purchased for tent-poles. A tent without poles or ropes would be a heap of shapeless cloth — duck without bones.

"What do you require?" shouted the director.

"About thirty yards of rope."

"How large?"

"The size of your tiller ropes."

"Anything else?"

"A pair of long oars for our tent-poles."

The director and his boat left for Corfu; and, before we had disembarked from the steamer, the rope

and the oars were in the boat alongside which was to take us ashore. I had heard that Greeks could be slow. I did not dream that they could be so prompt. Wing-sandalled Hermes could not have done better.

In a few minutes we had landed with our baggage. Then came the most amusing part of our experience. There were already on the island two or three groups of passengers from other vessels. None of these were allowed to mingle with any except those of their own group. The officers and purveyors stood likewise aloof, and talked to passengers at a distance of six feet, over which it is assumed that a cholera germ cannot travel during a short conversation. The first process was to secure the names, ages, and nativity of the new arrivals. The agent stood at a safe distance and asked questions and noted the answers. If a passenger ventured to move towards him, he beat a hasty retreat. Even the mildest and most interesting young lady, as fair as the princess who used to live at Corfu, became an object of terror. The agent, who spoke little English, but talked in Greek, French, and Italian, distrusted his ability to write the names of our party. He cautiously put his pencil and paper on the ground and retired several feet. I advanced, and took it up, and wrote the necessary information. Then I laid it on the ground, with the pencil, and retired. The officer returned boldly, picked it up and likewise retired, but not before I had levelled and snapped my kodak amid the laughter of the onlookers. Is photography under such circumstances contagious?

Rooms were then allotted to passengers, and a guard, acting also as a servant, was assigned to each group.

We hastened in the waning afternoon to put up our tent. A large haystack stood in the middle of a field not far from the quarantine building. This would furnish a good backing and a protection from the wind. We had but two oars for tent-poles; one of these could serve as a ridgepole. We drove the blade into the hay at the proper height, set the other oar perpendicularly on the ground and lashed it to the ridgepole. Not far away was a small fig-tree which Ianni, our guard and guide, cut down and used as an additional prop for the ridgepole. Across this frame we hung our tent.

We had no tent-pins, but the English government had spent five million dollars in furnishing us substitutes. For fifty years, Corfu and the Ionian Isles were under the protectorate of Great Britain. During this period, that government erected vast and expensive fortifications commanding the harbor of Corfu. When the islands were relinquished to Greece in 1863, these fortifications were dismantled and blown to pieces. We guyed our tent to some of the mass of fragments and used smaller ones in place of tent-pins to hold down our canvas. Meanwhile deft fingers had sewed and hung Turkey-red curtains, giving an oriental brilliancy to the interior and dividing it into compartments.

A home-made Yankee tent and a manufactured English ruin for our first night in Greece!

Our Greek and Italian fellow passengers were inclined to commiserate us for having only the shelter

of canvas; but, when we assured them that we had had seventeen summers' experience in tent life (at least some of us), and that Canadian Augusts were often as cold as this Greek November, their fears were quieted.

If the ruin was modern and made to order, it served very well as an introduction to some that were to follow. Later, we had abundant opportunities to see what the tooth of time and shattering earthquakes could do in furnishing melancholy classical ruins; but these enormous masses of stone, in jagged angular confusion, with the mouths of cannon yawning from out the chaos, were a striking witness of what gunpowder could do in tearing to pieces a work built to resist it. There is but one point of terrible affinity between this rugged mass of ruins and the fairest gem of Greek architecture: it was gunpowder in the shape of a wicked bomb from Morosini's battery which wrecked the Parthenon.

The departure of the first company of passengers enabled us to secure a room as precaution against storm. Our tent was made more luxurious by the addition of iron bedsteads. We cooked our own light breakfast. Luncheon and dinner we ate at the tables furnished for first-class passengers by the proprietor of the St. George Hotel at Corfu. Ianni, our squire, followed us about with vigilant and helpful fidelity; he was always at beck and call. A little donkey, with two water-casks slung over his back, brought water from a well a third of a mile away to fill water jars, which suggested Homeric times. The ruins of the English fortress challenged us to climb and scramble. The island, half a mile wide and

three-quarters of a mile long, furnished a good promenade. The beautiful scenery of Corfu was spread before us. We bathed in the clear warm water, wrote letters, read, chatted, and listened to the Babel of languages at dinner; Greek, Italian, French, German, and English were all spoken by the twenty people at our dinner-table. A Babel without the tower! The Italian steerage passengers in another part of the island poured forth an endless stream of words. The Florentine or Roman Italian is musical enough, but the Venetian or Neapolitan, when uttered rapidly, sounds like a succession of firecrackers or torpedoes. The vowels explode like a Gatling gun and the consonants go off in smoke.

The United States Consular Agent, Mr. Stretch, was kindness itself. He executed commissions for us in Corfu, and twice crossed to the island to see us. We were allowed to talk to him across a ten-foot space, separated by fences.

It is but just to recognize the unfailing courtesy of the Greek medical director and of all who had to administer the duties of his department. We had prepared ourselves for a quarantine which might be a purgatory; but this proved to be a haven of rest. It needs the youthful enthusiasm of Mavilla to describe it:

"Life at the Vido was a happy dream. We learned then, if never before, the true meaning of *dolce far niente*. Although the end of November it was what we should call June weather with nothing but sunshine and starshine during our stay.

"I cannot pass quickly over this our charming imprisonment, for, though it lasted but a few days, it

seems as if we were there for weeks. Without it our Greece would not be one half so dear to us as it is. There in the sunshine amid the flowers we lay on the grass and wove wreaths of superb crimson gowans while some one read aloud. We dutifully read to the end, but the circle of listeners grew constantly smaller as we strolled away to the other side of the island or wandered over the ruins of the old fort. Would you not like to stray among blooming crocuses in November, gathering handfuls of cyclamen and Jack-in-the-pulpits? We plucked them fresh a dozen times a day and then marvelled that they grew no less.

"A thousand happy memories will always cling to Vido: the delightful sea-bathing at full noon; the hot afternoons that we spent on the bluff, listening to the military music floating across the water from the fortress; the cool evenings when the wandering musicians from Corfu serenaded us with mandolin and guitar, while the Zingara flirted, the tenor sang and we danced on the bluff.

"On the last day we gave an afternoon tea. We received on the veranda of our little cottage, as the tent had already been taken down. Our guests were three Greek gentlemen and the United States Consular Agent from Corfu. As a government official, the latter was allowed to land on the island, but he could only come as far as the boundary railing. We stood behind another bar, ten feet away, and balanced his refreshments on the end of a long rail. The rest of us drank our tea from little blue-spotted bowls which the Consul had sent us from Corfu. A little Dutch plate of great antiquity, that we had brought from

Marken, held our biscuit. Since we had no other dishes, box-covers served for bon-bon trays. Surely never was a more Arcadian afternoon. The devoted Ianni had gathered flowers for the occasion and had made everything ready for our departure. We felt dismal enough at having to change our camp dresses for our travelling clothes, and gloves and hats seemed equally odious; but at Vido one could not be unhappy long about anything, and even at parting one must, smile. So I waited till the others had gone down to the shore; then, pulling a last bunch of cyclamen and daisies, I ran to the boats."

CORFU

I

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I had the sharp zest of the explorer. It whets one's curiosity to a feather-edge to enter a country which, so far as modern civilization is concerned, is devoid of a past; where there are no works of man except the few traces of nomadic Indian occupancy and the only history revealed is that written by the great forces of Nature. Thus it was very interesting to enter the Black Hills with Custer in 1874; to penetrate a country unmapped and unnamed; to see washed out the first thimbleful of gold; to plant the standard of nationality and civilization on a lofty height and listen to strains of patriotic music resounding for the first time through those silent hills. We were the harbingers of a new civilization. The practical question to the enthusiastic miner was, "Where shall I stake my claim?"

There is another zest, more delicate but not less keen. It is the zest of the mythologist, the archæologist, the philologist and the student of letters whose interest in a country is heightened by its long past, the mellowed accretions of myth, tradition and language, its rich treasures of art and the resplendent glow of imaginative literature which invests it like a halo. That is the difference between the Black Hills

CLIFFS OF CORFU.

and Greece. Greece was an illuminated palimpsest, the Black Hills a blank page.

There are two ways of entering Greece. You may sail directly to the Piræus, the port of Athens, and come at once under the spell of Propylæa and Parthenon. That is to enter by the front door. Or you may land at Corfu, and go from one to another of the Ionian Islands. That is to go through the back lane of Homeric tradition. When I went to Greece, I determined, if possible, to enter by the portal of the Odyssey, and to leave by the portal of the Iliad. If I had lived in the Orient, I should have reversed the programme; but, living in the Occident, it was easier to read the second story first. The centre of the Odyssey is Ithaca; the centre of the Iliad is Troy. In going from one to the other, my trip included nearly all the most important isles and shrines of Greece.

Hardly less important than Ithaca in the Odyssey, and more fascinating in charm of incident and beauty of description, is the land of the Phæacians, the ancient Scheria. The island and its inhabitants are invested with a certain mythical and superhuman character, and the poet gives full rein to his imagination in describing its marvellous fertility and beauty. It is the island which tradition, rightly or wrongly, has identified with the modern Corfu. As we entered the harbor it seemed as if we were sailing into mythic waters. But the captain sails by a modern chart.

Of the seven Ionian Islands, Corfu, called by the Greeks Kerkyra, is the largest and the most important. It holds, too, the palm for beauty and fertility. It has an area of 422 square miles and a population

of 25,000 souls. Its veritable history can be traced back to the settlement of a Corinthian colony there, 734 B. C. As in our own history, the colony soon quarrelled with the mother country. In 655 B. C., the Corcyræans, as they were called, beat the Corinthians in a naval battle. The island took the part of Athens in the Peloponnesian War. Later it passed into the hands of the Romans. When the Crusaders insanely dismembered the Byzantine Empire, this island jewel dropped easily into the hands of Venice, and though the Neapolitan kings secured it for a hundred years, and the Turks besieged it twice, the Venetians ruled it until the beginning of this century. Their occupation and that of the Neapolitans covered a period of six centuries. The French secured possession for seven years, from 1807 to 1814. For forty-eight years thereafter, until 1863, it formed one of the seven Ionian Islands grouped into a State under the protection of Great Britain. In 1863, when King George was called to the throne of Greece, the desire for political union with that country was so strong, as expressed by a vote of their people, that England gave up her protectorate, and the Ionian Islands thenceforth became a part of the kingdom of Greece.

Here, in brief outline, are the epochs in the history of Corfu. The charm of the island lies in its physical beauty, its halo of tradition and the picturesque and archaic features of its modern life.

If one wished to settle down into the simple luxuries of physical existence, I know not where he could find them more perfectly combined than on this island. No fickleness of nature has marked its

changing fortunes. The same clear sky, balmy air, refulgent sun and glorious prospects abide here as in the days of Homer. The fertility of the soil is remarkable. In the sense in which we speak of it in the latitude of Boston, there is no such thing as winter in Corfu. The snow falls on the Albanian mountains, or on the head of Monte San Salvatore, 3,000 feet high, but never whitens the streets of Corfu. Flowers bloom all the year round. The fields in November are gay with English daisies and cyclamen and heather, and we pick crocuses, snowdrops and chrysanthemums. Great walls of cactus and hedges of aloes run along the roadsides. There are vast groves of olives, some of them of great age. The five hundred years claimed for them may not be theirs; but it is easy to believe that they have outlived centuries. It is estimated that there are four million olive-trees on the island; and nowhere else have I seen such beautiful growths of this historic tree. There are fine groves of oranges, lemons and figs, and the vineyards of Corfu send wine to France, Italy and elsewhere. Bananas, palms, magnolias and the eucalyptus flourish in the gardens. Few places are more kindly favored by nature with a generous soil, a genial and lovely prospect.

To one who has been reared in the popular or academic fiction that Greek is a dead language, it is curiously exhilarating to land in Corfu and find it really alive. It refuses to be bound in the cerements of the academic pronunciation, to be immured in grammars or text-books; it is as wing-worded as when it escaped the barriers of Homeric teeth. It is

not too fine for common use. It is the language of bootblacks and hack-drivers, as well as of poets and historians; its vocabulary is conspicuously displayed in shop signs, bills of fare, public notices and the names of streets. If he has any of his old college Greek in his brain, now is the time for the traveller to get it out and burnish it up. Still more fortunate is he if he has taken time by the forelock and prepared for this trip by acquiring some knowledge of modern Greek, which is best described by Geldart as "old Greek made easy." It is nonsense to treat Greek as if it were a dead language. It is living in the speech, journalism and literature of the Greeks of to-day, just as Chaucer is living in the speech, journalism and literature of the English people. The letters, the accents, are the same. The old Greek has changed its form in modern usage. It is simpler, less accurate, less rich in moods and inflections; but it is, historically, essentially the same language. One may open his Homer and pick out on every page words that are in common usage to-day, after three thousand years of currency. The universal daily greeting χαίρετε is Homeric. The resemblance to the New Testament Greek is remarkable. The Greek Church has done much to preserve the vitality of the language, for the New Testament is used in all the services in the old Greek, and children say the Lord's Prayer by heart just as it stands in Matthew.

"Never before," said Mavilla, "had Greek 'sight translation' been half so interesting, or practical, as when we lingered along the narrow, crooked streets of the little town, trying to discover which was a

baker's shop and which a barber's. The fruit and candy stalls we had no difficulty in recognizing."

The streets are narrow, the esplanade broad and partly shaded with trees. The ruins, with two or three exceptions, are not Greek, but Venetian. They consist mainly of the old Venetian forts, one of which, Fortezza Vecchia, is still used as a military post by the Greeks. But for the visitor the main interest is the magnificent view of harbor, town and island.

Traditions grow as luxuriantly in Corfu as olives, figs and lemons. Some of them have a very intimate relation to the life and religion of the people. There is an Homeric tradition and a Christian tradition. The Homeric tradition is worked into the guide-books and comes down as a literary heritage. But the Christian tradition is woven into ritual, ceremony and procession in the Greek Church, and is still used to praise God and shame the devil. We had come to find the Homeric trail, but we could not lapse into luxuriant paganism until we had paid our respects to the lifeless and desiccated remains of Saint Spiridion. All Saints Day (in the Greek, not the Roman calendar), which was observed the day after we landed, was a civil, military and religious festival, all the town, the country-side, the garrison, the two brass bands, and the countless church officials joining in one interminable procession in honor of the patron saint of the island, Saint Spiridion. One of the semi-official lives of the saint states that he was born in Cyprus about 318 A. D. From a humble shepherd he became an archbishop, and many stories are told of the miracles he wrought. He died in 350 and his body was taken to Constantinople in

700, where it remained until 1453, when it was removed to Corfu. Instead of being burnt or buried, it is sacredly preserved in a silver coffin decorated with gold and jewels. Three times a year the body is taken out of the church and carried about the city in a palanquin with a glass case. This festival, like those of Easter and other holy days in Greece, is national and patriotic as well as religious. It brings out the whole populace of every grade and order, and the military solemnities are almost as conspicuous as the sacerdotal.

We joined the waiting crowd at the door of Saint Spiridion's Church, standing on tiptoe to hear mass. The women were in full holiday dress, their breasts covered with masses of golden icons and heavy gold chains. Their soft, white veils were spotless, and their velvet bodices and silk aprons were of the gayest colors. As the chimes pealed for eleven o'clock, the procession started from the church. In the van were a number of small children dressed in sailor costume. The civil authorities and dignitaries were preceded by banner-bearers. Acolytes bore huge waxen columns, — candles if you please, — as long and as stout as a lamp-post. Then came priests and bishops in richest garments of gorgeous colors. The archbishop walked close to the body of his ancient and distinguished forerunner; then, in great state, came Saint Spiridion himself, in his sacred palanquin, borne by four men, the body upright, with head, trunk, and hands exposed to view.

"Poor old thing," said Mavilla, "fifteen hundred years a withered mummy, and still jolted about the city three times a year!"

The multitude fell in behind the troops of soldiers, and, with their candles in their hands, marched the whole morning. When the procession reached the square, the palanquin was placed on the ground and prayers were offered, thanking the saint for delivering the island from an ancient plague. The benediction was pronounced in a forcible way by a battery of artillery.

To some this service was apparently little more than a national festival; to the superstitious peasants it was full of solemn awe, — the veneration with which they regard the old saint amounts to that bestowed by their ancestors on the lesser divinities, — to others it furnished material for piety and gratitude. One old man who stood near me in the square was deeply moved and the tears rolled down his cheeks. I wondered in just what way the service touched his heart. But there was nothing Pharisaical in his tears, though they fell on a street corner.

CORFU

II

BUT we had not come to Corfu to pay our respects to Saint Spiridion. Where were Nausicaa and the gardens of Alcinoüs, and the ship of the Phæacians which the gods had turned to stone? Where was the ball which the princess had thrown into the river?

The Phæacian episode is one of the most charming in the Odyssey; it is one of the most ingenious devices ever constructed for bridging a narrative. Homer — and here let me say that when I speak of Homer, I mean the man, the men, or succession of men who wrote the Iliad and the Odyssey; he may have been blind, though I cannot think he was born so; he may have been born in seven different cities or more; he may have been a succession of rhapsodists whose narrative deliquesced into song. I am not given to dropping into controversy by discussing the Homeric question; I simply inform the disputants that I recognize their claims and contentions, and "have filed them for future consideration." But I hope they will generously permit me to say "Homer" without accusing me of illiterate partisanship or blank idiocy — Homer, I was about to say, had adroitly brought his hero Odysseus into a most embarrassing predicament, a state of absolute nakedness and destitution in a strange land. He had been for many

years on the fabled isle of Calypso. Through the intervention of the gods, she had granted him release and furnished him with timber and tools; he had made a raft, or boat, and launched forth on the deep for Ithaca. But the ocean god was not going to let him off so easily. In a tremendous storm the raft went to pieces, and if a submarine goddess had not given him a life-preserver he would have perished. He nears the shores of a strange isle. He is in danger of being dashed to pieces on its rocky cliffs; the skin is torn from his hands. At last he finds the mouth of a river, swims up, lands on the bank, heaps together a pile of leaves as a protection against rheumatism, and, half dead from exhaustion, sinks into a profound slumber.

Now, how is Homer to get him out of this naked pauperism and introduce him once more into organized and reputable society? Of course he had the whole pantheon of gods at his disposal and could use the *deus ex machina* whenever he wished. Nothing could have been easier than to ask Athene to come down, wake up the hero and give him a new suit of clothes. She does supply him from her wardrobe on one occasion. But as a general thing Homer does not care to drag in the gods by the ears. He is more fond of using them to give impulse and direction to human action. What, then, is the ingenious device he uses to wake up and clothe his hero? The laughing music, the playful scream of a girl's voice.

Nausicaa, a beautiful Diana-like princess, upon whose charms Homer loves to dilate, is sleeping in her chamber in the palace of King Alcinoüs, her

father. The goddess Athene comes to her, — not even here, however, with direct address, but in the form of one of her handmaids, who chides her for sleeping when she ought to be up and having a care for her household. She reminds her of the washing that must be done for her father that he may appear respectably among his counsellors, and for the bachelor brothers who are fond of going to the dance. She hints, too, about a day of marriage for the girl herself. The Puritan conscience of the maid is aroused. She gets up and goes to her father the king, and says, "Dear papa, may the servants yoke the mules to the wagon, — the good one with the high back, — that I may go with the washing for you and my brothers" (no hint about the day of her marriage, but the old man understands it). He gives her his best high-top wain. The mules are harnessed, and the queen puts up a nice luncheon. The princess takes the reins and, accompanied by her maids, drives with the clothes to the washing pools. When they get there the princess does not tie her mules to a tree all harnessed and with the check-rein up, as a city-bred girl might do; she considerately unharnesses them and lets them feed on the succulent grass. She and the maids go to the pools and wash the clothes with laughing rivalry. Then, while the clothes dry, comes the lunch, and after that a game of ball, the maids singing as they play. At last the royal pitcher makes a bad curve or a wild throw; the fielders miss it, and the ball falls into the river. What happens, what must happen? What would a bevy of girls do under similar circumstances in any and every age? There is a loud, laughing scream

of comic despair as the ball splashes in the river! It is this scream which wakes the sleeping hero.

Odysseus behaves with great propriety. Behind the shelter of a thick branch he appeals to the princess for protection. Her maids are frightened enough; but she maintains her stately self-possession. She neither runs from the salty bushwhacker nor does she refer him to the Charity Organization Society. She calms her frightened maids, tosses some clothes to the suppliant, and, after she has harnessed her mules to the high-wheeled wain, she leads the way to her father's home, using the whip on the mules "with discretion" (Homer was anxious to show that there was one woman who *did* know how to whip a mule). She only asks of the hero that when she gets to the town he will keep a good way behind the team, not to attract the attention of the idle gossips as they pass the loungers in the agora. Thus she leads him to her father's palace with its exquisite gardens, concerning whose beauty and fruitfulness Homer waxes eloquent.

Messrs. Scott, Dumas, Van Lennep, Spielhagen, and all the rest of you, could you devise anything more ingenious, more natural, or more artlessly beautiful, to get your hero out of difficulty, and to lead him to the palace of a king, where he shall be received with abundant hospitality, and where his sojourn shall furnish a pretext for telling the whole history of his previous adventures, of which the reader was ignorant? In the Odyssey, Homer begins in the middle, and it is not until you are through a fourth of the volume that you get the first part of the story. How charmingly the episode is fitted together! The reader

has no suspicion at the beginning that this little pleasantry about the lusty bachelors going to the dance, or the reference to the king's need of clean linen, has anything to do with Odysseus, but later he perceives that had there been no men's clothes to wash, Odysseus would have been left in a ridiculous plight. Then that game of ball is so spontaneous, with the wild throw and the bad fielding, — which any college boy will condone in a club of girls, — leading to that explosive scream; it is all so artless and so modern that it might have happened yesterday. If you do not think so, read it over in the charming translation of Professor Palmer in Book VI. of the Odyssey.

It was this Nausicaa and her beautiful maids, — so much more interesting than the wizened body of Saint Spiridion, — it was this fabled garden of Alcinous that I was seeking to find. I was half confident that if I could only put a spade somewhere near the shore where Odysseus landed I might, perhaps, find buried in the sand the ball which the princess had thrown. What a magnificent trophy that would be! I should be made an honorary member of every college ball team in the country.

The garden of Alcinous, teeming with luscious fruit, is not difficult to find. The garden of the present king might rival it in fruitfulness. And is there not a street named after Alcinoüs, and is it not the site of the famous palace on a hill overlooking the sea? We rode thither from the city, winding past King George's beautiful garden, into which we looked from our open carriage. At the roadside were groups of dark-eyed children with bunches of flowers and clusters of

oranges which they plucked from the walls. They flung their spoils into the carriages, and we tossed a few coins into the dusty road.

"Not a gleam of the bronze doors of Alcinoüs," says Mavilla, "shone through the trees on the hill-top, but imagination restored all in more than the original splendor. Although we fancied we could hear girlish laughter ringing through the olive grove, and I caught a glimpse of white arms in the surf on the beach below, yet we did not find Nausicaa. Nevertheless, the walk to the crest well repaid us, for there we had the whole world at our feet, — a sunny, flowery little world amid seas. There were garden valleys, little villages straggling up the wooded slopes, and bold hills dropping abruptly into the sea."

We drove along through the centre of the peninsula to the one-gun battery, the lake of Kalikiopoulo on our right, the sea beyond the hills to the left. The view from the gun battery at the extreme point of the peninsula is charming. If Homer tells the truth, the ship of the Phæacians who were kind enough to take Odysseus to Ithaca, was turned into stone by angry Poseidon when they came back. And if tradition tells the truth, the little island before us was originally the old ship. But elsewhere there is another island claimant for this honor, and I admit that I am not enough of a naval architect to decide between them. The question occurs, also, whether the mouth of this bay was the place where Odysseus landed. If so, where were the rocky cliffs against which he was in danger of being dashed? Mr. Stillman, in his charming book "On the Track of Odys-

seus," has discussed the question in detail, and has found elsewhere the rocky cliffs. But a work so highly mythical and imaginative as the Odyssey, though so true to life and nature, cannot be reduced to exact bounds of topography or geography. It is not likely that any island, starting as the basis of a tradition or story, would preserve its configuration wholly after floating in the warm imagination of the rhapsodists. Instead of making the story conform to the topography, the topography would be made to conform to the story. More accuracy is demanded of the modern historical novelist, but how easy to find slips and anachronisms in description! In his "Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," Dumas has given a description of the Conciergerie at Paris. As I tried not long since to fit the story to the prison, my guide shrugged his shoulders and said, "When Dumas did not find what he wanted he made it." I suspect Homer did the same. The literary traveller on the trail of Homer must not harden into an archæological literalist. He must keep his own imagination fluent and sympathetic or he will miss that of the poet. Later on, at Tiryns, Mycenæ, and at Troy, it will be well worth while to remember how much of fact and history have been brought to light from taking the truth of the Homeric narrative for granted. But for the Island of Scheria we cannot solidify the fluent, misty, auroral tradition. All that is needed is to find an island which might furnish in fertility, beauty, clime, and general topography the conditions necessary for the Phæacian episode, and tradition was evidently satisfied that Corfu fulfilled them.

I was not willing to leave Corfu without an effort to

THE SHIP OF STONE.

see Nausicaa. I had no desire to see her mummified in a coffin like Saint Spiridion. I wanted her with some life in her eye and grace in her limbs. Is it unreasonable to ask a girl to keep her youth for twenty-five or thirty centuries? If the fountain of perpetual youth is to be found anywhere, is it not in this land of fruit and flowers?

We applied at the old residence, but the princess had moved. The garden was blooming, but where was the maid? I felt confident that we must go to some of the wash pools to find her. Gastouri, a suburb of the town, is renowned for the beauty of its women, — why not there? Mavilla declares that "the drives on the island of Corfu are beyond the power of pen or camera," which may be a gentle hint to me that *I* must not attempt to describe them. "Even the warmth of the painter's brush is unsatisfactory. The sweetness of the air, the delicious heat of the November sun, and the fascination of being there are inseparable." Nevertheless, Mavilla would have been sorry enough if I had not taken my camera. Perhaps the hint, after all, is that I had better quote from her diary instead of trying to improve on it:

"We saw but few people as we drove toward the Empress of Austria's summer palace. One or two little whitewashed cottages basked in sunny gardens. Under the trees by the roadside were shepherds with their flocks, idle and peaceful, as if life contained neither care nor worry. In front of a group of tiny cottages sat three old women, spinning in the sunshine. I was sure that they were the sister Fates, and so looked anxiously for the shears. Evidently

they had no thought of cutting off our pleasure, for they responded cordially to our salutations.

"Near the palace is a little hamlet, where children were playing in the road. We refused their entreaties to take us through the grounds, and asked only for a cosey spot for picnicking. As guide, we chose a dear little lame fellow with a heavenly face. We left the carriages in the shade, and scrambled up a steep hill after the crippled laddie, who hobbled over the rocks with his one bare foot and crutch faster than we could with our walking boots.

"Our luncheon tasted like nectar and ambrosia, served on the slopes of Olympus. For the time being, the American sovereigns decided to become immortal gods.

"On the pinnacle of the hill above us, suggesting some of Dürer's impossible mountain shrines, was a tiny chapel. To us, who like to have our churches convenient, of easy access to the electric cars, the situation of this chapel was striking. Even on that beautiful day, the wind from the sea was so strong that it was hard to keep our footing as we toiled up the winding trail over the rocks. Once there, we lay in the lea of the little stone building, and picked crocuses while we got our breath. Faded wreaths hung over the church door, but the windows were nailed up, and the rough little edifice could not be entered. Even the bell-rope in the tiny campanile was decayed. For many years a priest had lived in a cell built against the end of the chapel, but he had died, our little guide told us, and this hilltop shrine is now used only on special occasions. But we had come to see the shrines, and this was one of them.

"Whether Gastouri ran down to the valley or struggled up the hill, it matters not, for now it is just half way. Our angel-faced guide swung himself out of the carriage in front of a rose-wreathed cottage, and smilingly said, —

"'This is my home; down there is Gastouri.'

"We went down afoot, for the cobble-paved alleys were so steep that even mules are of little use in Gastouri. Each house looks down on the roof of the one below; so the doings of every household are carefully supervised. The highest building was a real country store, with the usual post-office, tobacco, candy, and loungers. A few of the houses had courtyards, where women sat combing one another's hair, and wreathing it about their heads, while the children and the cats played around. Where the houses opened directly on the alley, the women were spinning in the open doorway. They all had a pleasant word for us, especially if we noticed their children — the dear roly-poly little things! At Gastouri more than elsewhere in Corfu one sees the traces of Italian blood, and the mixture of the languages from the time of the Venetian supremacy. The women have the beauty and grace of both nations, and some of them are the grandest creatures I have seen.

"In the valley, in the shade of a colossal plane-tree, was a covered well. The earthen roof was arched, and looked centuries old. Here the girls of the village were drawing water and washing in the rough stone troughs on the bank. We begged a drink from one pretty creature who was filling her jug from a tin pail. Then, while we stood talking with the girls who were treading the clothes and

wringing them out, a queenly figure came down the alley.

"'Look!' one whispered, 'here comes Nausicaa!' She was barefooted like the others, and on her head she carried a beautiful water-jar, which lay on its side. Her poise, her figure, her coloring, and her swinging gait would have driven an artist to distraction. She was dressed in a rich costume of velvet and silk, the delight of the more prosperous peasants, and over her masses of black hair, twisted and bound with ribbons, was thrown the white veil worn by all women. She was greeted by the girls at the well, and laughed in reply herself, without bending her stately head. For us, though, she had no word. She haughtily turned away when we wished to take her picture, and filled her jar at the well. When it was filled one of our gentlemen tried to lift it, but with one hand he could not easily raise it from the ground. The girl laughed, swung the jar lightly to her head, poised it, and walked back up the lane.

"We turned reluctantly from the picturesque group at the well, for the long shadows were already darkening the narrow lanes of the village. One of the younger girls ran timidly after us, and thrust a bunch of cyclamens into my hand. I turned back to thank her, and saw that the others had stopped their work, and were resting their jars on the edge of the well, while they looked after the strangers who had so suddenly broken in upon their peaceful lives.

"Toward evening the market-women trudged homeward from the town. We met them walking in groups, distaff in hand, driving their sheep before, or carrying huge bundles of green stuff on their

heads. Sometimes there came a mule-cart, with a few lazy men riding, while their wives walked beside them in the road, shielding their eyes from the level rays of the sun. There was a flock of turkeys, driven by a small girl who flourished a dry branch over the heads of her younger brother and sister, as well as over her feathered charges. There was another dear little girl leading a frisky kid by a cord. He gambolled and pranced, dragging his unwilling mistress hither and thither, while the child's mother walked sedately beside the family cow.

"Nearer the town we met a bridal party. The bride, dressed in the accumulated finery of several generations, rode on a pillion, with her arms about her handsome husband's waist. The sunset glow was reflected in their happy faces with true honeymoon intensity.

"Corfu has many sides. We had seen several, but had still to visit 'the other side.' There was another hillside village, more rugged and less picturesque than Gastouri, but quaint in its own way. The children and the goats showed us a path up the mountain, which gave us a wonderful view of the whole island, and the sea on either side. The pleasantest part of that day's expedition was the long drive through a different section of country. We walked a good deal, preferring shade and flowers afoot to indolence in a sunny carriage. I could never cease to marvel at the olive groves, such gnarled, twisted, fantastic trees, hundreds of years old, and yet ever young. In their shade we ate our luncheon, and gathered snowdrops. We chatted with the women who were gathering the olives, smiled indulgently

at the sylvan picture of shepherd and shepherdess sauntering together, exchanged greetings with a hunter who was cutting 'cross country, and stared curiously at the snug, white farmhouses barricaded with hedges of aloes.

"Yes, we had found Greece, — olives, figs, palms, oranges, grapes, and cyclamen, — our dreams were beginning to come true. The Grecian seven by this time were thorough Hellenists, but Corfu was not all, — there were other fairy isles to visit."

CEPHALONIA

A MOUNTAIN MONASTERY

THE Greek coasting steamers are somewhat uncertain. You can never tell just when they will arrive or depart. The wilfulness of the managers and the wilfulness of the weather are factors in this uncertainty. Though the sea was mercifully calm, we were twenty-four hours late in starting from Corfu for Cephalonia. We boarded the steamer at eight o'clock in the evening. A beautiful moon turned the water into silver, and a brilliant sunrise burnished it with gold.

Cephalonia has an area of two hundred and sixty square miles and about sixty-eight thousand inhabitants. The coast is rugged and abrupt; it is indeed a mountain rising from the sea. Seen from a distance, especially from the south, one might imagine it to be some vast sea-monster that had come to the surface to breathe, its arched back rising high in the air. The loftiest mountains have an elevation of five thousand feet. As early as the fifth century before Christ the Corinthians established a footing here. Like Corfu, Cephalonia, after becoming a part of the eastern empire, passed into the hands of the Venetians and the Turks, and then into those of England, but in 1863 reverted to Greece.

Of the sixty-eight thousand inhabitants two only were English, and one of these was our devoted friend

and host. Mr. Stretch had said to us as we left Corfu, "You will breakfast in Argostoli with my cousin Alfred Woodley." As we sailed into the winding bay of this port we saw among the crowd of boats with their importunate boatmen a large yawl manned by half a dozen sturdy Greeks whose dark faces contrasted strongly with the handsome English face in the stern. Though of English birth, Mr. Woodley is an example of the cosmopolitan relations which one may sustain in these Greek islands. "Though I talk English with my father," he said, "I always speak Italian with my mother, who came from Italy; with my sister, who was brought up in France, I speak French; and to my brother in Russia I write in Greek."

Two sea-water mills are among the curiosities of the island. The water runs in from the sea, passes through a deep natural channel in the rock and has sufficient fall to turn a large mill wheel. To find just where the current from the sea goes has baffled investigators. It mysteriously disappears in the rocky caverns. But this phenomenon of underground rivers and mysterious channels is not uncommon in Greece. In former times two mills were worked by the current; one is now abandoned and the other is not regularly used; but the water continues to flow as of yore and hides its course somewhere in the interior of the island.

Before dinner, which was to be breakfast, we took a long walk by the shore to the old tide mills. The first mill was not running, so in disgust, hunger, heat and dust, Mavilla sat down by the roadside and waited for the more energetic sightseers, who trudged another mile to the second mill. I mention this

because it was on this occasion that she excavated the little torso of which she is so proud. "I was idly digging," she said, "among the rocks and sand with my red umbrella, hoping to find a stray bit of pottery, when I suddenly unearthed a little figure about three inches long, minus head, arms and legs. Still, it was not to be despised. From a dismembered torso Michael Angelo derived his inspiration. Originally the little figure was probably a child's toy. How much more touching than if I had found a broken vase, or a common bit of chiselled marble! In no museum have I ever seen a torso just like my little treasure, nor do the archæologists who have seen mine know how to classify it. At all events, it must be recognized as one of the unexpected discoveries of the day!"

The darkened rooms of Mr. Woodley's rambling great house on the hillside were a refreshing retreat after the white heat of the sultry village. The house was full of old pictures, antique furniture and quaint odds and ends which suggested an English home; but the fig-trees and palms in the court and the out-of-door breakfast-room were Oriental. The dinner, with its fresh fish and game, was delicious, from soup to melons.

In the cooler part of the afternoon we started in two carriages for a drive up the mountain to the convent of Saint Gerasimo and thence across the island. Mr. Woodley accompanied us, and his man-servant took charge of the extra wagon which held our light traps.

Cephalonia is an island of rolling stones. One seldom sees such miles of stone walls as cross and

crisscross the brown hillside vineyards. Not only is the land terraced and graded and crazy-quilted by these walls, but there are piles of stones in the middle of every field. Hour after hour we toiled up the winding road, for the monastery of Saint Gerasimo lies far above the sea. Windmills crown every hill-top, currant vines grow among the stones, and hardy olive-trees bend under the force of the harsh mountain winds. There is little else to break the monotony of the heights. We passed no villages and almost no houses, but occasionally we met a peasant on a mule going down to the sea for supplies, or were overtaken by some Argostoli pilgrim carrying a votive offering to Gerasimo's shrine. There were a few shepherds with their flocks, and from the olive-trees we heard the girls singing unmusical Greek songs in a nasal drone, while they gathered the ripe fruit.

Half-way to the monastery is a picturesque and unattractive inn. We stopped to rest our horses and let our drivers refresh themselves. The inn-keeper's wife hospitably invited us to come upstairs. We picked our way among the hens which were scratching on the earthen floor of the common room and climbed to the upper story by a ladder on the outside. There, in the only bedroom which the inn boasted, the proud housekeeper showed us the window-pane where King George of Greece had scratched his name with a diamond. Leaving the others to feign awe and admiration for the royal signature, Mavilla peeped into the next room. "It was a bare attic, with bunches of herbs, uncanny dried octopods, and rude farm implements hanging from the rafters,

and on the floor — I gasped with delight, visions of pantry shelves, plum buns and fruit-cake flashing through my mind — were piles of dried Zante currants! As our apples are stored at home, so these currants were heaped everywhere in generous profusion. Pleased to find us so appreciative, our hostess straightway filled our hands and pockets and hats. What a feast we had! The supply lasted us for days, weeks, months. In fact, a short time ago, when unpacking some Greek trophies, we found one of the small boy's handkerchiefs wound round a wad of Zante currants."

At dusk we approached the monastery, passing through a straggling village on the edge of the plateau. An arched gateway opened into the convent courtyard, where a young priest with a Christ-like face was pacing to and fro between the little chapel and the big plane-tree in the centre of the enclosure. On the balcony of one of the long buildings sat two or three of the nuns, with their black shawls drawn over their heads. Below them were some monks mending a farm wagon. As we drove into the courtyard they hospitably welcomed us, and while the men unharnessed our horses, the sisters led us up into the refectory, where the long tables were already lighted by candles and antique lamps. The sisters were delighted to see Mr. Woodley, who frequently visited the convent, and they chatted together in rapid vernacular Greek which we could not begin to understand. The supper, which had been brought ready cooked from Argostoli, was spread and the hospitable nuns added fresh eggs and honey to the feast. Rather regretfully they withdrew while we ate, but no sooner

had we finished than they reappeared and invited us to visit their inner court.

The monastery of Saint Gerasimo is really a nunnery with an abbess and a few priests and acolytes who conduct the religious services in the chapel. The country people respect and love the abbess, or Mother Superior, as do the inmates of the convent, where she has been for over thirty years. She lives in the main building, which stands between the men's court and the women's. The latter was the more interesting, with its row of little whitewashed houses, each having a bit of garden under the windows, shaded by vines and fig-trees. In each tiny house live two sisters, whose busy fingers decorate their living-rooms with embroidery, patchwork and knitted tidies. Some of the younger girls were drawing water at the well as we crossed the courtyard. Several others ran out to peep at us, holding back with shy curiosity. One sister had been to France, and she was pushed forward as interpreter. The rest kept behind her, clinging to one another's skirts; but they soon lost their fear and followed us into the chapel.

The monastery is distinguished for two things, — the remains of Hagios Gerasimo, and the underground cell in which he lived. Neither of them was particularly attractive, but the little sisters would have been disappointed if we had not begged the privilege of seeing what is left of their patron saint. To the chapel we went, then, where the priests and the little boys who drone the responses were already gathered. Anastasios the priest asked us to write our Christian names on a bit of paper. Then we took our places

in the stalls, with the other worshippers, and service was conducted for our especial benefit. On a great shelf built into the wall lay what had once been Gerasimo, a poor brown mummy, laden with rings and votive jewels. Before his shrine the priest stood chanting a prayer. Now and again we could catch our own names — "Guilielmos," "Triantaphylle," "Mavilla" — as he presented each one to the saint. Then, when the introductions were over, we were allowed to step within the sacred enclosure, and bow before his saintship. The fervor of the worshippers made the service solemn, and even we Americans were touched.

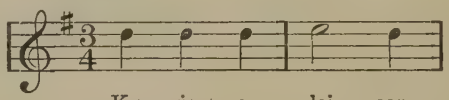
The very small hole in the floor, through which we had to wriggle down into the saint's cell, shows that Gerasimo must have been an abstemious man. How could a man dig a hole for himself in the rocks underground, and live in that foul dampness, when he might have enjoyed God's sunshine? But men thought differently four hundred years ago, and Gerasimo was considered wise and holy and possibly clean.

Beyond the plain where the convent stands rises Mt. Aenus. The view from its summit is the finest to be had in the Ionian islands. We planned to climb it in time to see the sunrise. "Please have the mules ready and wake us at three," we said, as we went to our rooms.

At three the convent bells and the clatter of hoofs beneath our windows woke us. It was raining hard. No sunrise, no mountain! We mournfully gathered in the refectory to decide what we should do.

"In the first place," said our practical escort, "let's

have some tea." So we sat around in the dim candle-light and held an informal "afternoon tea" at 3 A. M. on Sunday. Glimmering through the rain we could see the lights of the chapel, where the monks and the sisters were already at mass. We splashed across the court and slipped in behind the pillars. The service was antiphonal. On one side stood a young priest who was reading the liturgy at a rate which would have made the most rapid phonograph green with envy. What a cataract of words! And all the time his eyes were scarcely on the book; one of them at least was busy scanning the new-comers. It is not a common event to have such a party at early morning prayers. On the other side stood an old priest at a second reading-desk with a large illuminated prayer-book which now and then caught the drippings of the candle he held in his hand. Very prominent was the sharp nasal tone of the principal boy as he sang out, —



The old priest invited Mavilla and myself to look over with him and follow the Greek text. We each held a naked candle, while the priest kept track of the place with one of his fingers. He had been a sailor in his early days and had seen a little of the world. His literal devotion to the service did not prevent him from keeping up a broken conversation with us, which he interjected between the responses.

"You come from America?"

"Yes."

"*Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison* — What part?"

"From Boston."

"Ah! *Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison* — I was there once. It was many years ago." Then another volley of Greek addressed to Heaven, and suspended at the proper pause to make sure that his communications with earth were not cut off. The expression "Lord have mercy" (*Kyrie eleison*) when he learned that we were from Boston seemed to us strangely inappropriate. He was greatly pleased to establish this relationship, and more than the ordinary amount of melted candle dripped upon the sacred page. The service was thoroughly mechanical, and I did not see why a phonograph run by water power would not have been as devotional. But it was a free and novel lesson in the modern Greek pronunciation.

"I moved away," says Mavilla, "and let the priest talk with my father. The stone floor was cold, and I was sleepy. Two or three nuns were nodding in their stalls; another, crouched on the floor, was rocking back and forth, throwing up her hands and moaning. The little choir boys yawned, and pulled each other by the sleeves when it was time for their responses. The splash of the rain mingled with the monotonous drone of the priest; the incense made me dull, and the candles flickered weirdly before my sleepy eyes."

"When will the service be over?" I whispered to Mr. Woodley.

"In three hours," he replied cheerfully. "It lasts every morning from two to seven."

Mavilla gave one look at the picturesque two by the reading-desk — "the dark, gray-bearded priest and the pale clergyman, paler than ever in the dim

candle-light" — and quietly stole back to bed. It was not long before the paternal clergyman followed.

For their hospitality the monks made no charge, but accepted with thanks the contribution we offered. I was told that there were some sixty women and some twenty men at this monastery, which serves as a sort of hospital for the surrounding country, people with mental as well as physical derangements being sent here for cure.

By six o'clock in the morning the rain had ceased, but the clouds hung heavy over the mountain-peak, and it was too late to make the ascent. We decided, therefore, to drive across the island to Samos on the east side, where we might hire a sloop for Ithaca. We said adieu to the monks and their mountain shrine. The carriages which had brought us from Argostoli, on the west side of Cephalonia, we had retained over night, so that we were able to proceed directly to Samos without retracing our steps. The ride over the mountains, from which the clouds had lifted, afforded one of the grandest views in the Ionian Isles, the island of Zante appearing in the south, and the rocky ridge of "far-seen" Ithaca looming up to the east. Before noon we had reached Samos. Some of the suitors of Penelope lived here. It is situated in a beautiful bay on the strait which divides Cephalonia from Ithaca. The town is small and has no such importance as it had in Homer's days, and probably could not furnish any rich princely suitors to a modern Penelope. In the small village hotel there were hanging two pictures of very indifferent artistic quality, which, to the only Americans on the island of Cephalonia, were sugges-

tive of modern Greek affinities. One was a picture of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, the other a view of Niagara Falls. These were as much of a surprise to us as a picture of Athene or the Parthenon would be in a remote Montana ranch. With gratitude and regret we bade our generous friend Mr. Woodley good-by, and after hiring a *barca* set sail for Ithaca.

FAR-SEEN ROCKY ITHACA

"FAR-SEEN and rocky." These are adjectives which the poet of the Odyssey applied to this island three thousand years ago, and they belong to it still. They alone are not enough to distinguish it as the abode of Odysseus; but without these attributes any island would claim the honor in vain. There are other natural features lending support to the tradition which identifies the island with the Ithaca of Homer. Homer is not reckless or audacious in statement. When he undertakes to describe the course of an arrow or a spear in the body of some Trojan whose eyes had been veiled in death, he does not make the cruel bronze take an impossible course. When, likewise, he deals with geography, he does not create a map wholly out of his imagination. He uses existing facts, places and scenery as the trellis upon which to spread the flower and fruit of his tropical yet simple fancy. He mentions islands and places, to be sure, which cannot be identified with any existing sites; but, on the other hand, the catalogue of ships and places in the second book of the Iliad, even though it be a later addition, furnishes us with the oldest information we have about the geography and topography of Greece in that early time. Though Homer, individual or composite, had no intention of writing a book on geography, he had no intention of ignoring the subject. If he had done so, seven cities

— Ithaca was one of them — would not have claimed to be his birthplace.

The steamers from Brindisi to Greece stop at Corfu and Patras; but they make no account of Ithaca. It does not lie in the pathway of trade. We were told that it was not easy to get there; that it would take us a week out of our course; especially that it was not practicable to go there with a party of seven, four of whom were ladies, and one a seven-year-old boy. But these ladies and that boy had camped in the forests of Canada, and had spent their first three nights on Greek soil under a tent of their own construction. They were prepared to do it again if necessary. Had they not also read the Odyssey crossing the Atlantic? And did they not long, like Odysseus, to see the smoke rise from his native land?

But why go to Ithaca? It has no temples, no great churches, no paintings, no monuments of architecture, no sculptures, no ruins, and no history of more than local interest. Nor has it any natural curiosities such as make Niagara or the Natural Bridge famous the world over. And yet, in spite of this, it had an attraction for us equalled only among these isles by Corfu, and for precisely the same reason. The fame of Ithaca was not made by sword, trowel, chisel, or brush; it was made wholly by the pen. Literature, as well as art and religion, has its shrines, and every country with a literature has them. They may be shrines rural or urban, scenic or civic, historic, traditional or mythical, but literature has given them their fame, and may sometimes be wholly responsible for their creation. The whole scenery of Scotland has been tinged by the genius of Walter

Scott, as the peaks and crags and vales and meres of the Lake District have felt the touch of Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge. Paris means Victor Hugo and Dumas as well as Napoleon, Richelieu and the French kings; and with all its wonderful shrines of religion and art, Florence, for the modern traveller, means Dante and Browning as well as Raphael and Savonarola. Has Phidias or Pericles done more for Athens than Socrates, Sophocles, Æschylus and Plato? So Ithaca is a shrine, a monument of literature; and it has this peculiar interest, that its fame lies wholly and absolutely in this direction. The Odyssey was built with Ithaca as one of its foundation stones; but now it is Ithaca that rests on the Odyssey, which Lowell has said is the one long story that will bear continuous reading. It matters not whether it deals with history or romance, the story of the Odyssey will continue to exert its charm and Ithaca will loom up in the narrative just as it looms up in the landscape. The picture is so well fixed in the mind that now we can seek with enthusiasm for the easel and the canvas on which it was painted. So long as the Odyssey continues to be read, *some* Ithaca will possess an interest as the home of its hero and his faithful Penelope, as the abode of the devoted swineherd, and as the scene of the wanton riot of the suitors and their tragic doom. With it we shall connect the dutiful Telemachus, the aged Laertes, and Argos the faithful dog.

One of the constant iterations in the Odyssey, so often repeated that it becomes a kind of standing joke, is the question addressed to every new-comer in Ithaca. "But now, good stranger, tell me this:

Who are you, and whence do you come; from what land and city? On what ship did you come, and how did sailors bring you here? Whom do they call themselves?" And then was added, we can suppose, with a knowing wink, or a figurative poke in the rib: "For I don't imagine that you came on foot!" Certainly one would have to roll back the sea or walk on the water to get to Ithaca on foot. We did not make the attempt. The other questions are as likely to be put to a stranger in Ithaca to-day as they were then. Inquisitiveness is an hereditary Greek trait.

Cephalonia is separated from Ithaca, as Homer informs us, by a strait which is from eight to ten miles wide. There is no steamer plying between the islands. We had therefore, as already said, crossed to the east side of Cephalonia, and hired a small sloop to take us over. The breeze was light, for which some of our party were grateful. But the men bent to their oars just as they did in the old days. There is nothing older in the way of navigation than an ash breeze, unless it be one of pine or poplar. A warm sun beamed upon us. There was no danger of collision. Ours was the only boat visible in this long strait. We had an unobstructed view of the west side of Ithaca. No just idea of the shape of the island can be had from that side; but we got an excellent view of the three hills or mountains which raise their backs and, with a long, flowing outline, cut a small *m* in the air. There is Aëtos. It is only 650 feet high, but it counts for more than that when seen from the level of the sea. There is Neritos, only 2,600 feet high, but looming up still higher as

we view it through the lens of the imagination. This island was not made for a farm. It looks too hard and forbidding for a poem. It appears to have been made for a quarry, so stern and rocky is its visage.

I had two guide-books in my pockets. One was a Baedeker, the other was an Odyssey. I took out the Odyssey, and in the two hours we were crossing, read all the allusions to Ithaca which it contains. Homer meant to tell the truth about his Ithaca, and in some respects this island bears out well the words of the Odyssey. "In Ithaca," he says, "there are no open runs, no meadows; a land for goats. Not one of the islands is a place to drive a horse, and none has good meadows of all that rest upon the sea, Ithaca least of all." Homer, it is clear, was not in the real-estate business. He may or may not have been born on this island; but he is not advertising property for sale. He knows well what Ithaca lacks. There is no meadow land here. The goats still climb these rocky cliffs; and that it is possible to drive a horse from one end of the island to the other on a single highway is due to the good roads established under English rule. But Homer could tell, also, the good features of the island. When Odysseus has been brought from Scheria by night in a profound sleep by the magic boat of the Phæacians, he is landed in the harbor of Phorcys. When he wakes he is so dazed that he fails to recognize his native land. But Athene, who is perpetually turning up when wanted, appears in the guise of a shepherd, and the home-brought wanderer asks her what sort of a land it is. She says, "You are simple, stranger, or come from far away to ask about this

land. It is not quite so nameless. Many men know it well, men dwelling toward the east and rising sun, and those behind us, also, toward the darksome west. It is a rugged land, not fit for driving horses, yet not so very poor, though lacking plains. Grain grows abundantly, and wine as well; the showers are frequent, and the dews refreshing; here is good pasturage for goats and cattle; trees of all kinds are here, and never-failing springs."[1] And then she proceeds to show him things and places which he cannot fail to recognize.

If Odysseus were to wake up here to-day he would find a wire strung on poles. He would puzzle his brain a little to know what it meant. Perhaps Athene, who, according to Roscher and others, is a personification of the lightning, would be kind enough to tell him that it is a modern pathway for her swift feet, and that on it she could flash across the land or dart under the sea. It is one form in which the goddess still lives in the nineteenth century, and she served us a good turn on our way to Ithaca. I did not forget, before leaving Cephalonia, that Ithaca had a poor reputation for horses, and asked what would be the possibility of getting two carriages. "There are just two on the island," was the response, "but we can send a despatch from Samos by cable to Ithaca to have these carriages meet you at Pissaëto."

The telegram was sent, and by the time we were ready to land in the pretty little cove at Pissaëto the carriages from the town, four miles away, were waiting for us, and we thanked Athene for her electrical benignity and service.

[1] Palmer's translation.

The carriages seemed as archaic as the island itself, and might have passed for chariots captured by Odysseus in the Trojan War. It was not necessary to look at the horses' teeth to be impressed with their age. These steeds would not have cut much of a figure on a Parthenon frieze. "If our horses were not speedy," says Mavilla, "there was exhilaration in the thought that they were the only ones on the island, and that our frail carriages were all that kings could command in Ithaca."

Putting the ladies in the carriages, I started on foot from the little cove, which is entirely devoid of settlement, the real harbor of Ithaca being on the east side. Up the steep hill one can walk faster than he can ride. In about half an hour we came to the little chapel of St. George, from which a rugged pathway leads to the top of Aëtos. There was just time to reach the summit and get a good view before sunset, and I wanted to make sure of the view and to pay a visit to "Odysseus' Castle." There are some Greeks who live on the principle of not doing to-day what they can put off till to-morrow. Our charioteer was one of them. I took out my watch, and then pointed to the top of Aëtos.

"Αὔριον, *αὔριον*" (to-morrow, to-morrow), said the driver, to which I replied, with even more emphasis, "Σήμερον, *σήμερον*" (to-day, to-day).

But it was not worth while to keep the carriages and the rest of the party waiting. It was agreed, therefore, that the others should drive on to Vathy, the port of Ithaca, and that I should make the ascent to the so-called castle and the summit of Aëtos, and rejoin them at Vathy, the town three miles away.

The rest of the party looked askance at the abrupt height, and, without going up, Mavilla was sure that Odysseus had never lived there. "Homer," she said, "would have described the rocky ascent in detail if the palace had stood on any such eminence." But the local tradition found a defender in Eumæus himself. He had served as guide to Schliemann, and he offered to guide me. He could speak no word of English or French, and his Greek was more modern than that of Homer. He returned, however, my Homeric greeting χαίρετε, and there is, indeed, no part of Greece where this Homeric salutation is not in vogue. His dress was modern in form, but ancient enough in substance. His coat and trousers were of European cut, but when I looked at his feet I was sure it was the old swineherd. Except for the wear and tear of three thousand years, the sandals he wore, cut out of leather and tied with thongs, might have been those which the swineherd was making about the time Odysseus came home. He had changed his occupation from swineherd to goatherd, and there was a sensible diminution in his affection for his master, since he confided to me that he thought Odysseus was a rascal (πανοῦργος) and never wanted to come back.

It is a stiff climb to the summit, and I had but a short time to make it. The old king must have been stout of leg if he came up here. The signs of an ancient stronghold are beyond doubt in the old Cyclopean walls, in which the natural rock has been used to the best advantage. A cavity ten feet in diameter and eighteen feet deep has been walled about by heavy stones, perhaps for a cistern.

There are other traces of a foundation and pieces of wall here and there, indicating some larger fortification commanding this pass. Its style and character suggest great antiquity. Gell and Schliemann have both assumed that this was the site of the castle of Odysseus. Schliemann, in one of his earliest ventures in excavation, tried to prove his claim with the spade, but with small result. It is fortunate that his failure at Ithaca did not deter him from the later excavations, so rich and fruitful, at Mycenæ and Troy. It is well-nigh impossible to reconcile the topography of the town of Ithaca in the Odyssey with the situation of this so-called castle. I got Eumæus to stand in the ruins while I took a photograph of him, but even his ancient face — surmounted by a European cap instead of one of the traditional sugar-loaf Odyssean cut — could not invest the site with much of probability.

The view from the summit was well worth the steep climb. No other outlook can give an adequate idea of the shape of Ithaca. On the east side the Gulf of Molo is so deep that it nearly cuts the island in two. As you stand on the narrow, lofty ridge, you have a fine view of Cephalonia and the bay of Samos to the west; to the north you see the Leucadian promontory, the southern end of Santa Maura, whence Sappho made her traditional leap; while to the east are the island of Atakos and the mountains of Acarnania. It was a beautiful, peaceful scene. I succeeded in taking a photograph which gives a good idea of the topography of the northern part of the island and the narrow spine of the isthmus which holds it together. Looking down from this

height the eye of the camera caught the water of the Gulf of Molo on one side, and the water of the strait on the other, while the rugged mountain ridge arched its back between them. I lingered on the summit till the sun went down, and then, with the goatherd, made my way to the town of Vathy, which was not reached till after dark. A hardy fisherman and his boy joined us on our way, and were much impressed with what I told them of the physical greatness of America as compared with Ithaca.

The ladies, with their youthful escort, had already found accommodation in a little Greek inn bearing the lofty name of Parnassus. It is pretty hard for any hotel to live up to the majestic pretension of this name, and if Spiridion, my worthy host, came short of it, I am bound to say that the prices were not so high as the mountain. A rickety outside stairway led to the four rooms of the inn. Below was the kitchen, where the modern Spiridion and his wife lived, and cooked potatoes and fish, — fish and potatoes, potatoes and fish, hot for breakfast, tepid for dinner, and cold for supper.

In one of the tiny bedrooms hung a bit of a mirror. This was the hotel register, where the six or eight visitors of the last ten years had stuck their visiting cards. We studied them with interest. There were some German professors, and an English lord or two, who had anchored their yachts in the sheltered harbor, where fifty vessels could find protection; but not an American name among them. Many a year it will be before seven Americans take Vathy by storm again. Our blessings are with them when they go! Let them not expect to have the three bed-

rooms to themselves. Let them not delude themselves with a vision of a picturesque inn where a dainty Greek maiden in becoming costume serves nectar and ambrosia. Yet Spiridion's wife, though neither young nor attractive, was solicitous about our meals. With great care she pretended to inquire as to the hours when we would have them served, — as if it made any difference, when we knew that the food was all cooked in one batch, and doled out to us at regular intervals.

The next day a pouring rain was discouraging to archæological investigation. But Paul and myself did not mean to have our enthusiasm dampened. We planned to go to the north of the island to see if the topography could any more easily be reconciled to the story. One of the tires of the chariot was nearly off to start with. To all appearances it would not last fifteen minutes, and we had a round trip of from five to six hours ahead of us. But there was no telling how many journeys it had made in that condition, and the driver's confidence seemed to be based upon its age and general debility. If the carriage was bad, the road was fine, and now and then the clouds lifted to give us a view on the way to Stavrós. The road winds around the Gulf of Molo, and then rises in a zigzag on the mountain side, and runs across the high "divide" or saddle which separates the Gulf of Molo from the channel of Ithaca. The beautiful view of the day before was shut out by the pouring rain. We passed through the little village of Levke, and finally, after a slow, wet ride of three hours, a large part of which was up hill, we wound round the

Bay of Polis, and reached Stavrós. Here we left our carriage, and, taking as a guide a young man whom we had found in the village, we wandered through the olive groves and fertile vineyards to see if perchance we might find the aged Laertes among them. A woman whom we met near the little church of Hagios Anastasios showed us the spring of Melanydro, which may or may not be the Arethusa of the Odyssey. We took a taste of its dark waters. If only we could tell a classical spring by the taste or by chemical analysis! But the Odyssey was not written in a laboratory or under the inspiration of an hydraulic survey. Then we went down the staircase in the rock to the picturesque spot called "Homer's School," which Baedeker says has borne the name for the last hundred years. The rain had ceased, and though the clouds were heavy, we got some idea of the beautiful view from this, one of the most charming spots on the island.

The difficulties of identifying modern Ithaca with the Ithaca of Homer appear, in the first place, in the situation of the island as a whole and in its relation to the others of the group. In the Odyssey it is described as the most westerly of the islands, whereas it lies to the east of Cephalonia. It is not easy to get round this general difficulty. The story also requires a small island near Ithaca, "a rocky isle in the sea, midway between Ithaca and rugged Samos." The only island in the channel of Ithaca is Daskalio or Mathitario, about six miles from Polis. From Stavrós we had a good view of this little island, which does not look much larger than a sandbar now, though the Odyssey requires one with a

"double harbor." But there is time for many changes in three thousand years. Taking this little island as a fixed and necessary point in the identification, we are obliged, then, to assume some other place for the town of Ithaca than the present site of Vathy. The fact that *Polis* means "city" in Greek, and that this name has been applied to the harbor on the northwest coast for centuries, creates a presumption that the ancient city may have been there.

There are other questions which meet the Homeric student: Where was the cave of the Nymphs, and where did Odysseus land when he returned to Ithaca? About a mile and a half to the south of Vathy is a cave with stalactites, called Palæokrópi, which might have served as the grotto of the Nymphs, — though if the Nymphs do not belong to the world of reality, their grotto might be easily and pardonably mythical. The description of the harbor of Phorcys is quite definite. Some find its correspondent in the Bay of Dexia, and others in the Bay of Vathy.

The result of examination — the ascent of Aëtos, the wet trip to Stavrós, and a study of Vathy and the Gulf of Molo — convinced me that many of the topographical allusions in the Odyssey cannot be easily identified in detail. A theory which fits one locality and one allusion is sure to involve contradiction and misfit with another allusion. On the other hand, if we may dismiss as the mistake of some rhapsodist who had never been to Ithaca, the statement as to the westerly position of the island, we cannot fail to find a striking general resemblance to the rugged, far-seen, rocky isle described in the Odyssey. It seems to me that the original rhapso-

dists may have used it so far as it served their purpose, and that the author or editor who unified the story attempted no geographical identification. The remarkable discoveries at Troy, which were made through loyally accepting the verity of a hoary tradition as to the site of the ancient city, remind us of the great claim that tradition has to respect. Though Gell carried too far his attempt to identify places in the Odyssey, he has done well to present evidence from coins and elsewhere to show how many centuries the name Ithaca has been applied to the island. The spade has not come to the corroboration of the poet in Ithaca, as it has at Troy and Mycenæ. Excavations have proved of little avail. But it is not necessary to go below ground to substantiate Homer here. The island may have lost many of its trees, though the olive and the almond and the lemon are found in the northern part, and there are beautiful vineyards such as Laertes may have tended; but the substantial features of mountain and bay, "the footpaths stretching far away, the sheltered coves and steep rocks" of which the poet spoke, still remain enveloped in the glow of his imagination. If the doubter lands at Ithaca, Athene, in the shape of the shepherd, may say, as she did to the sceptical Odysseus, "Come, then, and let me point you out the parts of Ithaca, that so you may believe." And important features in the argument will be, as they were then, the Harbor of Phorcys and the Cave of the Nymphs.

ZANTE

I

THE WORK OF THE EARTHSHAKER

POOR Zante! When first I saw her, from the heights of Cephalonia, she was lying peacefully, like a brooch, on the quiet bosom of the sea. And then, as if seized by a fearful nightmare, she was rudely shaken from her sleep, and her scarred face plainly shows the suffering she endured.

Zante, or Zakynthos, as it was anciently called, and as it has been renamed by the modern Greeks, is one of the most beautiful of the Ionian islands. It lies to the south of Cephalonia and to the west of the Peloponnesus, and, like the other Ionian islands, floats the Greek flag. It is old enough to be mentioned in the Odyssey, but, unlike Corfu or Ithaca, has not been the scene of epic description or adventure.

With the exception of a constitutional tendency to earthquakes, Zante is a little island paradise, "the flower of the East." Its climate is exceptionally fine. In spring the multitude of flowers is something phenomenal, and even in winter roses and cyclamen bloom in abundance. It is a great garden for currants, oranges and lemons, and its olive groves are hale and venerable.

Zante is seldom visited by Americans; but there are few who are not familiar with its products in the

shape of currants and olive oil, which, until recently, have formed a large part of its trade, now sadly debilitated by causes as revolutionary as earthquakes. The island has a population of about forty-four thousand and an area of one hundred and sixty-nine square miles.

Ordinarily, Zante is not a place for sightseers. The town by that name, with a population of about sixteen thousand souls, is quiet, well behaved, and not at all sensational. It has a fine old Greek church, a Roman Catholic church, and a ruined Venetian castle commanding the city from the high hill above. The archæologist generally goes elsewhere in search of ruins; but in February, 1893, he could find them there in sad abundance. He could watch them, too, in process of making, with the added interest which came from knowing that he was in great danger thereby of becoming a ruin himself. At Vido I had seen them made by gunpowder; I was interested to see how they were made by earthquakes. My curiosity was abundantly satisfied. A dead earthquake is bad enough, especially when it leaves poverty and distress in its path, but a live one, when you are in the second story of a hotel, is the most surprising of earthly sensations.

It does not seem strange, when you think of the globe as rushing through space faster than a cannon-ball, that occasionally a section of its crust, warped by volcanic fires or wrinkled by some great subsidence, should crack and shiver. But, though we are perfectly used to the motion of the earth as a whole, there are few things more startling than the motion of a large piece of its surface. It is doubly startling

when you are on an island which everywhere bears marks of the mighty force which has convulsed it, and left ruined homes and churches, and pain and poverty in its track. You have seen what such a tremendous force can do; you feel absolutely helpless in its hands. One may become so thoroughly accustomed to the motion of water as to have a sense of mental and physical exhilaration in riding on its waves; but when the very earth shakes beneath you like a sieve, you feel as helpless dust within it.

It was four days after the great shock which left town and village sadly shattered that I had my first experience with an active earthquake. It was a sort of shuddering reminiscence of what had gone before, a premonition, too, of what was to follow, not the kind of dessert you want for your dinner. It was not what it did that frightened one, so much as what it seemed capable of doing. Emotionally at least you had considered this "terrestrial ball" as solid and inert. You are suddenly amazed to find it alive. It is arching its gigantic back; it is trembling with anger or pain. More fearful than the thought that its motion is voluntary is the terribly swift suspicion that it may be involuntary; that the great creature cannot help it; that it is the victim of internal distress. If you were not so frightened, you might even be sympathetic; you are immensely relieved when the shaking stops; but you have no surety that it will not come again.

In this pale incertitude none of us left the table. We might have done so had it not been for the stolid indifference of the hotel keeper. He was the only person or thing in the vicinity that in the midst of

the general agitation seemed to be absolutely unmoved. He felt perfectly sure, he said, that his hotel would stand. Did he hold a mortgage on the land?

The next morning at six o'clock occurred the most powerful shock after the first ruinous one. We were sleeping, my companion and myself, in two iron bedsteads, each of which had a frame above, terminating in a gilded crown for the support of a mosquito netting. The affirmation of Shakspere, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," seemed to have in it an element of prediction. The King of Greece, however, had taken off his crown, or the jaunty little yachting-cap that serves the same purpose, and gone to a safe place on his yacht. Our gilded crowns were a part of the bedstead. I do not know how the king felt, but as for myself, the sensation I had at six o'clock that morning was unlike anything I had ever experienced. For a moment it seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. We waited expectantly for the tremendous crash with which the building would collapse and bury us in its ruins. What a mighty ague! It was not a wave, not an undulation, but a wrenching, shivering, shattering, Titanic power. It is only three or four seconds in duration, but each second is a brief eternity. What can you do? If you are able to rush into the street, you may be killed by your neighbor's walls; if you stay in your house, you may be buried under your own. On the whole, the safest thing is to do nothing. Your fate will be decided for you.

One needs to experience an earthquake to know what terror might reside in the old time in the designation of Poseidon as the earthshaker. Had the sea

god waked up to wreak his vengeance on Christian shrines?

The time for you to make your preparation, when you live in an earthquake country, is when you build your house. And if you build as in the sight of the gods, you can put up a house that will endure on this tremulous island the repeated shocks of seven hundred years. So the Venetians built here, and so the English who followed them. This is one reason why there is little appearance of earthquake ruin as you sail into the harbor of Zante to-day. The great buildings, the lofty towers, were made to last. Not so the houses built by the Greeks living in the outskirts of the town and in the villages on the island. They have been built with stones and earth, without the grip of lime, and when the day of reckoning comes they go down.

Just how the earthshaker troubled Zante in ancient times, I do not know; but in the present century several visitations have been recorded. Severe shocks were felt in 1873 and 1886, but the last great convulsion before that of 1893 was in 1840, on Saint Luke's Day. It did a great deal of damage, but there was only one shock. The earthquake of 1893, however, was signalled by slight premonitions, and by several succeeding shocks of great power. The strongest, which did immense damage and endangered the lives of thousands of people, occurred at half-past five on the morning of January 31. It was followed by one at two o'clock the next day, and by a third at six o'clock the day following, February 2. Between these were a great number of minor shocks, which served to continue and heighten the alarm and

to heap up another instalment of ruins in the outskirts of the city.

Excitement and terror were widespread. The nomarch, or governor of the island, lost his head completely, and was found on the shore hunting for a boat in which to escape with his family from the island. Five hundred people immediately sailed for Patras, and as many more left the next day. Those who owned anything in the shape of a wagon or carriage, pulled it out in the square or on the quay and slept in it. Others hired carriages for the same purpose. No one went to bed. The country people stayed out of doors. On the third day the terror was increased by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, and a general panic ensued.

The condition of a large number of people was certainly unfortunate. They were suddenly rendered homeless. Some had nothing but the clothes on their backs. The climate of Zante is usually mild, even in winter; but that week the cold was more severe than for many years. The rain poured into the roofless cellars in which many families had taken refuge. From the Greek naval station, about three hours by water, one hundred tents were sent to the island, where several thousand were needed. Half of these tents were taken possession of by the soldiers, who had left their barracks. The Athenian papers loudly rebuked this form of military cowardice, and the nomarch and the commandant were dismissed.

The poorest part of the town is on the south side, in what is known as Neachori. The havoc of the earthquake here was great, so far as property is concerned. Few houses were totally demolished. In

nearly every case one or two walls were left standing, and in almost all cases the front. This fact is significant. The system of house building in Zante in the last thirty years has been disgracefully careless. No lime is used in the construction of the walls except on the façades, which are the only parts that stand. A wall of earth and stones may bear the slight exposure of such a mild climate as that of Zante, but it is no protection against a wrenching, jostling earthquake. That more people were not maimed or killed is due to the fact that the inhabitants well know where the weak part of the house is, and so have their sleeping-rooms in the front, and the kitchen and dining-room in the back. The most destructive shock was at half-past five in the morning, before they had risen. There were thus few people on the streets to be hit by falling stones.

Earthquakes undoubtedly have their freaks; but they do have some respect for good architecture. In the larger buildings, for the most part, the damage was confined to falling ceilings, tiles and copings. Yet some of the churches fared badly, the Roman Catholic having an immense hole in the side wall through which the morning sun shone on the damaged picture of the Virgin.

This little idyllic island, sunning itself in the Ionian Sea, is held to the larger world by no less than nine submarine cables, radiating to all points of the compass, — south and southeast to Crete and Alexandria, east to Katakolon and the Peloponnesus, north to Patras and Athens, northwest to Corfu and Italy, west to Malta. An island thus guyed by electric cables could not float away from the sympathies of

the world or be left in isolated affliction. No sooner had the shock of January 31 shaken Zante than the lightning flashing in these nine cables carried the news of the devastation to all parts of the civilized world. Then came the echoes from sympathetic hearts and generous purses. I have never seen Greece stirred as she was by this event. Political feeling runs so high that unity of thought and feeling and action are sometimes well-nigh impossible. But the whole nation was welded into a sympathetic whole in the fires of affliction. The Athenian newspapers at once sent correspondents to the scene of the disaster, and every day served up a broadside of telegrams filling several columns. Earnest, patriotic and humane were their calls for aid to their unfortunate countrymen. Subscription lists were opened, and money came pouring in. It was not a time of financial prosperity in Greece; but as soon as the nature of the disaster was fully known, subscriptions were prompt and abundant. Athens has many newspapers, and it is evident that the people read them. Sad as it was to go round and see the evidences of disaster on this beautiful island, nothing during my stay in Greece made me gladder than this proof that the Greek people are inspired by the spirit of Christian philanthropy. While some of the subscriptions were imposingly large, the smaller ones represented even greater sacrifice. Clubs, societies, theatres, workingmen's guilds, school children, corporations and tradesmen all united their tithes and their endeavors.

The responses from England, France, Germany and America were equally prompt and generous.

More immediately urgent than money gifts was the need of tents and supplies for the homeless and hungry. In the race to furnish relief England came in ahead. News of the disaster had been telegraphed to London, and thence to Admiral Tryon of the Mediterranean fleet. It took only a single electric spark to kindle the humane energy of our English cousins. The English ironclad "Camperdown" was just going into Malta. Within three hours after she arrived she was loaded with five hundred large and one thousand small tents, two marquees, seventy tons of boards, a large quantity of biscuit, rice, flour, cocoa, and two thousand blankets. She sailed immediately, under the command of Captain Johnstone, and arrived at Zante on the third of February. The same energy displayed in getting the supplies was shown in distributing them for the relief of the sufferers. The English Jack-tars worked with a hearty good will in putting up tents. Captain Johnstone was ubiquitous on horseback, bringing cool judgment as well as warm sympathy to the aid of the panic-stricken people.

A committee of relief was at once formed for the proper distribution of tents and food. It consisted of the English residents and members of both of the prominent Greek political parties, with sub-committees in the villages. Later three Greek men-of-war arrived with further supplies, and an Italian man-of-war came on a similar errand of mercy. King George of Greece and Queen Olga, with the Crown Prince and Prince Nicolas, arrived in the royal yacht, accompanied by the Minister of the Interior.

I joined the king and queen and the rest of the

royal party in their tour of inspection. Large throngs met them at the wharf, and followed them silently through the streets. At any other time there would have been great cheering and speechmaking; but the royal visit seemed a sorrowful pilgrimage to minister to stricken subjects, and there were more tears than cheers. The king and queen went into churches and monasteries, but especially into the wrecked homes, and gave to many poor people that sympathy which helps to bear trials. The king with his little yachting cap looked like a naval officer, and the queen, dressed in deep black, like the Sister of Charity that she really is. Every one was impressed with her simplicity and tender kindness.

Students of seismology found interesting material for study in the earthquakes of 1893. The nine submarine cables converging in Zante pass over known seismic centres. In all the serious shocks which the island has sustained since they were laid, the cables in the path of the earthquake have been broken. In the great convulsion of the 27th of August, 1886, which preceded that of Charleston, six miles of the cable were buried by a landslide on the bottom of the sea, which increased the depth from seven hundred to nine hundred fathoms. The cable was never recovered, and another one was laid. A shock having precisely the same characteristics, without the same strength, occurred in 1873, and parted the cable six miles away from Zante. In the catastrophe I have described the cable was not affected.

Zante is composed of rock surrounded on the southeast and northwest by a bank of yellow mud, gradually shelving into forty or fifty fathoms two

miles away from the shore, when suddenly the lead drops from three hundred to five hundred fathoms. That this latter depth is the centre of the earthquakes, seems probable from the fact that Cephalonia, to the north, felt no shock; Patras, but a slight one; Gastouni, fifteen miles due east from Zante, was shaken severely; and Katakolon and Pyrgos, twenty-five miles east and southeast of the town of Zante, felt the disturbance strongly, but suffered no damage. The lesser shocks were not felt elsewhere. The cables tested showed no increase of sea temperature, which would have occurred if there had been an active volcano. Mr. Foster, the Zante seismologist, claims that while earthquakes in Japan and in the vicinity of Ætna and Hecla are due to volcanic causes, those in this region are due to mechanical causes. There are evidences of a strong current even at the bottom of the ocean. Some of the cables have been eaten away by chemical action. Disintegration is constantly going on and vast displacements of submarine mountains occur, burying the cables and causing the tidal waves which generally accompany an earthquake.

Zante has gradually lost the position it once held as a commercial town. This is largely owing to the opening of the railway on the mainland between Pyrgos and Patras. During the currant season the city of Zante used to be not only the port for loading steamers with her own produce, but all the currant-growing centres on the Arcadian coast sent their fruit up in caïques to be sold and shipped there, adding fifty thousand tons to her trade. The people have been unusually thrifty in days that are past. From the English they acquired the habit of put-

ting by something for a rainy day. But owing to the reduced commercial importance of the island and an exceptionally bad season, their little savings had been entirely exhausted and the next year's crop mortgaged. The misfortune of the earthquake was thus accentuated by commercial depression. That explains why many of these hitherto thrifty people were not able to buy bread.

Ten years ago there began a mania for the production of currants, owing to the increased demand in France for dried fruit to replace the damage done by the phylloxera. All the good, bad and indifferent fruit remaining in the country was bought up at fabulous prices by French merchants. The Greeks uprooted many of their olive-trees and ruthlessly burnt some millions of oak and pine trees in order to plant currants. But France found that the wine produced was not drinkable, and obtained her supplies elsewhere. The result was that two hundred thousand tons of currants were produced, when there was a demand for only half the amount. Owing to the destruction of olives, the quantity of oil produced was reduced fifty per cent. There is still a demand for olives; but it will take many years to replace the trees.

Thus the present outlook for Zante is not a cheerful one. But the soil is fertile, and were many of these currant vines uprooted and grains grown instead, the island, it is claimed by competent authorities, could well compete for the European market.

II

A BIT OF EXEGESIS

THERE are some words whose meaning cannot be learned from the dictionary of a foreign tongue. They must be learned from life, manners, customs, scenery, climate. This is especially true of Greece, whose literature reflects so much of its life. To travel there is to give one a new conception of even the commonest words. "Sun," "sky," "light," "moon," "night," mean infinitely more to one after he has seen the rosy-fingered light of a Greek morn, the blaze of noon, the glory of a sunset, the wonderful beauty of the star-gemmed heavens at night. No one who lives habitually under a leaden sky can imagine the transparency of the Greek atmosphere. The scenery of Greece is beautifully reflected in its language. Mountains, hills, plains, groves and seas interpret the words which describe them. Greece is a small country; but if not vast, it is intense. It is a cameo, beautifully cut. Some words shrink in size when we have known it, but they do not shrink in significance. The word "river" is an exception. A boy brought up on the banks of the Hudson or the Mississippi might jump over some of these Greek rivers without knowing that he had crossed them.

I learned while standing on the shaky soil of Zante the meaning of one word in Homer. It was worth coming hundreds of miles to see it unfolded in a

beautiful illustration, one of the finest I have seen in Greece. Homer speaks of Ithaca as "far-seen," "rugged," "rocky." And so it is. Its mountain shapes are clearly cut in the sky line; and, when you cross to it from Cephalonia, you see what a rugged, rocky land it is, without marsh or pasture except for its browsing goats. You understand perfectly what Homer meant when he used these adjectives, and you see how well they fit into the picture. But there is another phrase not so easily explained, and I sailed away from Ithaca at night without knowing what it meant. I refer to Homer's characterization of it as "low-lying," an adjective which seems quite inconsistent with the others I have quoted. But, on climbing the lofty hill of Zante, crowned with its sturdy Venetian fortress, I discovered, as I looked toward the north, the meaning of Homer's epithet. The grand, impressive object was the island of Cephalonia. Its lofty mountain, Aenus, is the highest in the Ionian islands. So grand is the swell of its curve, as it rises majestically above the water, that it looks not like a peak set on a pedestal, but as if the whole island were a mountain standing up to its knees in the sea. To the east, on the right as you look from the south, nestles Ithaca under the shadow of the greater isle. It is by comparison alone that it is "low-lying." Traverse its hills and mountains and you will see how generally accurate is the description in the Odyssey. View it from Zante, and the epithet "low-lying" is perfectly explicable. It does not describe a flat island, but one which is low only when compared with the snow-crowned peaks of Cephalonia. This is but another proof

that the poet was describing a region more or less familiar.

Homer and the New Testament are a good way apart, but they are both included in the marvellous unity of the Greek language. If I learned the meaning of one word of Homer, standing on the hill of Zante, I felt anew the force of a verse in the New Testament. It was the doxology to the Lord's Prayer, — "And Thine be the kingdom and the power and the glory." It was the *power* that first impressed me. What an immeasurable force had shaken this island to its foundation! The prostrate villages, the shattered houses in the city below, were the melancholy proof. There is something terrible in the conception and experience of an energy which in a few seconds can turn a village into a heap of ruins. Yet, awful as are the destructive forces of Nature, they are not so grand as those which are constructive. What mighty Power reared those lofty mountains set in the bosom of the sea! Majestic masonry whose architect was the Eternal! In a thunder-storm or an earthquake we are startled by the revelation of amazing power; but what a revelation of the silent energy of Nature is made to us all the time! It was manifest in the little flower, in the tender grain growing at my feet, in the swell of the tide, the breath of the wind and the glare of the sun. Silently the shadows moved; but what an unspeakable Energy moved them! — the Power that turns the world on its axis and sends it silently whirling on its pathway among the stars. Compared with this silent energy of light and shadow, the Zante earthquake seemed insignificant.

The royal yacht of the King of Greece was lying in the harbor, and a few cables off was the English war-vessel, the "Camperdown," which had come so quickly on its errand of mercy. Not far away lay an Italian ironclad and two Greek men-of-war, all on the same gospel mission. Three political kingdoms were represented by the flags in the harbor. The royal family of Greece added personality to vague and abstract conceptions of government. In honor of the king and queen, the Italian vessel was gayly decked with flags. A white puff of smoke from a port-hole; and, four seconds afterward, the boom of the gun reached my ear on the hill-top. Another followed, and another, till the full compliment of thunder had been paid to the sovereign. But to my thought a *kingdom* was proclaimed in this suggestive scene not symbolized by any of the flags. More silently than the blazing guns, the willing lightning carried under the ocean the message of sorrow and devastation and the appeal to human brotherhood. Every one of these great war-vessels, native and foreign, had come in answer to that appeal. Each one had brought aid and comfort. What a majestic fulfilment of the prediction that the spear should be turned into the pruning-hook! To what nobler service can a war-vessel be put than to go on a mission of philanthropy, bearing bread for the hungry and shelter for the homeless? The music of that artillery was the angel song of peace on earth, good will to men. Each vessel bore the flag of its own kingdom, but also the invisible banner of the larger kingdom of love and brotherhood.

And the *glory* was not wanting. A wonderful illumi-

nation of sunlight flooded the landscape. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." The snow on the distant mountains glistened, the sea glimmered, the rose and the cyclamen displayed their color. In this surpassing scene of natural beauty the glory of the Lord was enshrined. But more beautiful than the outward scene was the conception of the glory revealed in that Love and Goodness which, joined to Truth and Beauty, are welling up in the heart of man for the redemption of the world.

III

THE SHRINES OF ATTICA

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

I

THE PARTHENON

ATHENS is the centre of Greece, the Acropolis is the centre of Athens, and the Parthenon is the centre of the Acropolis, — I do not mean measured by the surveyor's chain, but by the highest standards of human interest. Unless a man is an irreclaimable Philistine, the Acropolis is the first thing he hastens to see in Athens, and the last thing he sees when he takes his leave. And of the temples which crown it, the Parthenon in all its shattered glory is supreme.

No visitor who has not been side-tracked in provincialism or ignorance comes to the Parthenon without prepossessions. He has seen it pictured in books and photographs or modelled in wood and stone. He has heard it proclaimed as an adorable sanctuary of religion and art. He knows just what he ought to see and just how he ought to feel when he sees it. If he is an American, he recalls not without amusement the remarkable zeal with which wooden temples of the Doric order were propagated in his own land, and applied to every sort of structure, whether town-hall, church, schoolhouse, or private dwelling, without the slightest regard to utility or fitness. Perhaps he has an unjust grudge against the Parthenon as the mother of all these insignificant and solemn cari-

catures; but could he think any less of them than would Pericles himself? I have never forgotten Wagner's look of disgust when I told him, just before the first grand representation of his trilogy at Bayreuth, that some one was going about Germany circumventing his copyright by playing the music on a piano. Athens could not copyright the Parthenon; and so the rustic imitations we have made of it have been much like Wagner's wonderful orchestration reduced to a piano, or an oratorio played on a flute. Yet one must not forget that this multiplication of Grecian temples on American soil was born of the enthusiasm which the revival of knowledge of the Parthenon spread in Europe, and which crossed the ocean and caused the Doric column to impinge on the primeval forest. It is hard to see how the conceptions of one who comes with such impressions as these or with any impressions derived from pictures or models of the Parthenon can help being heightened when he sees the original, unless he comes with a too luxurious imagination; and in that case I am bold enough to think his imagination is more likely to be at fault than that embodied in a temple which Pericles and Phidias and Ictinus and Callicrates thought worthy of the gods.

Many visitors to Niagara have confessed their disappointment at the first sight of the great cataract; and Mr. Mahaffy has admitted that even the Parthenon could not stand the weight of expectation he had formed in regard to it, though his disappointment subsequently gave way to sober and enduring admiration. Too much importance, however, may be ascribed to first impressions. Few brains can

take an instantaneous view perfect in all its details. The mind has not had time to get into focus. The emotions have not had time to rise. The subject cannot be grasped in its full proportions. The first impressions of an engraving may be the clearest and best; but brains are not always so sensitive as paper, and the process by which great images or ideas are transferred to them is often like that of the slow, laborious work by which the engraver cuts a plate. The only man who can afford to be satisfied with his first impression of the Parthenon is he who is so unfortunate as not to be able to take a second. I have seen tourists come up in their carriages, remain half an hour or less, and then go off. They have "done the Parthenon," but the Parthenon has not done much for them. They can say that they have seen it, and thus secure a little respect in good society, though even this claim is not true. No one can see the Parthenon who does not know it, and he cannot know it without studying it. It is one of those grand and enduring works whose emotional effect is increased by a knowledge of the intellectual and æsthetic principles upon which it is constructed, just as a thorough student of harmony can perceive relations and enjoy effects not perceptible to an uneducated ear.

As for myself, I mounted the Acropolis with a joy which it would be but affectation to conceal. I should as soon think of measuring the great temple by my first impression of it as of measuring an oak with an acorn. Even so far as the mere intellectual use of vision is concerned, it is impossible for any one pair of eyes to see at once all of the Parthenon, its struc-

ture, method, and intent. It was more than a century and a half after the temple had become known to the Western world through Spon and Wheler, in 1678, that the curvature was discovered by Pennethorne in 1837. There are elements in it which the eye can discover only when aided by the rule.

The Parthenon is a symphony in stone. It is not to be grasped in any melodic phrase of construction, but only in the full, rich harmony of its perfection. From a study of the whole one is led inevitably to a study of the parts; and from a study of the parts he comes back to a fuller, more perfect conception of the whole. Alas that gunpowder and vandalism should have made such inroads upon its beauty! Though shaken by earthquakes, the tooth of time has spared it. There is scarcely a wrinkle on its countenance which can be ascribed to age or decay. It was the divine energy of man that reared it, and the diabolical energy of man that broke its columns and architraves and stripped its frieze and pediments of their treasures. This is the melancholy thought which forces itself on the visitor. Let the bombardment of the Parthenon be another count in the indictment against the costs and hardships of war.

Though literally "broken and cast down," the temple is "not in despair." The drums of many of its columns are scattered about, and great gaps are left in the stately row which supported the roof; but there is a grandness, a solidity, a strength, in the ruins which brook no suggestion of decay. The Parthenon was young when it was dismembered, and it is young still. The fallen drums are white and sound to the core.

One of the elements in the glory of the Parthenon is the imposing Acropolis on which it stands. Here is a steep hill of solid rock, rising abruptly from the plain to a height of two hundred feet. It is a natural fortification, inaccessible on all sides but one. It is only about three hundred yards the longest way, and about one hundred and twenty-five the shortest. Yet what spot in Greece contains more shrines of art or religion or more history to the square inch carved into or built upon its surface?

There is first the hard, crystalline limestone of which the hill itself is built, hoary with age and outdating and outlasting everything that has been built upon it. Its summit must have been rough and jagged when the work was begun of planing it off to furnish the foundations for the dwelling-place of men and gods. Athens did not begin on the plain, and extend to the hill: it began on the hill, and spread to the plain. This lofty rock was far enough from the sea to furnish a safe retreat from the depredations of pirates, and it was easy to fortify it against attack. Those early dwellers, Pelasgic or other, did not put up a hedge or a board fence. They erected walls whose rough, solid masonry still winds its rugged courses around and over the Acropolis, as it did centuries before the Parthenon was built. Some of these walls were buried for ages until the spade of the excavator revealed them. Others rise stubbornly in the daylight, as if to dispute with the marble Propylæa the trophy of permanence. Whatever myths may float around the heads of these early dwellers, the walls they built are solid facts, and will outlast the trivial masonry of our day.

Then there are the traces of the devout spirit of early Greek occupation. He would be rash who would let misty conjectures of how long Athene or Artemis had been worshipped on this hill harden into any rigid chronology. It is known that Pisistratus lived on the Acropolis five centuries and a half before the Christian era; but other kings and tyrants had dwelt there before him, and this hill was the centre of civil and judicial life. That there was an early temple here to Athene is known, and in 1885 Dörpfeld pointed out its foundations near the Erechtheum. The temple was destroyed in the Persian wars, and perhaps rebuilt. Then the conception of a magnificent temple farther to the right, and covering vastly more space than the original one, took shape; and the foundations were broadly and strongly laid. They are still there; and many of the broken columns of this unfinished temple, which must have been attempted after the Persian War, are built with other fragments into the north wall of the Acropolis. All this before the Parthenon.

When Pericles began it, he built the new temple as far as possible upon the foundation of the old one. It was enriched and glorified by the chisel of Phidias and by the brush of the painter. It was consecrated to the virgin goddess, and her statue within it was one of the grandest achievements of ancient art.

The Parthenon was completed 438 B. C. For six centuries it stood there as a holy temple of the religion to which it was dedicated. Then a new religion, reared on a Hebrew foundation, and with a new virgin goddess, arose, and in time the Parthenon, under

Frankish rule, became a Christian church. The march of religions went on, and Mohammedanism crossed swords with Christianity. The Turks were victorious, and the Parthenon was turned into a mosque and topped with a minaret. Two hundred years ago the Venetians sought to recover their hold in Greece. The Turks who held the Acropolis stored their treasures and their gunpowder in the Parthenon, just as the Puritans, a little earlier on American soil, sometimes used their wooden churches for similar purposes. To the credit of Morosini, the Venetian commander-in-chief, be it said that he was reluctant to bombard Athens, but a council of his officers urged its capture. The Acropolis was the key to the situation, and a bomb fired by one of his officers fell into the Parthenon and exploded the magazine, leaving the building a wreck. The Venetians practically gained nothing. They left Athens the following year, and once more a Turkish mosque was built in the Parthenon.

The next sacrilege was Lord Elgin's rape of Athene's girdle — the beautiful frieze, the pediments and metopes of her temple, which now enrich the British Museum but have left the Parthenon disrobed. The judgment of the world concerning this act has been various; but the English protest has nowhere been so strongly uttered as by Byron in flaming poetic curses. When I saw these marbles in the British Museum, I said, "They are at least safe here from earthquakes, bombardments, and changes of weather, and thousands may see them who never go to Greece." Still, when I came to the Parthenon, the sense of loss was too great to be satisfied by

that argument. For the bald fact remains that those who see the dislocated marbles in the British Museum do not see them as they were meant to be seen. It is another illustration of Emerson's "Each and All," of taking home a shell from the seaside. Those colossal figures cannot be properly seen close at hand; still more, they cannot be appreciated apart from the grand temple for which they were made, any more than the Parthenon apart from the Acropolis on which it stands or from the scenery which surrounds it. They are jewels plucked from a coronet; and, when you see the crown, you mourn that they have been torn away.

The temple did not escape bombardment from Greek guns too, in the hot days of the revolution; but which of the cruel wounds that still remain were made by friends or foes I do not know: the saddest thing is that they are there.

When one mounts the Acropolis to view the Parthenon, the great rock on which it is built seems to be inseparable from the structure itself. It gives it an elevation and dignity which it would not have if put in a hollow or set on a plain. At first the visitor may want to lay aside every suggestion or interpolation of later times that comes between him and the temple of Pericles; but the tides of history have left their water-marks, and cannot remain unread. He finds himself on this ancient rock brought into association with centuries older than Pericles, and with the twenty-four centuries that have followed him. He ascends the rugged steps which so many feet have trod, and over which has passed the grandeur of many a Panathenaic procession. He enters the mag-

nificent gateway of marble, the Propylæa, the noblest and most elaborate portal ever erected by the worshippers of a Greek deity. He turns to the old Pelasgic wall, and thinks of the ruder days before this later splendor. He treads with veneration the stones which mark the ancient temple of Athene, and stands where her lofty statue doubtless rose. The Erechtheum — that exquisite romance in marble — and the charming temple of Athene Nike are still here. The Parthenon rises grandly over all. But on its cella walls is the faded image of the Virgin Mary which marks the advent of Christianity, and here and there the architect may trace the vestiges of the Byzantine church or the Turkish mosque. Neither Christianity nor Mohammedanism could add anything to its material glory; and the Parthenon in strength and dignity rises calmly superior to the parasites which assailed its beauty. Elsewhere Christianity built its own temples with a magnificence surpassing that of the Parthenon; but here on this grand old rock Athene still is victor, and the glory of her temple reveals to us the inspiration toward the beautiful and the sublime which lay in the heart of the Greek religion.

One of the first impressions which the Parthenon makes, and which it was intended to make, is that of simplicity, — a simplicity combined with strength and elegance. Here is none of the complexity of Gothic architecture, no such multiplication of points, angles, and mere ornament as gives over-elaboration and richness to the cathedral at Milan. Putting aside considerations of size and weight, it seems to the

spectator as if it had been an extremely simple matter to lay these stones one upon another, and to rear the columns drum upon drum. Here is no springing arch or swelling dome: mechanically it seems to be but a glorified, marble log-cabin, retaining in various details a strong reminiscence of its humble wooden origin. But when one studies the temple carefully, he sees what a remarkable combination of mathematical and mechanical effects was necessary to produce the grand and simple structure before him. The architects never forgot the observer's eye. They wished to produce a certain effect; but, in order to achieve this in the mind of the spectator, it was necessary to construct a different building from that which he thought he saw. Thus the observer thinks he is looking at a building whose beautiful columns are perfectly straight from top to bottom. He presumes that he is looking at a stylobate and steps built on horizontal lines. He sees no signs of leaning in those strong pillars. Yet, when the temple has been measured foot by foot, as Penrose measured it, he finds that he has been looking at a building whose lines and angles have been softened into curves so delicate and beautiful that they melt imperceptibly in the observer's eye.

The fact that the end of the building lies deeper than the middle was observed before the reason was discovered. Karl Bötticher maintained that this curvature had occurred because the corners of the foundation had settled. An examination of the foundation showed that the building was set on the solid rock and that it was impossible for it to sink so many centimetres. It was maintained by another that it

was due to earthquakes; for hardly any of the columns have escaped disturbance of this sort. But earthquakes do not do their work with mathematical regularity. It would have been a miraculous convulsion which could have jostled this temple into curves of beauty. The measuring rod showed that no part of the building was more perfect in design than that which had been ascribed to convulsion or decay.

Every column, instead of being a straight line from base to neck, tapers towards the top and has a gentle swell or *entasis*. So slight is this curve that, as Penrose truly says, until a comparatively recent period, the columns were assumed to be perfectly straight. And what is the object of this curve? It is " to correct the optical illusion, which gives an attenuated appearance to columns perfectly straight."

The curvature of the steps is more easily detected. It will be conveyed to the mind of the reader by the figure of a bow which is already strung. Set it down with the string parallel to the floor. The string forms a horizontal line, while the bow arches above it. Let the string represent the ground on which the Parthenon rests: the curvature of the bow will correspond to the curve of the stylobate and the steps, which rise gently to the middle, and then slope down as gently to the other end. Place a hat on the steps at one end; go to the other end and get down until your eye is on a level with the edge of the step, and then look along it. You will not be able to see the hat at the other end. The convex rise in the middle conceals it from view. Yet comparatively few persons when they mount these stairs, suppose that

they are stepping on a curve instead of on a straight line. Of course, if the columns were set on this convex stylobate without correction, they would not be perpendicular supports to the roof; they would lean in opposite directions. To secure perpendicularity the lower drums of the columns are made higher on one side than on the other, thus offsetting the curvature of the base. The difference in the height of the sides is something like eight centimetres. As the architrave is curved as well as the stylobate, the same correction in the drums must be made at the top as well as at the bottom. In addition to their own *entasis*, the whole line of columns is made to incline slightly toward the building, so as better to bear the strain of the roof. Think of the immense amount of work required to calculate and secure these effects! It has been conjectured that wooden columns may have been set up and used as patterns for the marble ones. By building the columns in sections or drums the work was easier.

The stylobate is made of great blocks. The steps on the sides are so high that one has to climb them. They were made for the eye, not for the feet. In earlier times when small buildings prevailed, the steps to the temples were made in a certain proportion to the columns. When the Parthenon was built this proportion was retained and the blocks were too high for steps. The same is true of the Zeus Temple at Olympia, and of others. Small steps were therefore laid at the entrance between the larger ones. So when the west end of the Parthenon was made the entrance for the Byzantine church, small steps had to be interpolated there also.

In Greek temples orientation was of great importance. The axis of the temple pointed to the rising sun. The main door was to the east, so that when it was opened on the high festal day of the goddess, the sun would shine into the temple. Penrose and Lockyer have supported this view by astronomical calculations.

Greek architecture must be seen in the joyous light of a Greek sky. The problem, still inviting discussion, as to how the Doric temple was lighted is not so difficult of solution when the temple is set, like the Parthenon upon the Acropolis, upon lofty heights or open plains. Set it in the forest or surround it with heavy shade-trees, as some of the stately old mansions in our own country, which, unhappily, imitated the Greek style, and the effect is solemn and gloomy enough. But in Greece the flood of sunlight through a clear atmosphere is so intense that, when it falls upon a building of Pentelic marble like the Parthenon, the glare is too strong for weak eyes. The whole building is suffused with a glory which must have brilliantly illuminated its colored triglyphs and sculptured pediments.

What of the inside? Shall we maintain with Fergusson that it was lighted from the top, or with Dörpfeld that it was lighted only through the great door which was opened on festal days? In support of the latter view the point has been made, with great truth, that the penetrating power of light in Greece is so great that through a large door enough light would enter to reveal in mystic grandeur the colossal statue of Athene in the Parthenon or the

equally great statue of Zeus in the temple at Olympia. It is argued also that the Greeks did not want in their house of God anything but a "dim religious light;" and an American architect has sought to show that lamps were used in these solemn temples.

The great size of the door in the pronaos, some fifteen feet broad and thirty feet high, supports the theory that it was used for lighting the interior. There was a smaller door by which the priests might enter.

Karl Bötticher has advanced the theory that the Parthenon was not really a sanctuary, but a treasure house. The slight architectural reasons presented for this bold conjecture have been examined in detail and refuted by Dörpfeld. Their force can only be fully appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to see the building under Dr. Dörpfeld's guidance, and trace with him its history revealed in clamps, tool marks, the circles on which missing columns once stood and the grooves described by hinged doors. The changes made in the Parthenon by its adaptation to Byzantine worship render complex and difficult the task of distinguishing in the interior between the original and the adapted structure. It is in just such a task that Dr. Dörpfeld's architectural knowledge and rare powers of observation find their opportunity. An Hellenic clamp, a tool mark or a tell-tale circle may show the age of a stone and the use that was made of it as clearly as if the workman had written it in words.

But I cannot linger on the artistic and mechanical details of this wonderful temple of worship. For the last hundred years our knowledge of it has been con-

tinually increasing, and we cannot be sure that we know all its secrets or even all it was intended to reveal. There is one spot in it of peculiar interest. It is the space nearly in the centre of the building where the remains of a strong foundation of *poros* stone and a square slot in the middle reveal, undoubtedly, the spot where stood the famous statue of Athene wrought by Phidias, on a frame of wood, and covered with ivory and gold. How wonderful was the influence on the Greek mind of this conception of the virgin goddess, and how remarkable its influence on the western mind when it passed into Christianity! Athene, as pictured by Homer, is a grand and beautiful conception. In the earliest forms in which men undertook to paint or mould with the hand that which floated as a vision in the brain, we are struck by the great chasm between that which they aimed at and that which they achieved. The literary conception was high, the artistic product low. But gradually this ideal of the divinity of the intellect, embodied in the form of a woman, and radiating, too, into gracious charms of sentiment and beneficence, took possession of the eye and hand of the artist as well as of the song of the minstrel; and by and by, yet as early as the fifth century before Christ, art rose to the level of literature, and bloomed in the perfect flower of the Parthenon and the wondrous art of Phidias which adorned it.

The influence of this Greek idea did not stop here. In the fifth century A. D. the Parthenon became the temple of Saint Sophia, and a few centuries later it was transformed into the church of the Virgin Mary. Like Paganism, Christianity could not be

contented with a purely masculine deity. Athene, excluded from her temple, revenged herself by re-appearing in a new guise and with new functions. If the later Christian homage to a virgin met a need of the human heart, who shall say that that rendered to the Greek virgin was not as sincere and inspiring?

The best time to see the Parthenon is at sunset or under the silver light of the full moon. The tones of the building, weather-stained by centuries, seem richer and deeper in the sunset glow; and the temple fits beautifully into the illumined landscape. Take your stand at the southwest corner of the temple of Nike. Below you lies the theatre of Herodes Atticus, a little to the right the hill of Philopappus, still farther Observatory Hill, the Areopagus, the Pnyx, and the stately Theseion. In the plains the fresh green barley alternates with olive groves and brown furrowed fields. To the left stretches the Bay of Phaleron, opening to the larger sea. Piræus lies beyond. Here is the island of Salamis, there Ægina. The coast of Attica fades into the distance. Walking to the other end of the Acropolis, we see below the new Athens, the royal palace and garden, and steep Lycabettus rising abruptly from the plain. The whole view is framed in by sea and mountain, — Pentelicus, from whose bosom came the milk-white curdled marble with which these temples were reared, Parnes, Ægaleos, the pass of Daphne, and, most familiar of all, the long ridge of Hymettus. How the sinking sun seems to fondle it, and how softly the mutable colors play over it, — gold and violet and red, — melting its hard, rocky surface into

geniality and beauty! In this sunset glow the Parthenon, the magnificent Propylæa, the Erechtheum, and the bewitching temple of Nike are gilded with supernatural light, as if the sun loved to heighten their beauty. And, when the moon rises and in the deep silence silvers the old rock and the temples upon it, you forget the things of to-day; and in the witchery of the moonlight Athene seems to come once more to claim her holy place, and you are a willing worshipper at her shrine.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

II

THE PROPYLÆA

WHETHER it be a great book, a great symphony, a great opera, or a great temple, it is possible to heighten the effect and the expectation by a great introduction. So Gibbon wrote the introduction to his history nine times; so Beethoven wrote and rewrote his overture to "Léonore;" so Wagner scored his marvellous overture to "Tannhäuser" and his dreamy *Vorspiel* to "Parsival." Thus the evangelists wrote the mystic proem to John and the poetic prelude to St. Luke. So, too, Pericles inspired the marble proem to the Parthenon.

The Propylæa, as its simple name implies (*προπύλαια*, the part before the gates), is a prelude, a *Vorspiel*, an overture in stone. It was built on the rocky slope of the Acropolis and constituted one of the grandest approaches to a temple ever reared.

In this matter some of the greatest cathedrals of England and the Continent are sadly lacking. The approach to St. Peter's diminishes rather than heightens the effect. St. Paul's, London, is set within the busy mart; Lincoln and Ely are hedged in by other buildings; Cologne needs twice as much room. Salisbury is one of the few English cathedrals which, set within the beautiful close of Sarum, preserves with leisurely greensward and a fine colon-

nade of trees a fitting prelude. Our own Capitol at Washington, crowning a genial acropolis, has also a worthy approach.

The Acropolis of Athens, though its summit was levelled and its surface extended, was too small for a great esplanade. The Propylæa placed on the top would have concealed or diminished the Parthenon; but it could be built on the stern slope of the rock in spite of the great difficulties encountered. This was not the first time that such an undertaking had been successfully attempted. The student who has leisure to study the Propylæa finds it suggestive of both history and prophecy. The whole Acropolis, indeed, is a palimpsest of stone full of riddles and revelations. If you question this magnificent portico, it will tell you four things at least, — first, that there was an older Propylæa here before the Persian descent upon Athens; secondly, that after its destruction by the Persians it was restored; thirdly, that under Pericles a new and grander structure was raised; and fourthly, that the architect did not complete the work according to his original intention, but was obliged to finish it provisionally in such a way as not to sacrifice his more perfect plan.

Only one of these things is immediately obvious to the traveller, — the building he sees before him; the others must be painstakingly sought out. To understand what is above the surface, you must go below it. As the Parthenon does not wholly efface the piety and labor which were wrought into the temples which preceded it, so the Propylæa does not wholly conceal the foundations of the building which was reared and sacrificed before it was con-

ceived. Fresh, vital, and imposing as is the later structure, it is also full of reminiscence.

We know, to begin with, that here on the top of the slope of the Athenian Acropolis in early times was a tower or building; not a military defence, but a gateway such as Pericles erected. We can see how the marble was worked in this pre-Persian time, how large were the squares of stone. It was built in a grand way. We can see the external side of the old building; we can see the course of the protecting wall and how the old Cyclopean walls were hidden with marble. Then we see how in the post-Persian times Themistocles or some one else had restored the ancient structure and covered it so as not to show what it had suffered.

As the old Propylæa was made a fitting introduction to the old temple on the Acropolis, so Pericles determined that the new building should be a suitable approach to the new temple. The Parthenon had been finished a year (438 B. C.) before the Propylæa was begun. It is hard to believe that so much as we see was built in five years. The lines of the new Propylæa deflect somewhat from the old. One can see the inner side of the wall of the earlier building and trace its direction, which was adapted to the old way up the Acropolis. One understands, too, why the Propylæa of Pericles was turned so as to harmonize with the position of the Parthenon.

The Propylæa is built of Pentelic marble. It consists of a great central wall in which are five doors or openings, approached through Doric and Ionic colonnades, while two great wings flanking the entrance formed large halls designed for paintings. The archi-

tectural difficulties of building such a structure at different elevations on the upper side of this rock were great indeed, and the mechanical difficulties of handling the vast blocks of marble in beam and architrave would not seem light to a modern builder if his supply of steam or electricity were cut off. The Greeks must have known how to make cranes before they built temples. That they knew, too, how to put stones together, the wall on the south side of the Propylæa well attests. Although earthquakes and explosions have shattered the building and thrown down many of its columns, the joining of the blocks in this wall is so perfect that the seams can scarcely be felt as you run your hand up and down the smooth white marble.

An interesting feature of the Propylæa, as of the Parthenon, is its persistent reminiscence of the wooden structure, especially in the doors and doorways. There are cuttings in the wall which seem to indicate the fastening of a wooden door. Panels are also cut into the marble in a way that would be meaningless in a stone building except as they show how a plank could be set in and held against springing. Wooden doors and door-jambs could thus have been used. But in some cases it is merely servile imitation, as when the architect in some of his pilasters imitates literally the upright wooden plank at the end of a wall, whereas, if less hampered by traditional forms, he might have made something more beautiful. Dr. Dörpfeld, who has shown in detail this repetition and imitation of the wooden structure, finds in it a proof of the essential conservatism of architecture.

The large hall on the northwest wing we can easily

believe was adorned with paintings. There are signs of nail-holes where the corners of the stones come together, but we cannot be sure that they were not made in later times. The walls themselves may have been frescoed.

It is a question whether the exterior of the building was painted. There are indications that not the whole but parts of it were thus treated. Some of the triglyphs are of *poros* stone. We cannot suppose that this cheaper stone would be used in a prominent and exposed position in a marble building. That is contrary to Greek usage and example. It might have been used, however, if it were covered with stucco and painted. So long as wood prevailed in marble buildings for beams and other purposes it was painted; and, when afterward the marble structure imitated the wooden form in which it had its origin, it was still natural to decorate the same parts. Thus the triglyphs representing the ends of the beams were colored, and also the drops. In later times, therefore, portions of the building which were to be painted could be made out of *poros* instead of more costly marble. Why should not the gods, who see everywhere, approve such pious economy? At Olympia, for instance, there was no Pentelic marble, — nothing but a quarry of coarse shell conglomerate. When the great temples which gave renown to that place were built, this conglomerate was covered with white stucco, which gave it the appearance of marble. Such a veneer the gods could not disdain.

Grand as was the Propylæa, there is evidence that the plan of the architect was still grander. The

southwest wing was evidently intended, when the plans were drawn, to be as large as the northwest wing. Mnesicles had laid it out without perhaps considering how far it would interfere with monuments and offerings already in existence and thus encounter conservative or priestly opposition. When this opposition was aroused he was therefore obliged to finish it off in a provisional way. He assumed, however, that its final completion was only a matter of time and so finished it in a manner that would not interfere with his plan when work was resumed. This is hinted in the character of the pilaster at the end of the southwest wing. It was evidently set up so that later it might bear an architrave, like the pilaster on the opposite wing. This was the architect's expectation. One of the columns was left unfinished at the bottom, to be "worked off," as the artisan's habit was, after the upper part was completed.

Pericles and his architect at this south side of the building probably ran against two rather hard obstacles: one the old Cyclopean wall which crossed the hill at this point, the other the indurated prejudice of the priests. Both were made of traditional material, and of the two the religious prejudice was no doubt the more stubborn.

The architect temporarily accommodated himself to both. The wall of the wing was cut off sharp where it met the Cyclopean wall. We can easily imagine the arguments the priests advanced against extending this building so as to interfere with established monuments and sacred precincts. We meet the same arguments to-day against the introdúction of new and more beautiful and equally devout ideas,

whether framed in words or in marble. But the same reverent conservatism, more intelligent and clear-eyed, has also protected us against inroads of vandalism and hideous innovations in art and religion.

Dr. Dörpfeld has developed, with fascinating probability, the thought of the architect not only in regard to this southwest wing, but concerning a larger plan for the whole structure. As you go around to the external wall of the north wing, where it stands exposed towards the east, you see a cornice or frieze on the outside that was obviously intended for the interior of a room. In the middle there is a square hole in the upper wall, for a beam or stringer. There is a corresponding hole on the south side. These and other prophetic details indicate that a hall as large as that of the northwest wing was to flank the gateway and fill out the corner on the northeast. Symmetry would require another room to fill out the southeast corner, and thus the great central gateway would have been flanked by two large halls on each side, filled with votive paintings. That would have meant a partial encroachment on the sacred precincts of Artemis Brauronia, and undoubtedly the removal of some of the statues which Pausanias mentions.

Though noble in intention and execution, the Propylæa is distinguished, too, by a fitting humility; the roof rises no higher than the stylobate of the Parthenon. It was built in subordination to the building for which it was the prelude. It was made not to dwarf or darken the supreme temple, but to lead up to it. The Propylæa is the beautiful frontlet on the stern brow of the Acropolis, — the Parthenon is still the crown of Athene's holy hill.

NIKE BINDING HER SANDAL.

Close to the south wing of the Propylæa, and involved with it in questions of structure and chronological precedence, is the beautiful little Temple of Athene Nike, or the "Wingless Victory," as it is commonly and less accurately called. This temple is so small that it might be put into a corner of the Parthenon. It is only eighteen feet wide and twenty-seven feet long; and its Ionic columns are but thirteen and one-quarter feet high. It was removed from the corner of the Acropolis to make place for a Turkish battery; but afterwards the scattered blocks of the temple were found and laid up again by loving hands, so that we have substantially the original building, though we cannot fully reconstruct with the imagination the beautiful friezes which once adorned it. Some of the exquisite reliefs from the balustrade are in the Acropolis Museum, and among them the cow led by two Victories, and the graceful, airy Victory assumed to be binding her sandal, — though ladies of our party insisted that a sandal could not be fastened with one hand, and that she was probably untying or adjusting it.

If the Parthenon is grand, the Erechtheum is poetic. The Parthenon reveals the nobility of the Doric order; the Erechtheum, the beauty and grace of the Ionic. Who has not seen pictures or reproductions of the stately Caryatides? Lord Elgin kidnapped one of them, but it has been restored in terra-cotta. Another mutilated member of the sextette has been pieced out, so that the original impression of these six Grecian maidens supporting the roof of the temple-porch is substantially renewed for the spectator. When I see them, I recall the

strong, beautiful peasant girls of Gastouri in Corfu, who walked with their jars of water on their heads, as if they were entirely unconscious of the burden. So these "Maidens of the Porch" hold up the entablature with perfect grace and ease, as if they hardly knew it was there.

The Erechtheum is a gem of refinement and delicacy. It was set on the most sacred site of the Acropolis, the spot where tradition places the famous contest between Athene and Poseidon for supremacy at Athens. We know more about this old legend than about many features of the exquisite building whose architectural details repay a careful study. It is interesting to have a Doric and an Ionic temple confronting each other. They were consecrated to the same deity, but as they represented different orders of architecture, so likewise there may have been a trace of "denominational" difference in their worship, or they may have fulfilled different functions. Was it on theological grounds that Cleomenes, the king of Sparta, — Dorian we may suppose to the backbone, — was refused admission to the Ionic shrine? Or had local and political differences more to do with it? Just what was the relation of the Erechtheum to the Parthenon is a subject still under discussion.[1]

Like the Parthenon, the Erechtheum was used later as a Christian church. By the irony of fate the beauti-

[1] In a lecture given at the American School of Classical Studies, Athens, March 1, 1894, Professor John Williams White, of Harvard University, reviewed in detail the evidence from Greek authors and inscriptions concerning the meaning of "The Opisthodomos at the Acropolis at Athens," and reached the conclusion that *ὁ ὀπισθόδομος*, without further designation, refers not to a part of the Parthenon but to a separate building.

ful "Maidens of the Porch" were doomed also to support the Turkish harem into which a portion of the temple was converted. But centuries of service, centuries of enforced publicity, have not bent their forms, reduced their vigor, nor divested them of maidenly grace and charm. And down there in the lower city I can show you Greek maids and matrons who are to-day heroically, gracefully and strongly upholding the architrave of public duty; who are bearing with patriotic courage burdens which disaster and war have brought upon the home and the state, yet who have lost no womanly grace or serenity in fulfilling the tasks they have so cheerfully assumed. The strong maidens of the Upper City have come down to the plain.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

III

"MASTER, behold what manner of stones and what manner of buildings!" were the words of one of the disciples to Jesus as they came out of the temple; and Josephus has told us how great some of the stones of the Jewish temple were. It is interesting right in the midst of the Gospel record to find this note of astonishment and admiration evoked by the grand and beautiful in art. The more I climbed the Acropolis the more I repeated the exclamation of the wondering disciple at Jerusalem, "Behold what manner of stones and what manner of buildings!"

Where too can one find more eloquent fragments? Is there any place where stones have more secrets to tell to one who takes pains to study their language?

As we came from the Parthenon one afternoon, Dr. Dörpfeld called our attention to the large drum of a column which lay near by. It had been rejected by the architect because it was not true. We know that in the building of one of the temples it was expressly stipulated that all stones should be inspected by the chief architect and those that were not perfect should be thrown out. Under this alert inspection no careless or slovenly contractor could have his bill audited for imperfect work; the rejected stone could not become the head of the corner, nor find a place anywhere else in the building. For centuries this

drum has lain there as a rebuke to imperfection and a mute witness to the vigilance and fidelity of the architect.

Few stones here seem to have forgotten their history. Most of them can tell us what they did or were meant to do. It is curious how the master architect can reconstruct an ancient building from a mass of stones and fragments as the master zoölogist can reframe an extinct animal from a heap of bones. Some of these fragments still preserve organized relations. They lie together imbedded in the rock just where they were placed. From such a ground plan, broken though it is in continuity and design, Dörpfeld has derived the site, form and dimensions of a temple, older than the Parthenon and the Erechtheum and lying between them. It was possibly for a long time the only temple on the Acropolis. Pausanias mentions the temple of Athene Polias as standing at the time of his visit, — perhaps about 175 A.D., — and as containing a statue of Hermes, almost hidden by myrtle leaves, a folding chair, the work of Dædalus, and spoils taken from the Persians. This old temple had been partially destroyed by the Persians at the same time with the old Erechtheum; the walls had undoubtedly been left standing and it was in all probability promptly rebuilt by the Athenians. The Parthenon was not finished till some years later, and we cannot suppose that Athene was without a temple on the Acropolis in the mean time. There are still many questions under dispute concerning the age, name and functions of this temple, and among them whether Athene Ergane — Athene as patroness of art and invention — was worshipped under that aspect in

this assumed temple of Athene Polias, or whether, as some maintain, a separate building dedicated to her in this character was erected in another precinct. No trace of such temple, at all events, has been found.

Of the many statues on the Acropolis mentioned by Pausanias, the pedestals of some have been identified and the position of others may be conjectured. Not far to the left of the way from the Propylæa to the Parthenon was the pedestal of the great statue of Athene Promachos, made by Phidias from Persian spoil. The goddess in war vesture stood with her spear in poise. The statue was no doubt colossal, for Pausanias tells us that one could descry the spear-head and helmet crest as he sailed from Sunium to Athens. This type of Athene is a familiar one, often reproduced in small bronze figures, which are not necessarily replicas of the statue of Phidias, but older representations of a generic conception of the goddess as defender and protector.

The Acropolis, consecrated to religion and the State, reveals few traces of the earlier days when it served as the abode of man. Not far from the Erechtheum, however, an old house wall has been brought to light. In the vicinity are a large number of roof tiles of pre-Persian date, which seem to be as fresh as if made to-day. The building, whatever it was, for which they were used, was probably erected only a short time before the Persian War, and when it was destroyed these bricks or tiles were buried, and so preserved. In this heap of tiles we have material for a whole chapter on ancient roofs. It is easy to distinguish between the flat ones and those evidently intended for roofing. In ancient times house-tops

were covered with earth. This is well established from a study of the older temples. The construction of the roof of the Doric temple was a hard problem at first for those who maintained the derivation of the Doric style from the wooden structure. It could not be explained by any device or application of stone. Then it was seen that originally the roof was partly wood and partly clay. The heavy mass of earth required beams of great strength. When they were imitated in stone they were at first made ponderous, afterwards much lighter. With earthen roofs it was desirable of course to have a sufficient fall to shed the rain. If the pitch was too great the earth was washed off. This led to the introduction of terra-cotta tiles, which would allow a steeper incline; they were for the most part bent or curved, the better to carry off the water. The introduction of marble roofing dates from a much later time.

The Acropolis, as I have before intimated, was not a plateau to begin with; the summit had more or less pitch. An old Pelasgic or Cyclopean wall of large unwrought stones formed a defensive barrier. When afterwards, in the fifth century before Christ, it was determined to level the rock, the space between the external wall and the summit had to be filled in. For this purpose many scattered fragments were used; bases of statues, broken columns, pieces of sculpture and everything else obtainable, were thrown in. Thus the forward-looking Athenians builded better than they knew; for things which had ceased to be interesting to them have proved to be very interesting to us when upturned by the archæologist's spade.

On the north side, not far from the Erechtheum, were unearthed votive statues which had been burned or thrown down by the Persians. These bronzes, statues, toys, terra-cotta figures and other things brought to light by the excavations on the Acropolis, are now housed in the Museum there. They furnish interesting material for a comparison of pre-Persian with later Greek art. Here are rude representations of Athene and other gods in which the stone serves rather to imprison the divine conception than to give it freedom. This may be due less to poverty of conception than to imperfect execution; it was the sculptor feeling after God if haply he might find him. Here are sitting figures which may be either goddesses or women; this ambiguity is not uncommon or unnatural in an anthropomorphic system. The Greeks did not profess to know always a god from a man. Some label was necessary, — not always the name label, but the indication of some attribute. The ægis of Athene hung on her breast was enough to say, "Be reverent: I am a goddess." These may have been toys, they may have been symbols of worship put into the graves. As such some of them certainly would have furnished new material for the sarcasm of Isaiah. They are indications perhaps of religious feeling six hundred years before Christ. As Athene was the principal goddess worshipped on the Acropolis, these little archaic terra-cottas may have been votive offerings at her shrine. Undoubtedly the manufacturers made them by the wholesale and sold them at a profit. They were made with sufficient indefiniteness to suit a number of gods. The reverent purchaser when he

bought one to his liking may have considered it Athene or some other divinity.

The only deity besides Athene known to have been worshipped on the Acropolis was Artemis. A sitting figure with a deer on her arm is without doubt a symbol of this goddess. Attention has been drawn to the relation of these images to some found at Corfu with bow in hand, which likewise take us back to pre-Persian times, to the fifth or sixth century before Christ. The modern drill sergeant who exhorts his recruits to step off with the left foot at the word "march" may find abundant precedent in the standing figures in the Acropolis Museum in which, as in Egyptian statues, the left foot is advanced. In one sculpture Athene is mounting a chariot with the owl in one corner; in another, the goddess is vain enough to wear earrings.

Of unusual interest are the fourteen archaic busts and torsos found near the north wall of the Acropolis, which still preserve for us the complacent, imperturbable smile they have worn since the days before the Persian invasion. Are they women or goddesses? If they were intended for Athene herself, she was shorn of all her attributes. Here is neither helmet, spear, owl, gorgoneion, nor any divine sign or label by which to establish her godhead. In the period when these were made, the attributes and insignia of the goddess were familiar and well developed. The probability therefore is that they stand for mortal women and were votive offerings. That is clear from dedicatory inscriptions which have been found, though detached from the statues. These inscriptions show that the givers were in most cases men. The marbles

cannot then represent the persons who dedicate them. One inscription is described as "tantalizing in its just failing to explain what we want to know." It seems to have belonged to a statue of this kind, although the pedestal does not make that certain. The inscription indicates that a lucky fisherman has made a big haul and set aside some of the profits of his catch for a votive offering. But the statue is simply called a *κούρη*, a maiden. That is all we know about it. Whether it was a likeness of his mother, his sister, his cousin or his aunt, he does not tell us. This goes to show that these smirking statues were not individual portraits, but rather a conventional type of maidenhood dedicated to Athene. How it was that a maiden statue was offered to Athene some experts are not ready to say. I do not venture an explanation against their prudent agnosticism; but as Athene was herself a grey-eyed maid, the patroness of the arts of peace, in whose honor the Athenian maids embroidered the peplos for the Panathenaic procession, the dedication of a maiden statue does not seem inappropriate at the shrine of the virgin goddess. These pleasant women of the Acropolis have an importance worthy of their sex in the light they throw upon early Greek costumes.

A boy's head in marble, in this collection, shows fresh emancipation of artistic skill and but a quaint reminiscence of the old formalism. "It is the promise and potency of things to be," said a friend, "which appeal to us, together with the refined beauty of form and the pensive expression."

The beautiful mural tablet of the so-called "Mourning Athene" which was found built into a wall inside

THE MOURNING ATHENE.

the ancient Parthenon, presents the goddess in a less familiar attitude. It is not known exactly when the wall was built, so we cannot infer the date of the relief from that. It is of Pentelic marble and shows Athene standing in front of a stele, or grave monument. She leans forward, apparently resting on her spear, her weight on her right foot, and the left just touching the ground. As the marble has been chipped we cannot tell whether her spear is reversed or not. She wears a long Doric chiton and a Corinthian helmet; the head is represented in profile.

Three theories have been presented as to the significance of this tablet. One is that Athene is here the guardian of the Acropolis, — a view which has little support. The second supposes that the goddess is mourning over a stele on which are engraved the names of those fallen in battle. The third conceives her as guardian of a stele on which a law is engraved, depicting her thus as the protector of the law. I cannot myself escape from the mournful expression of the face. To be sure the gods have reason enough in these days to be mournful over bad laws, but knowing Athene as I do, I am convinced that anger, not grief, would have been the result of asking her to guard a bad law, and we should have had a broken tablet, recalling the one which Moses in his wrath let fall on the mount. The advocates of the third theory explain the sad face of the goddess by saying that it is a type characterizing the reaction against the smile which, though a relief from early formalism, had been overdone. As to the pose, they maintain that other statues

which do not suggest grief have similar attitudes, and that no conclusion can be drawn from it.

If I speak last of the twenty-two slabs of the Parthenon frieze it is because they should be the climax in any scale of life and beauty of the art treasures on the Acropolis; and if I speak of them less, it is because they are probably most familiar to my readers. Even more than the grouping of the gods on the frieze do I enjoy the apotheosis of the cavalry procession. When before or since have horses been summoned out of stone into more life, freedom, strength and variety of motion, or riders invested with more grace and beauty? When the bicycle, the horseless carriage, the electric car and the locomotive shall have wrought their last mechanical ravage and made the horse as extinct as the dodo, the Parthenon frieze, if it has not crumbled into dust, will be his most perfect epitaph.

Old as are the temples made by hands and dedicated to Athene on the Acropolis, there are still older shrines. The grottoes of Apollo and of Pan on the north side of the hill recall the time when nature worship, from which much of the later mythology was derived, found its sanctuary in rocks and caves, springs and groves. The consecrated magnificence of later temples did not extinguish this traditional feeling. Votive offerings were made at these nature shrines. On the same side of the rock, and not far from the grottoes of Pan and Apollo, was the ancient well, Clepsydra. The spring which feeds it is still flowing; though lost for a time, in the revolution of 1822 the Greeks rediscovered it and drank of its water as their remote ancestors had done. Was it in

rivalry of pagan devotion, or because something of the old pagan mystery or nature love was preserved in Greek Christianity that a Byzantine chapel with its painted saints was set in this hollow of the rock, as on the south-side grotto of the Acropolis a votive lamp is kept burning for an obscure Christian saint? Like the water from this celebrated spring, the old is perpetually bubbling up into the new; Christianity still feeds its baptismal fonts from pagan springs.

It is time to go down from the consecrated rock. Greece is more than Athens and Athens is more than the Acropolis. But how much of Greece, the old and the new, is here! Where can one find so large a panorama of history painted on so small a canvas? The mountains, the isles and the sea have their story to tell, and the sun will set for you to-day with as much beauty as it set for Pericles, but it will light up for you a picture that Pericles could not see. You can look down the long vista of Greek life. You can see the birth and growth of a religion. It takes refuge in the rocks and groves and streams; its expanding life struggles to utter itself in forms of beauty and grandeur. How rude and pitiful its first efforts! It shapes the clay into conventional moulds. But its genius finds new liberation, and with grace, beauty and rising apostrophes of form and color wrought in snowy marble, incarnates its vision of Eternal Beauty. If you look at these melodies of curve with the eye only, you will miss half their significance. To us they are studies in artistic form and feeling; to those who wrought them they were a part of their religion.

Again, you may see the drama of history and life

which for centuries was acted on the slope and on the plain and then rewoven into the civilization and destiny of Europe. This Cyclopean wall rebuilds for you the ruder life of a primitive age with its piracy and pillage, the foundation of the citadel of Athens, mythical and half-mythical figures floating before you in mists of tradition, — Cecrops, Erechtheus, Pandion, Theseus. Out of social chaos and tribal conflict come organized society — law and law-makers, Draco and Solon. The long strife for liberty, for democratic self-government, for federal unity, begins with the Greek struggle for nationality still continued to our day. We turn toward Marathon and Salamis and see brave little Athens staying the tide of Persian invasion and winning for Europe and for all time the victory it had won for Greece.

The Cyclopean wall builders have gone, but the intellectual power of Themistocles is perpetuated in the Long Walls which stretch to the Piræus and bind Athens to the sea. The Acropolis, once a fortress, is turned into a sanctuary. Pericles and Phidias in the efflorescence of genius reveal the golden age. Beauty blossoms not alone in marble, but in literature, in tragedy, comedy, philosophy, poetry and song. Down there to the left vast and delighted audiences listen to the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides or laugh at the telling comedies of Aristophanes. Off to the north, looking down from the hill, is Colonus, the home of Sophocles, and near to it the leafy grove of Academos, whose name by the fortune of history has become forever linked with science and education. Here Plato unfolds the lofty scheme of his ethics and philosophy.

This Athenian Mount of Olives has also its cross and its Golgotha. Below in the market-place Socrates teaches lessons of life and happiness, pointing sometimes to this precipitous rock with its two roads, one of which could be climbed with difficulty, while the other, a broader, winding way, could be trod with ease. His prison may not have been in the rocky chamber to which tradition assigns it, but the name and the place perpetuate the memory of his witness to the truth, and sadly remind us that paganism like Christianity had its martyrs, and that Athens like Jerusalem was a slayer of prophets.

The voice of Demosthenes from the old bema proclaims a new danger to Greek liberty. The Arch of Hadrian, the Odeion, the Tower of the Winds, the Temple of Olympian Zeus, and far away the monument of Philopappos, show how Rome the conqueror sat at the feet of Athens.

Over against the rocky Acropolis stands the rocky Areopagus, where Paul gives his famous address to the crowd which gathers round him. Paganism and Christianity on these two rocks face each other. "I perceive that in all things you are very mindful of the gods," says the preacher, looking at the forest of statues and the beautiful temples and recalling the altar to the Unknown God. Who among the crowd at his feet dreams that the Gospel of "this vain babbler" shall find its swift and triumphant vehicle in the Greek tongue and the spear of Athene Promachos be beaten into a Christian sword? "We will hear thee concerning this yet again," say some of the listeners. Four centuries later the Neo-Platonists still build their bridge between Plato and Paul.

A misty veil drops over the scene. The light of Athens pales. Goths and barbarians sweep down upon it. The scimitar of the Turk flashes in the sky and the long night comes.

Greek nationality is not dead, but sleeping. It rises, struggles, bursts its bands, gathers its scanty, blood-stained robes about it and takes again, by sufferance, its humble place among the kingdoms of the earth. There is a new Athens, an Athens of to-day, and as we walk to the Belvedere on the eastern verge of the Acropolis we may hear a locomotive whistle and see the electric lights gleaming in the streets below.

GRAVE RELIEF. ATHENS.

ATTIC GRAVE RELIEFS

THE average modern graveyard is neither cheerful nor interesting. Artistically, most cemeteries are a failure, which is only atoned for when the beauties of nature offer compensation for poverty of art. Our gravestones serve to mark, for the most part, the resting-places of the dead. They are monotonous enough. Occasionally, wealth may command artistic talent and produce something more beautiful, though it is very apt to take a conventional or traditional form, and represent a broken shaft or some impossible winged angel pointing to an open Bible.

The Greeks, on the other hand, had a more interesting and cheerful way of commemorating the dead. I have found little in the way of sculpture at Athens which more appealed to me than the grave reliefs still standing in the old cemetery and the large and fine collection of *stelæ*, or tombstones, in the National Museum.

One could not avoid the cemeteries in the old time; for the Greeks, as also the Romans, had the custom of burying the dead outside the city gates, along the great highroads. That was a road over which, in life or death, every one must pass. The chief street of this kind left in Greece is the "Street of Tombs" outside the Dipylon, or double gateway, of Athens. Most of the monuments unearthed have been re-

moved to the Museum; but enough are left in place to revive the impression which they must have made twenty odd centuries ago.

The Greeks did not mean that this highway of tombs should be a vale of tears, or that the passer-by should have to whistle to keep his courage up. They did not, therefore, except in a very few instances, represent death: they pictured life. Whether it was the life here or the life hereafter is a debatable question; but, at all events, it was *life*, — such scenes and groups and companionships as are familiar now and here, and such as we should like to have repeated in the life to come. The departed person is seldom represented alone, but nearly always appears as one of a pair or group. In some of these reliefs the avoidance of the slightest allusion to death in feature, act or situation is striking. Thus, one of the most beautiful monuments in the cemetery is that to Hegeso. A woman is sitting in a chair, while her female slave stands before her holding an open toilet-box. Both faces are fixed upon the casket and its contents, as if this were the one thing of interest. Apparently, the toilet is completed, and only the jewel or ribbon which the mistress is selecting is needed to finish her preparation. But her preparation for what? Is she getting ready for death or for life? If for death, where, according to modern ideas and exigencies, are the doctor and the priest? The subject is treated too seriously for us to assume that the artist or the person who dedicated the tomb was having a fling at women in picturing love of dress as "the ruling passion strong in death." This is not meant to be a death scene. It is not exceptional in type

TOMB OF HEGESO. ATHENS.

or character, but one of a class in which the toilet-case or the mirror is frequently introduced.

The difficulty of regarding this as a scene in the next life is evident. Or did the Greek faith insist on slavery and toilet-making in heaven? And which slavery is it worse to perpetuate, — that of the servant to her mistress, or the slavery of the mistress to the Goddess of Fashion? But these scenes were less complex than with such casuistry we are capable of making them. They were as simple and natural and human as the daily life they describe.

On one of the tombs is a monument of a valorous young Athenian named Dexileos, who won his laurels during the Corinthian War, 394 B. C. Mounted on a spirited horse, he is striking down a foeman, who falls, half recumbent, beneath his horse's feet. An inscription identifies the hero and the deed. In this case it is clear that the tomb is a monument to a military hero. It signalizes the deed which made him famous, and by which his memory is to be perpetuated. This desire to single out some one act of a man's life, or some professional success to adorn and distinguish his tombstone, is a common one in both late and early times. On the poles of the scaffold upon which the Sioux Indians elevate their dead on the open plain, they mark in red paint a record of some deed of valor, — perhaps the number of scalps he has taken or of the horses he has stolen.

To see the grave reliefs in greatest number and variety, and to study their significance, we must go to the National Museum. Many as there are, there would have been more Attic gravestones, if a law had not been passed to restrict their erection. Demetrius

of Phaleron seems to have been a funeral reformer, who forbade the use of elaborate grave monuments, and who thought three inexpensive varieties would be enough. It was probably owing to earlier interference with the stone-cutter's craft, and not to any prolonged period of public health, that the production of Attic gravestones fell off in the fifth century, and again, after a period of reaction, under Demetrius at the end of the fourth.

These tombstones were not made for or by distinguished people; they were made for every-day people by every-day workmen. We must treat them as gravestones, not as achievements of art. They were not made for competitive exhibition in this Museum. Nevertheless it is remarkable to what an extent technical ability had been developed, and that so many sculptors could be found in Greece capable of doing such excellent work. Some of them pass beyond the ordinary level, and exemplify the highest artistic skill.

The simplest form in which these monuments appear is that of a slab. In the sixth century before Christ it was made tall and narrow, with variations as to size in different parts of Greece and in succeeding years. There are also great inequalities of depth: sometimes the relief is very deep, sometimes only an outline. Different kinds of technique seem to have been in use at the same time. The lower part was left rough, to be set in the ground, and sometimes the stone was surmounted by a sculptured gable in low relief. Though there are many inaccuracies in detail, the total impression is often strikingly effective, and originally was no doubt heightened by color. A

more ambitious and costly form of monument was constructed of a number of slabs of marble framed together like a temple front, and in this the commemorative slab was set.

These funeral slabs received various symbolical decorations. A figure half woman and half bird, — with human head and arms, and bird's wings and claws, — a sort of siren playing upon a musical instrument or in an attitude of lamentation is frequently found. A lion is a common symbol. Just what its relation to death was, it is not easy to see; perhaps the figure was simply decorative. On one tombstone in the National Museum the animal serves as a pictorial pun; the man's name was Leôn, as the inscription shows, and the corroborative figure left no doubt about it.

Marble vases formed another kind of grave-ornament, and were also of varying types. Many of these amphoræ have a long, slender neck and flat mouthpiece. Then there is the λουτροφόρος, or copy of a type of vase with two handles. From a passage in one of the orations of Demosthenes, in which it is said that a certain man died unmarried, as is proved from the λουτροφόρος on his grave, it is inferred that this form of two-handled vase is found only on the graves of unmarried persons. To a modern reader, a one-handled vase might seem to be a more appropriate symbol of celibacy.

When a grave-monument has but a single figure, it is natural to assume that it designates the one who has died. But where two or more persons are figured, it is difficult to tell which was intended for the dead. The Greeks did not write long eulogies or

epitaphs on their tombstones. The inscriptions were mostly confined to the name. Many stones have no inscription whatever; the names originally may have been painted. On the other hand, certain slabs are crowded with several names when there are only two figures. The explanation of this redundancy may be found in the fact that a tombstone made to commemorate one person was afterwards appropriated for another. Whether there was any legitimate trading in second-hand tombstones I do not know; but it looks as if in some cases the original name had been chiselled out and the monument used by a later generation.

The student of sculpture will find interesting material for technical study and comparison in these reliefs, some of which show close resemblance to Parthenon work, while in the later Roman period the melancholy degeneracy of art is evident. But of far more interest to me are the questions of life, death, and the life after death which these grave reliefs suggest. One of the most common motives is that of two persons clasping hands. What is the meaning of the clasped hands? Is it a gesture of farewell from the departed? is it the joyous greeting he receives in the next life? or is it merely an expression of friendship and affection in this life, as when on other stones a woman is playing with a pet bird? These are questions not easily answered.

The reasons advanced for rejecting the first suggestion are that the clasping of hands was not with the Greeks exclusively or chiefly a sign of farewell. Nothing was more common, however, than for them to clasp hands when they met. We find it on the

opening pages of the Odyssey, — Telemachus grasped the right hand of the disguised Athene on the threshold of his father's court. Again, it is clear in some cases that the monument commemorates the seated person and not the one who is standing. In such cases it is not natural to think that the sitting figure represents the one who is saying farewell.

There are many things pointing strongly to the conclusion that these are simply scenes of earthly life. Whatever the meaning of the clasped hands as to time and place, there is no doubt that these persons are presented to us in relations of trust, friendship or affection.

Among the large number of Greek grave monuments at Athens, there are only three or four in which there is an evident suggestion of sickness and death; and there are, I believe, but two cases known in which Hermes is shown in the act of leading persons to the lower world.

Curious and interesting are the banquet scenes which form a common type in these grave reliefs. One figure is usually reclining on a couch; food is set on a table near by; slaves or companions are present, and sometimes a dog is munching a morsel beneath. Other pet animals, such as birds or rabbits, are frequently introduced.

The numerous votive tablets are hard to distinguish from sepulchral monuments. We know little about them. It is possible that they may have been kept in the houses of the survivors in commemoration of the dead.

There is one stone in the National Museum on which I can never look with dry eyes. It represents a youth

who has passed away. His father, apparently, is standing opposite him. In the corner sits a boy in abject grief, which is shared by a dog mournfully holding his head to the ground. This stone, softly yielding to the pressure of the deepest emotions, shows that the Greeks could not always avoid the sadness of death by euphemism in art. Even marble sometimes melted at the touch of grief. The dog is no intrusion. The scene would lose greatly in interest and pathos if he were removed, because the range of sympathy would be limited. Human emotion seems to have its source deeper in the life of nature when we find a kindred emotion welling up from the heart of a dog.

Simple and natural as they are, there is no frosty hardness in the reserve of these grave stones. The warmth of life is felt even in death; they are too tender to be cold. To feel, however, the deep pathos beneath all the tenderness of the conception of death we must turn to Greek literature. From Odysseus in the shadowy land of the dead with unrestrained grief crying, "My mother, why not stay for me who long to clasp thee!" down through the long vista of the Greek anthology, the whole gamut of sorrow is touched; sometimes in soft flute-like strains in varied keys, or, as in the inscription to the dead at Thermopylæ, with the grandeur of the Eroica. If the minor mode is the natural language of grief there are epitaphs which remind us that Handel was not the only one who could write a funeral march in the major; and some at least, as this of Plato's, furnished their own consolation, singing in clear hopeful tones like the clarinet in the allegretto of the Seventh

Symphony of Beethoven, over the solemn fateful rhythm of death:

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἑῷος,
νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις Ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

"Morning Star, that once didst shine among the living; dying, thou shinest now the Evening Star among the dead."

No sweeter flowers of literature have been gathered than those which have bloomed on Greek graves. Their fragrant affection is often a tribute more to the joy of life than to the sorrow of death.

"Find no fault as thou passest by my monument, O wayfarer; not even in death have I aught worthy of lamentation. I have left children's children; I had joy of one wife, who grew old along with me; I made marriage for three sons whose sons I often lulled asleep on my breast, and never moaned over the sickness or the death of any: who, shedding tears without sorrow over me, sent me to slumber the sweet sleep in the country of the holy."[1]

[1] Epitaph by Carphyllides, Macail's translation.

THE GREEK THEATRE

A PILGRIM to the shrines of Europe or America would hardly include the theatre or the ball-room among them. He would not look for an altar in the centre of the ball-room and would not expect performances to begin with an ascription to God. The estrangement between Puritanism and the theatre, and between Puritanism and the dance, has separated worship and the drama so widely that it scarcely seems to one of Puritan training that they could ever have been very close together. In early Greek times, on the other hand, they were never, either physically or religiously, far apart. Modern reactions have reduced the gap to such an extent that by unexpected atavism the church and the theatre, of an amateur sort, are now frequently united in the same edifice,— the church in the foreground, and the "parish house" or "parlor," with its stage and small stock of scenery, in the background. The preacher who thunders against such "innovations" forgets perhaps that the pulpit from which he speaks derives its name from the actor's rostrum, the *pulpitum* of the Roman theatre. When the church architect has had to face the problem of how to get the largest number of people into the smallest space for comfortably hearing and seeing some dramatic preacher, he has frequently and consistently adopted the amphitheatrical form; he has built a Greek theatre with a Roman stage. The

Greeks did not build their temples for preaching, nor their theatres for elaborate and mystical ritual. The types of architecture these represented were as distinct as their functions. The attempt to combine these functions in either type has not been successful in large structures. What would the Greeks have thought of asking an audience to hear a man speak from the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, where a third of the people cannot see the speaker's face and half of them cannot hear him? When it was a question of sight and hearing, the Greeks knew how to build an auditorium for twenty or thirty thousand people. The temple and the theatre were near neighbors, and it did not seem strange to go from one to the other. To climb the Acropolis, pass through the Propylæa to the Parthenon, and then to descend to the theatre of Dionysus and hear the Œdipus or Antigone, was not to a Greek an unnatural transition. It was not necessary to go so far to pass from the altar to the stage; for close to the theatre of Dionysus were temples to that god. Temple and theatre were, in fact, both included in the sacred precincts. In Roman times the theatre was separated from religious worship, but not in the early Greek days.

With even more certainty than we can trace the development of Doric architecture from the wooden structure can we trace the successive steps in the architectural development of the Greek theatre. It was not an invention but a growth; and it grew naturally out of the life, literature and religion of this creative people.

The Greek theatre had its origin in the circular dance, partly religious and partly festive, in honor

of Dionysus, the wine god. This circular dance is among the oldest Greek customs, and one which still survives with joyful, picturesque vivacity. In early times it was danced round an altar and was distinctly connected with an act of worship. Dionysus has nominally passed away, but the wine cup with a more holy symbolism is retained in sacred ritual, and as if to perpetuate the memory of its religious origin, the Greeks of to-day hold their circular dance at Eastertide in front of the village church. I was impressed with the survival of this circular dance when attending a Greek wedding conducted in a home. The central table was converted into an altar. At a certain point in the service the priest took the hand of the best man, he the hand of the groom, and he the hand of the bride, and together they swung three times round the altar, while the spectators stood in a circle round the dancers.

On Holy Monday, *καθαρὰ δευτέρα* in the calendar of the Greek Church, on the threshold of Lent, observed with a formal asceticism by abstinence from flesh, the paganism in the blood breaks out in a hilarious revival of the ancient dance. A large number of the people of Athens may be found on that holiday dancing on the Pnyx, some hundred yards from the spot where Paul gave his Athenian address.

Similarly in ancient times, the large body of the inhabitants at first took part in these dances. Later it became customary for a certain number, that is the chorus, to act as dancers, while a circle of spectators was formed around them just as at Eleusis and Megara to-day. The Greeks not only preserve this ancient institution of the choral dance but they keep

the same name for it. The verb to dance is χορεύω, and the noun for the choral dance is χορεία.

When the circular form of dance had become fairly established, we should naturally expect that a level spot of ground would be chosen or made. It would be natural also to describe a circle upon the ground within which the dance should move. This was the origin of the Greek orchestra (ὀρχήστρα), which simply meant dancing-place, and must not be confused with the modern meaning of the word. In the middle of this circle, which afterwards came to be marked in some theatres by a stone rim or border laid in the ground, was a small stone altar upon which sacrifices were made.

Between the pauses of the dance the leader of the chorus probably ascended the steps of the altar and declaimed his verses in honor of Dionysus, and perhaps engaged in dialogue with the other members of the chorus. To Thespis is ascribed the introduction of the first actor, who represented different parts in connection with the leader of the chorus. The first plays were extremely simple, chiefly dialogue with little action and scenery, but for dramatic effect it was necessary that the actors should pass in and out of the orchestra. It was also desirable that they should be distinguished from the chorus by dress and position. Thus in the gradual development of the drama two things became necessary, — first, that the actors should have some retiring place near the orchestra, and, secondly, that an auditorium should be provided for the great throngs which these popular feasts attracted.

The actor's need was supplied by the *skene*, a tent

or hut which Æschylus is credited with introducing, but which in all probability was of much earlier date. The actors passed from this dressing-room to the orchestra circle. They acted on the half of the orchestra nearest the *skene*, while the chorus occupied the other half.

For the spectators the problem was solved in the most natural way. They no longer formed a complete circle round the orchestra. They wished to face the actors. They would naturally gather in a semicircle opposite them; they would prefer to sit rather than to stand. Under these circumstances the Greeks might have elevated the whole orchestra and turned it into a stage, leaving the audience to sit on the ground. But in this position fully half the people in an assembly of twenty thousand could not see, and probably nine-tenths of them could not hear. If the stage were low, those behind could not have seen; if the stage were very high, the view of those in front would have been impaired. Acoustically something was needed to bring every auditor within range of the actor's voice. Instead, therefore, of building a high stage for actors and chorus, the Greeks adopted the better plan of elevating the audience, and so dispensed with the stage altogether. The slope of a hill was chosen, and a large auditorium of horseshoe shape was cut out, while the circle for the actors was described below. On these ascending seats every spectator was brought within sight and hearing of the actors. In the highest row of seats at Epidaurus I have heard perfectly well a person speaking in the orchestra below.

To shut out the actor's tent from the view of the audience a wooden wall or screen, with a central door

through which the actors could pass, was set up before the *skene* and called the *proskenion*, a word latinized into *proscenium*. None of the words, *orchestra*, *scene*, and *proscenium*, which are so familiar in a modern theatre, are used to-day in their original signification. Different theatres varied in particular features, but the general plan of all was the same, so that one which was truly Greek could be easily distinguished from one which was Roman.

To convert the temporary theatre into a permanent one it was not necessary to change the plan, but to solidify and elaborate the parts. At first the spectators contented themselves with sitting on the bare ground; wooden seats naturally followed, and held their place a long time. In the days of Æschylus and Sophocles the Athenians sat on wooden benches. Later, stone steps and benches were introduced. The auditorium was strengthened by a solid supporting wall, and divided into segments by aisles that served as stairways. It was also divided into an upper and a lower portion by a passage called the *diazoma*. The orchestra was preserved as before. As the theatre was uncovered, there was no protection against rain, but to prevent it from flooding the orchestra a canal at the foot of the auditorium carried it off to an underground drain. The provisional tent gave way to a low permanent building, and the provisional screen to a marble one made of a row of columns with niches for pictures or statues between them, and a central door for the actors.

In none of the numerous theatres excavated in Greece and Asia Minor has any trace of a stage been found. Recent literary and architectural re-

searches combine to prove that acting in the Greek theatre was done within the circle of the orchestra, as in the ancient days of the dance.

The generally accepted theory that the Greeks used a stage was founded not upon the buildings themselves, whose evidence the spade has but lately brought to light, but almost entirely upon the statement of Vitruvius, a Roman architect, who wrote just before the beginning of the Christian era. In an account of the Greek theatre he described a stage which he said must not be less than ten nor more than twelve feet high, adding that "on this *pulpitum* which the Greeks called *logeion* the actors performed, while the chorus acted in the orchestra."

It is interesting to note that the accuracy of this statement of Vitruvius was impeached almost simultaneously from two sides, — from a study of the plays, and from a study of the theatres where they were given. In 1884 Dr. Julius Höpken wrote a thesis on the Attic theatre in which he combated the view of Vitruvius that the actors were on a high stage. He maintained that both actors and chorus played in the orchestra, but assumed a low wooden platform. Meanwhile Dr. Dörpfeld had been greatly perplexed in his excavations of Greek theatres to find in them no trace of a stage. He did find in nearly every one some indication of a proscenium, which is assumed by Haigh[1] to be the supporting wall of the stage itself. Dörpfeld, judging solely from the stones themselves, could see in this proscenium only the decorated wall, with a central door in front of the actors' room.

[1] "The Attic Theatre," by Arthur E. Haigh.

Höpken's thesis was not received with the respect it deserved. To Dr. Dörpfeld, however, it was suggestive. Approaching the subject purely from the standpoint of the architect, he had found no permanent stage in the Greek theatre, and no indication that even a temporary stage was used. Höpken's study raised the question whether the internal evidence from the plays and the evidence from the stones might not be in accord. This led to a new study of the plays by Dr. Reisch, a collaborator of Dr. Dörpfeld, and also by Professor John Williams White, of Harvard College, with luminous results.[1]

It may seem at first to be an insignificant matter whether the Greeks had a stage ten or twelve feet high, or whether they had none at all; but when it comes to the interpretation of the plays the question, from a literary and dramatic standpoint, assumes great importance. If it be true that the actors acted on this high stage and the chorus acted below in the orchestra, it is extremely difficult to understand how they could have been brought into the close physical relationship which the play sometimes demanded. Thus in twenty-five instances in the plays of Aristophanes alone, the chorus and actor, as Professor White shows, are at a given moment on the same level. How can we suppose, then, that the actors were on a stage ten or twelve feet high? Again, the Greek proscenium, though long, was not broad. It is apparent that on a narrow stage it would be hazardous for actors to perform any violent action. To

[1] "The Stage in Aristophanes," Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, Vol. II.

fall from a stage twelve feet high into the orchestra might turn comedy into tragedy.

It is admitted by advocates of the stage theory that there is occasional necessity for the mingling of the actors and the chorus, and that there may have been wooden steps from the orchestra to the stage. Wooden steps are assumed, because in no Greek theatre has a vestige of a stone staircase been found. But the shallowness of the supposed stage would be even more of an obstacle if the chorus were supposed to be on it. With that addition the stage would have been overcrowded. There could have been no gathering around the actor. It is not easy to see how a chorus of twenty-four persons could have executed a dance movement upon the stage, as required in the "Lysistrata." Haigh admits that "there must have been some difficulty about the appearance of the chorus upon the stage. Their presence must have been felt to be an anomaly." This bewilderment of one of the chief advocates of the stage theory is not surprising. It is not, however, the presence of the chorus which is the anomaly, but the supposed stage. Remove the stage, and the difficulty at once disappears.

On the other hand, if one assumes a stage twelve feet high, the anomalies multiply rapidly. In the "Œdipus at Colonus," when Creon is attempting to carry off Antigone, he is held back by the chorus. If Creon and Antigone had been on a stage twelve feet high, the chorus would have needed gigantic arms to reach them. According to the conventional theory, we must suppose that the chorus rushed breathlessly upstairs, and that the violent action took place

on the narrow stage. The difficulty is removed if we assume that the actors and the chorus were both in the orchestra. This argument from impossible situations is developed with much ability by Professor White in the treatise referred to.

Mr. Haigh has rashly ventured to appeal to the stones themselves. He argues from the plan of the theatre at Epidaurus, where the stone border of the circular orchestra comes within two or three feet of the proscenium, that if the actors had stood in front of the proscenium they would have been sometimes inside the stone border and sometimes outside. This objection vanishes when one sees the theatre itself, and finds that this stone border is not elevated, but is set in flush with the ground. There is no more difficulty in crossing it than there is in crossing a hearthstone, or a chalk line in a tennis court.

Haigh's gravest objection to the new view is the following: "In the Greek theatre the front row of seats was nearly on the same level as the orchestra, and the tiers of seats behind ascended in a very gradual incline. If, therefore, the actors had stood on the floor of the orchestra, with a chorus in front of them, they would have been hardly visible to the majority of the audience. An occasional glimpse of them might have been caught as the chorus in front moved to and fro, but that would have been all. It is difficult to believe that the Athenians should have been contented with this arrangement for more than two hundred years, and should not have resorted to the simple device of raising the actors upon an elevated platform." This objection, which is assumed

to be fatal to Dörpfeld's theory, totally vanishes when you compare it with Dörpfeld's facts; in other words, when you appeal to the building itself. I have practically tested this objection in more than one theatre, especially at Epidaurus, where a number of archæologists entered the orchestra to represent actors and chorus. I took photographs of this performance from different parts of the auditorium. From top to bottom there was not a seat in the theatre from which the actors could not be seen and easily distinguished from the chorus if they had been differently dressed. There was no need of a stage, because every one could see, even those on the lowest seats.

The Athenians had a device for giving the actors a superhuman prominence. They used the *cothurnos*, a boot with a very thick sole. Æschylus is credited with inventing this likewise. The soles were made thicker and thicker, until the actor stood high on a clumsy stilted boot. Then his stature was still further heightened by a tall mask with a prolonged crown. The introduction of this stilted boot seems to point distinctly to the fact that both actors and chorus were on the same level. "This *cothurnos* was awkward," says Haigh, "and actors had to be very careful to avoid stumbling on the stage." Very likely, if the stage were twelve feet high. The use of such a stage as Vitruvius describes was unnecessary, and would have been too high for those on the lower seats. In no modern representations of Greek plays that I know of, has a stage twelve feet high been used to separate actors and chorus. It has been felt that such a stage would be too high. In no Greek theatre has any trace of steps been found from the

orchestra to the top of the *proskenion*. We cannot suppose that wooden steps were used there. Why have a *proskenion* with columns, and pictures or statues between them, if they were to be hidden by stairs!

The arguments for a stage adduced from Græco-Roman vase paintings, in which comic or tragic scenes are staged, are of little force, because they are representations of a later age and not of the Greek theatre of Æschylus or Sophocles. In the vast number of vases found in Greece itself, none have a stage upon them. In the Italian vases appealed to, there is no chorus; they are not descriptive of the Greek theatre.

That the Greeks did not have a stage may be inferred from the fact that they had no name for it. The word *logeion* is first used by Plutarch. In an inscription two or three centuries older, in which the word appeared, it was found to have been an interpolation or restoration of a later time.[1]

There is little left in support of the stage theory but the statement of Vitruvius. Living four hundred and fifty years or more after the Attic drama was introduced, he had seen the Greek theatre, and had concluded that the proscenium was a stage. He was fairly accurate in describing its height, but he

[1] A few Greek phrases which might indicate a stage are easily explained. The phrase ἐπὶ σκηνῆς does not necessarily mean "upon the stage;" ἐπὶ, with the genitive, is also used to mean "at or near," as in the phrase ἐπὶ ποταμοῦ, that is, at or near the river; just as we say Stratford-on-Avon, Boulogne-sur-Mer. We have the same form in the Greek expression ἐπὶ τραπεζῶν, "by the tables." In the same way the words ἀναβαίνω and καταβαίνω are used figuratively, not always with reference to height or depth, or literal ascent or descent.

misconceived its functions. He mistook a decorative or scenic wall for a stage. That the top of the proscenium may have been used for appearances of the gods, and occasionally in comedy to represent the roof of a house, is quite probable, but that the whole play was acted there is inconceivable.

It is necessary to understand the original construction of the Greek theatre to understand what it afterwards became. The Greek theatre is the key to the Roman. Just how the *logeion* or stage afterwards appeared is easily seen. In Roman times the chorus disappeared entirely, and the space which it occupied in the orchestra could be used for other purposes. The Romans, therefore, cut the orchestra in two and deepened the half which was nearest to the spectators. The other half used by the actors they left as it was. The actors thus stood on the same level as before, and those who sat on the lowest seat in the auditorium sat higher than the deepened orchestra, and on the same height as the floor on which stood the actors. This deepened part of the orchestra the Romans used as an arena for gladiatorial spectacles. Its Greek name was *konistra*, while the part reserved for the actors was called the *logeion*. A barrier or fence was set between the arena and the auditorium, and doors were made to open into it from the side. When gladiatorial exhibitions were abandoned, the deepened portion of the orchestra was filled in with seats which were assigned to senators and other dignitaries. When musicians were required, they may have sat in this portion of the orchestra. The semicircular platform or *logeion* (Latin, *pulpitum*), thus created by sinking one half

of the orchestra, has been retained essentially in the modern theatre. Musicians now play in that deepened part of the orchestra once occupied by the chorus, and have taken the name of the place where they sit. In modern times, however, we build up the stage half instead of lowering the other half. This was also done in Roman days, and sometimes the four lower seats of the auditorium were cut away. Those who maintain that the *proskenion* in the Greek theatre was used as a stage, are obliged to answer the question why the Romans did not take this stage already made and use it instead of making a *logeion* out of the orchestra.

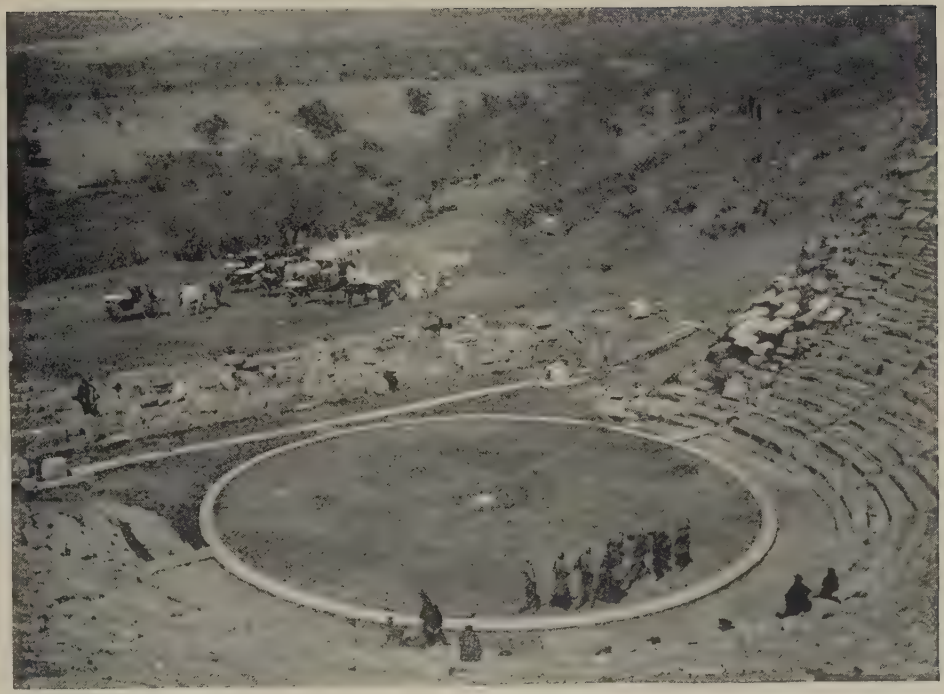
The changes brought about in the Greek theatre by the Romans were many. In the Greek times the audience had entered by the *parodoi*, or side entrances. These entrances remained, but they were used exclusively for the actors. Other entrances had to be made for the audience. An archway was built under the seats for this purpose. Different parts of the theatre were brought into close relation. The actors' room and the screen before it were united and developed. The proscenium was built up into a high decorated wall, and the wings of the *skene* were extended so as to close in the *logeion*, which could also be roofed over. This new structure furnished rooms and windows for royal spectators. In the modern theatre the name proscenium is limited mainly to the arch over the stage and to the side-walls, fitted with boxes, before the curtain. When the Romans began to build stone theatres they no longer chose the site of a hill, but built them on level ground, preserving the ascending auditorium. The halls and colonnades which the Greeks

had near the theatre, to which the audience might retreat in case of rain, were afterwards included in the building itself, and later the whole structure was roofed over.

From the simple circular dance of the early Greeks we have eventually the magnificent opera house at Paris, with its elegant *foyers*, but enough of the old Greek words, though with new meanings, — orchestra, scene, proscenium, — cling to the structure to remind us of its Hellenic parentage.

As an example of a Greek theatre, with all its essential features well preserved, there is nothing more beautiful than that of Epidaurus. The photograph reproduced here will be easily understood from the foregoing description. The theatre of Dionysus at Athens has suffered so many alterations since the days of Æschylus that it is difficult to find the remains of the ancient structure beneath the mass of later Greek and Roman additions. The visitor who to-day steps into the orchestra of that theatre, which the Greek archæological society excavated, is standing on Roman pavement. The chairs, as some of the inscriptions show, are of Roman time. Parts of the structure go back to the time of Lycurgus of Athens in the fourth century before Christ, under whose administration the *skene* and other portions were built of stone. As he looks casually around, the spectator will see nothing that is older than the fourth century. He will not find the full circle of the Greek orchestra, but the half circle of the Romans and a Roman *logeion*.

If he wishes to find the theatre of Sophocles,



THE THEATRE AT EPIDAURUS.

Euripides, and Æschylus, he will need some other guide than the one he finds at the hotel. He will not have to walk more than fifty feet in any one direction after stepping into the orchestra; but it will take three hours to tell the whole story, and there is only one man in Athens who can do it from original acquaintance, and that is the eminent guide to whom this book is dedicated. Under the spell of his magnetic exposition the broken circle of the ancient orchestra is restored, the *logeion* swept away, and the auditorium divested of its stony sheathing. Misty forms of the past come up from their tombs. The hillside is thronged once more with ancient Athenians, listening with moist eyes to the sorrows of Antigone or shaking their sides at "The Knights" or "The Clouds."

Beyond the wall of the Roman *logeion*, almost hidden from sight, is a segment of stone set deep in the ground. A close examination shows that it was originally part of a large circle. This is all that remains of the orchestra of the early theatre, but it is enough to tell us where the circle must have been drawn. Old as they are, these stones are but monuments of a remoter age, when the dance of the wine god was held in these precincts under the shadow of the Acropolis. A few feet away is the broken course of an ancient wall, and near to it at a different angle another, similar in length, each belonging to the foundation wall of an ancient temple. The material, workmanship, and orientation show that one was much older than the other. Both were doubtless temples of Dionysus, one of them containing a great statue of gold and ivory.

One does not need to go from Athens to Rome to see how the Roman theatre was developed from the Greek. He may see it partially in this theatre of Dionysus, but more fully in the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, a little further around on the same slope of the Acropolis — a theatre built about 60 A. D., by a wealthy public-spirited Athenian.

Ideas have a vitality and a power of growth independent of the material in which they are expressed. Written on paper, chiselled in stone, spoken on the air or uttered in the poetry of gesture and pose, they may live in architecture, literature or tradition. The germinal idea of the Greek theatre survives in them all. Megara, Eleusis and Athens preserve the tradition in the rhythm of the dance. The material form chronicled so beautifully in stone at Epidaurus is an example of Greek architecture which has found a more perfect fulfilment in our own age. But the building was only the shell. The formative soul was the drama. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, were the real architects, and posterity, with its just sense of value, has more carefully preserved their works than the theatre in which they were first given to the world.

MODERN ATHENS

THE Acropolis is the rock on which the old Athens was built: it is still the pride of the new. No palace or dwelling rests on its summit. That is now sacred to the gods. But from one end of it, which falls off abruptly, you get a fine bird's-eye view of the new Athens lying on the plain below. The old Turkish city, a reminiscence and bequest of the Athens of the Middle Ages, with its narrow, crooked, dirty streets and curious old houses, clings to the side of the Acropolis; and one inevitably passes through it on his way to the Propylæa unless he takes the carriage-road for a more gradual ascent. The other slope, which rises opposite the Acropolis across the city, is the sheer hill of Lycabettus. The Monastery of St. George remains in undisputed possession of the summit, from which may be had another panoramic view of the city; and, if you go up at sunset, you will see the Parthenon with the sun sinking behind it. A few streets slant toward Lycabettus; but the main part of Athens is built on the intervening plain.

Seen from either hill, Athens is a clean, white city, its atmosphere unpolluted by smoke or fog. It is not a great manufacturing centre, a vast mart of trade, but the political, social and intellectual capital of the Greek nation. In that respect Athens holds in Greece to-day the proud position that it once held

as the intellectual metropolis of the world, and neither Sparta nor Ægina is longer jealous of its supremacy. It sustains the dignity of the present and the glory of the past with a bright-faced, attractive grace and elegance which make it one of the pleasantest cities in the East. Pentelicus, whose vast quarries supplied the marble for the Parthenon and the Propylæa, still yields its stores for pilasters and façades in the new Athens; and the use of white or tinted stucco gives to the buildings a clean, smooth surface, which there is no soot to mar.

The new city is laid out with great regularity. The principal streets are broad enough to remind an American visitor of Washington. They are partially macadamized, but not paved. The wind has a free sweep through them; and the main physical drawback to residence in Athens is the mud when it rains and the dust when it blows. In November and March the winds frolic with wild lawlessness, and the Hebrew declaration, "Dust thou art," is Hellenized to an uncomfortable degree. A waiter stands with a feather duster at the door of your hotel to switch your shoes when you come in; and if you are going to buy a walking-suit, whatever may be your prejudices in regard to color, you will wisely choose one that has natural affinities for free soil. One of the streets is named after Æolus; but, alas! he does not confine his attentions to that thoroughfare, nor is he shut up in the "Tower of the Winds," so called. He celebrated the national fête with a perfect gale. Hats flew about in the air or whirled over the pavement; flags were torn into tatters; and the only reason for being grateful that you were on land was the fact that

you were not on the water. When you have made this reservation in regard to dust, you have little occasion to revile Athens in other respects. It has pure air and a good supply of water. There are open squares, and the palace garden furnishes agreeable shade. There is a lack of shade-trees in many streets where they would be both pleasant and ornamental; but Kephisia Street is beautifully flanked with graceful pepper-trees.

"There is a new Rome," I said to a friend. "Yes, and how ugly it is!" There is a new Athens, too; but it cannot be called ugly. It lacks, to be sure, that picturesqueness, variety, mellowness and general flavor of antiquity which you find in some of the old Italian cities. These square, solid white buildings are a trifle monotonous; but they are relieved here and there by others, such as the Schliemann mansion and some of the new houses on Kephisia Street, in which there is a union of mass and elegance. The old Greek columns are used sparingly in the new city, except in public buildings, where they naturally belong. The new houses are constructed more with a reference to the necessities of modern life than to the worship of the gods. There is generally a small courtyard, often planted with orange and lemon trees, through which one passes to the main entrance. The rooms are high-studded, on account of the summer heat; and the balcony is a common feature. I suspect that modern Athens, for the average resident, is altogether a pleasanter, more comfortable and more beautiful city, as a dwelling-place, than was the old one, except for the wealthy classes. Certainly, they did not have

the unromantic convenience of street cars nor the brilliant glare and deep shadows of the electric light; and it is not likely that sanitary regulations were as well attended to. In the old, narrow districts of the city cleanliness is not cultivated so much as godliness.

When it comes to public buildings, the new Athens is naturally dwarfed by the glory of the old. No one comes here to see its modern structures. The royal palace, built by a German architect, has all the dimensions of length, breadth and thickness, but not beauty. The cathedral has none of the charm of the little old Byzantine church by its side. The finest building is the Academy, a gift of Baron Sina of Vienna, and designed by a Vienna architect. It is built of Pentelic marble, in a style which is historically and artistically Greek and whose classic grace and beauty have been nurtured on this soil. It was designed to be the home of an Hellenic Academy on the plan of the French Academy; but, though the building is there, the organization is yet lacking. It would be hard, I imagine, for the Greeks to agree as to the men who should fill those vacant chairs, but there are some who would grace them worthily. The University building is not great, but the Greek spirit is shown in throngs of students. Elegant and imposing is the new library building, also consistently Greek in structure. The National Museum shelters treasures of Greek art, and for this is admirably adapted in many respects. Its collections are most of them the result of the modern enterprise and achievements of archæological science. Then there is a large building used for the Greek National Expo-

sition, not far from the palace, surrounded by grounds which furnish a favorite promenade for Athenians.

The wonder is, not that Athens has so little to show in the way of modern buildings, but that it has so much. The growth of the city has been remarkable. Sixty years ago it was a small village of not more than three hundred houses, and devoid of even the ordinary comforts of civilized life. To-day it is a city of one hundred and twenty thousand people. It has broken away from Oriental trammels and cast in its lot with European civilization. Its university is conducted by a body of professors, most of whom have been educated in Germany and who follow German methods. The students do not have, however, that thorough preparation which German students bring to their university studies. The work of teaching them is, therefore, more elementary than it should be in a university.

Athens has three theatres of good size for winter use, and a small variety theatre and several out-of-door summer theatres. Every winter there is a season of French and Italian opera. In the Old Theatre plays are given in Greek, mostly translations from the French. Occasionally there is a native production, usually a patriotic play, in which the actors appear in the short-skirted fustanella dress which the Greeks adopted from the Albanians. I have seen an act from Antigone given as a prelude to one of these national fustanella plays. The contrast in style was striking enough, but both were essentially Greek.

In painting and in music Athens furnishes no ground for comparison with the great capitals of Europe. It has not had the wealth to command

them, and has more wisely devoted its slender means to unearthing and sheltering the treasures of plastic art buried in its own soil. It has not even money to do this thoroughly, and must depend for some time to come upon foreign aid and co-operation in this field. But Greece has one resource which is steadily enriching her: it is the patriotism and liberality of wealthy Greeks, some of whom have made their wealth abroad and who have reared and endowed public buildings of Athens. From this source we may expect more for Greece in the future. Even the prisons have been the subject of private generosity; and I had a call from a gentleman in Athens who came to consult me in regard to plans for a new reformatory which a benevolent man had offered to the government. The new Conservatory, or Odeion, in an unpretentious building, is conducted by a Greek graduate of Munich, and with some German instructors on its teaching force. It is likewise assisted by private benevolence. The piano is a favorite instrument in Athens, and tyrannizes over the education of young ladies there as elsewhere. There is a fairly good choral society, but no local orchestra. A Handel oratorio or a Beethoven symphony would be out of the question in Athens for the present.

With the exception of the music at the Russian Church, and an occasional chorus at the Cathedral, there is no ecclesiastical music worthy of the name. The droning of the priests in the temple and the monotonous bacchanals in the wine-shops, are anything but grateful to a European ear.

The monuments of Athens, with its temple-crowned Acropolis and the rich treasures of its museums, con-

stitute the chief attraction for the stranger, when joined to the grand old hills and the wine-dark sea. But to an American who settles down here for six months it is scarcely less interesting to note the progressive spirit and the enterprise which are constantly finding fresh expression in the modern Athens, and to see the life of the old-new nation struggling through pain and sorrow into new importance, — I wish I could say into new power.

II

THE STREET AND THE AGORA

ATHENS is not a city of magnificent distances; it does not take long to measure it off with wheels or shoe-leather. The difficulty is to keep mentally in the nineteenth century and in the Athens of to-day. You are almost sure to wander off into the Athens of yesterday and the day before. You start feeling that you are contemporaneous with yourself and with everybody else whom you meet, but you have not walked long before you begin to ask yourself whether you are not really contemporaneous with some of your distinguished and immortal ancestors. Are you living your life backwards? Has the clock begun to go the other way, or is it ticking both ways at once? Is this the present, or is it the past? Or are both throbbing together? Chronology seems to have lost its sequence, to have become an eddying whirl of repetitions and contradictions.

There would be no illusion, no disturbance of your sense of identity, if you were in a city wholly of ruins, like Pompeii, and devoid of any life of to-day. Then you might hold yourself aloof and view it as a spectator across the gulf of centuries. Or if you dreamed yourself back into it and imagined that you were the sole surviving Roman citizen, your dream would not be interrupted by nineteenth century contradictions and interpolations. There are places in Greece where you may have this experience, but

in Athens your impressions cannot be kept so distinct. You are not visiting a mass of inert ruins. The new Athens, with its horse cars, steam trams, electric lights, clean white buildings and spacious squares, is so incisively modern and progressive that there is no doubt that you are living in your own day. The curious thing is that though the nineteenth century is alive, the centuries which have preceded it do not seem to be dead. The past and the present interchange their emphasis and are moving together in the same procession of events.

This chronological tangle comes not from dead stones, but from live people. Much of the double impression on your consciousness is made through the language and through your education in regard to it. You have been taught that this old language was dead and buried, but here are living people talking it as if it were just as much alive as your own. The newsboys are hawking papers through the streets. That is a familiar modern experience, but the names Ἀκρόπολις, Ἄστυ, Καιροί are curiously ancient, and when you buy them and undertake to get the news of the day you find yourself in a morass of Homeric, Xenophontine, Hellenistic, mediæval or later Greek words. The older the style, the better you understand it. Here is a vocabulary, the growth of centuries. It is not a fusion of old words in a modern crucible; it is not philological junk. The old words have not lost their vitality of form or meaning; they are simply put together in a different way. Even when clipped and elided, you find the old roots. Like the gardener's bulbs, they are constantly bursting into new bloom. Noth-

ing is more curious at first than to find modern thought and events expressed in such archaic forms. These are not make-believe newspapers. The people are reading them. You step into the Boulé and hear legislative debates in the same tongue. You have been used, however, to studying Greek with the eye, not with the ear, and at first the modern pronunciation is so strange that the language seems more barbarian than Greek. When accent and emphasis have become as familiar to the ear as the characters are to the eye, then the old Greek seems to be exuberantly alive, and after you have heard a finished oration by Trikoupes, a sermon by the Archbishop, a harangue by a carnival comedian in the Agora, a recitation in the school, you become so thoroughly Hellenized, and so saturated with antiquity, that you would not be surprised to meet Socrates in the Agora, Paul upon the Areopagus, Pericles coming down from the Acropolis, or to happen on Diogenes packed in his tub.

In a corner of the Odeion of Herodes Atticus is an enormous earthenware wine jar, a vessel which still goes by its ancient name of *pithos*. One day, as Professor Dörpfeld was concluding his lecture to a group of archæologists in the ruins of the old theatre, they were suddenly startled by seeing a head thrust out of the jar which lay on its side. Then shoulders, body and legs slowly emerged. Inquiry showed that a half-witted man, driven about by the persecutions of a rabble of boys, had taken refuge in the old wine jar and had lived there most of the time for two weeks. A kind woman had brought him food and covered the mouth of the jar with a curtain. The poor

wretch sadly lacked the wisdom of Diogenes and was more in need of merciful than of honest men. This modern Greek duplication of the life of the old cynic I offer in evidence against the scepticism of those who maintain that the philosopher could not have found a jar big enough to live in; and I have no doubt that if we could have got at the philosophy of this second Diogenes we should have found it sufficiently cynical.

It is in this way that old customs, words, ideas and traditions keep popping up and emerging from the human pottery in which they have been bottled. When you examine them you find that they are not dead; they have not even been hermetically sealed; though a little wrinkled or a trifle rheumatic, they are living and breathing and frequently venture out in public.

Diogenes or not, you will not get very far in Athens before you meet more congenial notabilities. There, for example, coming down the steps of the American Legation is Alcibiades. He is tall, handsome, with black curly hair and dark eyes, genial in manner, and with a perpetual smile on his dark face. He has an accomplishment which he did not possess twenty-three hundred years ago. He can speak French and English as well as Greek. He does not concern himself nowadays with Sparta or Sicily; he does not get drunk with his young friends and deface the statues of Hermes at Athens. He will never be tried for impiety. He is the young and faithful interpreter at the American Legation, and is soon to try his fortunes in the new world. No one would take him to be twenty-three hundred years

old. Then there is Constantine. Just by what sign he is conquering I do not know, but by the sign of the drachma or the dollar, I suppose. Strange to say, Constantine is a brother of Alcibiades, and it is likewise surprising to learn that they are both brothers of Miltiades, who has given up soldiering and is devoting himself to the arts of peace. Themistocles is not the Secretary of the Navy, as he ought to be, and he would not advise Athens in these days to depend upon "wooden walls" when every other nation is using ironclads. Leonidas, his brother, no longer guards the pass of Thermopylæ, but is hurling lightning with the Morse telegraph. As for Alexander, who is the brother of all the rest, he is not hunting men or beasts in Asia Minor, nor is he standing in front of the tub of Diogenes. He is an Athenian schoolboy riding not Bucephalus, but a bicycle. *Voilà!* Alcibiades, Constantine, Miltiades, Themistocles, Leonidas, Emmanuel, Nicolas, Alexander, — eight brothers bearing the name, if not the fame, of statesmen and heroes! May some modern Plutarch write their lives. The single concession made to Hebrew and Christian nomenclature in the name Emmanuel, which breaks the set, shows that the parents value piety even more than symmetry.

This revival of ancient names is one expression of Greek patriotism, and some of these boys well deserve their heroic names. It all helps, however, to confuse the chronology, as when Demosthenes sent me a basket of fruit by the hands of still another Leonidas; and it was another Alexander — Alexander the Little — who used to read stories to me in modern Greek.

Of course the heroes and poets are honored in the names of the streets, and this veneration is even accorded to the gods. There is Homer Street, and I was not quite happy until I had taken my residence upon it; Solon Street, Hermes Street, and streets named after Æsculapius, Hippocrates, Athene, Constantine, Menander, Philip, Theseus, Euripides, Praxiteles, Thucydides, Aphrodite, Ares, Pan, Hebe, Hephæstus, Pericles, Apollo, Thrasybulus, and one named after the Holy Apostles, though none that I remember named after the Virgin or the Holy Ghost, as in France and Germany. The gods might be jealous enough if they compared the streets named after them with their own pretensions to youth, cleanliness and beauty. Some of these streets are so narrow and insignificant that it may be a grave question whether the gods were not slandered by the compliment. The Christian saints are not wholly forgotten, but the nomenclature of paganism is prevalent, and one might conjecture that the gods had left Olympus and come down to dwell with Athene in her beloved city. Is there not a hotel dedicated to Athene and one to Poseidon?

Modern topographers of Athens have disputed as to where the old Agora lay. Some indication of its site, supported by recent excavations, may be gathered from Pausanias. The so-called "Gate of the Agora" is still standing, and one may read on a tablet a long inscription of the time of Hadrian respecting the market price of oil and salt. There are remains too of the Stoa of Attalus, built by Attalus II., king of Pergamon (159–139 B.C.). It was a large building, more than three hundred feet long, with a colonnade

of Doric and Ionic shafts. Between the gate of the Agora and the Theseion Dr. Dörpfeld and other topographers assume that the old market undoubtedly lay. In those days, as in ours, the shrines of God and Mammon were not far apart. Trinity stands at the head of Wall Street; so the Temple to the Mother of the Gods, the council chamber, with the statues to Zeus and Apollo, and various pictures and memorials, were within or close to the precincts of the old Agora. They are gone now, and it is not easy to tell where they were. From Greek literature we can reconstruct, however, a vivid picture of the old Agora, with its hair-dressers, wine shops, cheese shops, fruit and oil dealers, myrtle-sellers, bakers, perfumers, doctors, harness-makers, the potters, the venders of ribbons and fillets, the cooks with their cooking utensils, the fishwomen and slaves. We can see it and smell it, and hear the sound of the bell ringing in the tradesmen and customers. We can hear the buzz of discussion, the shrill voices of the fishwives screaming billingsgate when polite Greek was too dainty for their tongues or feelings. We can see the throngs at full market time when Socrates was pretty sure to be around and the loungers sauntering under the colonnade or loafing in the shops.

The new market is not very far from the old. It is not likely that the old Agora was wholly confined within certain definite precincts. The modern Agora is not very definite either, but its centre of activity falls within the limits of the old Agora, so that the Greeks of to-day may be said to be doing business almost over the very spot which their fathers used

for the same purpose. On a dingy coffee-house is a daub of Socrates with so ugly a visage that if it were possible to libel the sage in a caricature of his face we might think that the painter had succeeded. There are plenty of loungers. Socrates would have no difficulty in drawing a crowd and Paul would find many there anxious to hear and learn some new thing. There are others who sit around with a stolid indifference, smoking long Turkish pipes, some using their own amber mouthpieces, which they can attach to the tube and pipe they have hired, others disdaining such formalities and puffing freely and democratically at the common mouthpiece, like Indians when they smoke the pipe of peace. I cannot say that I find such communism to my taste. Socrates might be surprised enough to see a new vender in the Agora and would naturally wonder what a "smoke shop," *καπνοπωλεῖον*, really meant, and whether there was not some sophistry in the term. With his well-known views on temperance and physical health we might expect from him a sensible lecture on this modern habit.

Most of the occupations would, however, be perfectly familiar to him, and most of the terms by which they are described. Now, as then, the wine-merchant is the *οἰνοπώλης*, the bread-dealer the *ἀρτοπώλης*, the cheesemonger the *τυροπώλης* and the pottery shop the *κεραμοπωλεῖον*. Aristophanes might mock the hawkers who go about crying their wares, and Plutarch might complain now, as then, that the Agora is a noisy place. They could hardly seek an article of food of the old time that might not be found in the Agora of to-day, and they would find just as

much haggling over its price. It is no longer a shame for a woman to go to market in Athens; but is it a survival of the old Greek prejudice against women engaging in business, or because of the later Orientalism in which Greece has been submerged, that women are not generally found as clerks and attendants in the stores and shops of Athens? "Shall Women Work?" was a question thrown open to public discussion in the daily *Acropolis*. Several hundred letters were received on the subject, and more than half of them were in favor of extending the range of women's employments; and this change is certainly taking place.

Retail dealers and hucksters in the old Agora and the common pedlers did not have a high social position, and Socrates would find that the word κάπηλος, huckster, retains much of its old meaning, and that the adjective καπηλικός means rude and impolite to-day, while ἔμπορος, merchant, and the derivatives of that word, are held in greater honor. Not far away from their old-time resort one finds to-day the *trapezitai*, the bankers and money-changers. If you want to know how the trade winds are blowing, walk through Æolus Street (the "Street of the Windy God"),— the fluctuations of the drachma are a pretty good gauge. Sitting out on the sidewalk are the money-changers. A small table supports a glass case in which their money is displayed. They do not sit in the temple or in its immediate court, but the church is not far away, and the tables at which they sit bear the same name, τράπεζα, as in New Testament days. Indeed, this word used by the money-changer for his table has come to be

the Greek word for bank, just as the English word bank is derived from the money-dealer's bench. This is the Athenian Wall Street, and not a little speculation is based on the ups and downs of the drachma. The larger hotels and merchants with foreign trade fix their prices on a gold basis. In the smaller shops and at the market Greek paper is taken at its face value. The market soon adjusts itself to any rapid change in prices, but railroad rates and many other fixed charges are reckoned in drachmas; and as gold is sometimes at a premium of from sixty to eighty per cent the holders seek to sell it at a good advantage.

In the ancient Agora different sections were assigned to different goods, as in the best markets the world over. And so to-day they are grouped with more or less definiteness in the streets of Athens. The *Bon Marché* and the *Magazin du Louvre* or the Wanamaker establishment embracing the whole range of human wants have not absorbed and digested the small dealers, and these may be found in large numbers grouping their specialties in different streets. They are more picturesque in the poor part of the city. The winding lanes lined with little open shops, the out-of-door fruit markets and the tempting sidewalk display of baskets, pottery and embroidery seemed to have a strange fascination for Mavilla and Taphylle. They soon labelled the picturesque streets with names of their own. What they called the "Street of the Red Shoes" was their favorite. Up and down both sides of the alley hung rows and rows of bright red shoes dangling from the eaves of the open shops and dancing perpetually like those in

the fairy tale. They are of all sizes and of all qualities, but all of the Greek national type, — red, stitched with yellow, with silk-tufted toes which are turned up somewhat in the Elizabethan style. "A few loungers in fustanella," says Mavilla, "leaned in the doorways, playing with their beads and talking politics with the shoemakers within. Before we had walked half the length of the street, however, the shoemakers jumped from their benches, the loungers turned to stare, and we were suddenly surrounded and assailed with the cries of 'Madama.' At once the sleepy street was in a state of excitement. Foreign customers were coveted prey and must be captured. We usually took refuge in the nearest shop, leaving the rival dealers looking round the corner till we should emerge. Though apparently there was nothing for sale but red shoes, it was marvellous what quantities of other things the jealous shopkeepers brought into the street and flaunted before our bewildered eyes." Another street near by Mavilla named the "Street of the Anvil." Here they used to watch the coppersmiths hammer their pretty wares, or hunted for curiosities in the old iron shops, or went into the dingy bell-foundry to buy tinkling goat bells. "There was always a goat in the shop, and I never knew whether he was kept as a milliner's model to try on the bells or to eat up the iron filings which fell to the floor." Nothing, however, seemed to exercise such a mysterious charm over these young ladies as a pottery shop, devoted to every form of earthenware. Just how many of these shops the family supported while in Athens I will not venture to say, but Taphylle's ambition was not satisfied

until she had secured in Greece a *pithos* nearly as large as the one used by the modern Diogenes, and ever since it came to her home the question has been what to do with it.

The Boulevard of the University and the Boulevard of the Academy are two of the broadest and finest avenues. Stadion Street is one of the busiest, but many large houses and bookstores have sought the protection of Hermes.

Specialization is carried so far that there are Athenian bakers who confine themselves wholly to the making of bread, which is shaped frequently into great rings almost large enough to pass over one's head. Peripatetic street-hawkers are common enough; street cries of every sort make music on the air. Peddling is not confined to transient and perishable commodities such as fruit and fish. There are few things which are not sold by these street venders. You might find one of them confining himself wholly to stockings; another perambulates the fashionable streets almost buried under a load of ready-made shoes. Can it be that the ancient and honorable families at Athens buy their foot gear in this way, or is the vender basing his hopes upon the domestics? In the market proper, flowers and chaplets are sold as in the old time, and many of them are used now, as then, for religious purposes.

In the old Agora cooks could be found with their utensils ready to sell their services. I was surprised to find how much public cooking is still done in the market and on the streets. Some of these professional cooks go about with stoves on wheels. The stove is made of sheet iron. There is a glowing fire

of coals inside, and above it are four spits arranged side by side, on which beef, cut up into small pieces, is spitted and roasted. Charcoal fires and braziers, over which meals are cooked, may be found on the streets, but they are most numerous round the Agora, where broiling fish and meat constantly blend their gastronomic incense. In this soft and genial climate why should a shoemaker work indoors, when, like Hans Sachs, he can just as well work out on the street? There are many other craftsmen who follow his example.

The slaves, thank Heaven, have gone from the markets, but there are plenty of boys with baskets who are ready to take home the provisions which the man of the house has bought on his way to business.

To see the streets and the Agora at the liveliest time, one must stroll through them at Christmas or New Year's or at the height of the Carnival. The Christmas festival does not really culminate until New Year's. Far more presents are given then, and the jollity reaches a higher pitch. The streets of the Agora are hardly big enough for the crowd and trade is still more sharply specialized. The bread-dealer has added vastly to his stock, and the occupation of certain other bakers consists wholly in selling New Year's cake marked with the date of the year. Oranges, dates, figs, nuts, raisins, flowers, candies and sugar cakes abound; and of vegetables, cabbages, cauliflower, radishes, lettuce and onions there is a profusion. There are chickens, turkeys, lambs, hares and fish of every sort. The dealers from behind their stands are shouting ἔλα, ἔλα,

"Come, come!" The portable stove is heated to the highest temperature. The fat in which the sausages are frying splutters with excitement, — look out for your clothes when you go by! Cries of "twenty drachmas, forty drachmas," by sharp-voiced dealers rise above the general turmoil. The householder going home with his dressed hare, the head left on, is a common sight. In the butter and cheese shop what seems a dead pig is lying on its back with something oozing from its mouth. It is a pig-skin filled with strained honey. You would rather buy your honey of Hymettus from something more sweetly suggestive.

Say not the modern Greek is devoid of the artistic spirit; for the dressed turkeys are adorned with rosettes and their legs gilded. But you can also buy turkeys "on the hoof;" for a turkey "shepherd" is driving a flock of twenty of them to the market-place. He is followed by a man with a large pole on which twenty or more bouquets are suspended. Others bear bunches of flowers done up in scalloped paper and tied to the branches of small trees or bushes, one bunch to each branch. You hear the tinkling of bells, breaking through the general hubbub. That is a classical sound. It is not the old Agora bell, but the music of a small herd of belled goats. The dairyman with his milk measure in hand is following them. Lest there should be any lack of noise boys are whirling their rattles made of ratchet wheel and pawl. Everybody is good-natured. "It is all very jovial," you say, — forgetting perhaps that you are using a latinized expletive of Socrates and paying in several languages a tribute to Father Zeus.

I doubt if the streets are any dirtier than they used to be; and the marketmen of Athens, I suspect, are more honest to-day than in olden time, when their trickery was frequently too much for the law. But even to-day the police and the sanitary inspector must keep a sharp lookout at Athens, as in New York or London, for stale fish, for lambs which were killed younger than they should have been, and for adulterations and tricks in trade not confined to the market in Athens. A countryman is going through the Agora. He means to enrich his New Year's table with a little fish, and buys a small string from a dealer. Mountain bred, he does not know that these fish have been out of the water for at least three days. He puts them in his Turkish *tagari* or sack, when he is startled by the sudden appearance of a policeman. "Hallo, old man," says the officer, who is classically denominated *κλητήρ*. "Hallo, old man; what have you got in your sack?"

"I 'm no thief," says the frightened countryman; and with a sudden dart he makes his escape in the crowd.

"Ah, you stupid old fool," cries the officer, "you think you are smart, don't you, but you have bought a string of spoiled fish."

If Aristophanes were there he could find abundant material for comedy and satire, and perhaps, after he had become used to external changes, in no place would the life of Athens seem more natural to him than in the Agora. He would find that after twenty-three hundred years of history the Greek marketmen to-day, in flinging abuse, do not feel obliged to confine themselves to the slang of his day, but can find

enough that is new and more familiar and which the great comedian would try in vain to understand.

Just what was the relation of the ancient shrine to the ancient Agora? Did the old marketmen have an "eye for business" when they sacrificed to the gods? The modern church is close enough to the modern market, but the pious merchant does not always content his soul with going to church; he gets the church to come to him. One day I stepped into a photographer's to see about some work. There behind the counter stood a priest; before him were various symbols of his religion, and a saucer in which incense was burning. Prayer-book in hand, he was going through a portion of the liturgy. The photographer and his son were apparently paying no attention to him or his prayers, but busied themselves in arranging pictures. Nor did the priest appear to be greatly interested in his service. He went through it as if it were a matter of business; and so it was. The next day I asked the photographer what it all meant. "It means," said he, "that my mother is a pious old woman, and she likes to have the priest come round on the first day of the month and pray that business may be good." He smiled sceptically himself and confided to me that he thought the best way to help his trade was to do good work. I am glad to say that he lived up to this practical precept.

The life of the street is most bright and jubilant five or six weeks later, when the carnival begins. People pour in from the surrounding country. There is a great carnival procession, and you may find a large ship borne aloft, as in the Panathenaic proces-

sion. But this is really the modern Dionysia. Athens surrenders itself to unbridled merriment, but it is not lawless or vulgar. Jugglers, comedians, gymnasts, pedlers, and the Greek Punch and Judy abound in the streets, as they did in the ancient Dionysia. There is good testimony to the skill of the old Greek magicians. The modern performer repeats many of the same tricks. The sword-balancer and the sword-swallower are there, and we should no doubt find the cup-changer. Many in the procession wear masks. There is a small menagerie of make-believe animals, — one of them a gigantic and amusing caricature of a camel operated like the famous Trojan horse by a detachment of Greeks in the inside. There is much pantomime, but they do not divert themselves greatly with street music in Athens.

The old theatre of Dionysus is deserted except by the curious archæologist, but crowds fill the modern theatres. The street actors I found more interesting and archaic. One of the most popular representations is frequently given near the street of the money-changers. It is acted out by a group of five men, one of whom impersonates a usurer sitting at his desk and keeping his accounts. A man comes to him and begs a little more time in which to repay his loan, but the exacting and selfish banker will grant no grace. The banker dies. Two devils with long tails, costumed in black and with pitchforks in their hands, come to take him. Two angels with golden wings are watching near by. They rush to the scene, deliver the soul of the man from the devils and insure him a fair trial. They take his soul, which is represented by a little china doll, and after a harangue

against selfishness hold up their balances and put it in. It is weighed and found wanting. They toss the soul to the black devils, who make off with it. This street play is a clear survival of an early tradition. On Byzantine pictures the soul appears as a small doll, and the spectacle of the last judgment with the scales and the demons is a favorite Byzantine representation.

As for games of children, the hoop and the top and the doll, the kite and the ball, are as modern as they are old, and I have played jackstones with girls in Athens in almost precisely the same manner as Pollux described the game.

But the street scenes are not always so gay. Posted on the walls you may often see an announcement with a margin of black nearly an inch broad notifying friends and relatives that mass will be celebrated in a designated church for the repose of the soul of a beloved father and brother. On Christmas Day the merry crowd on Stadion Street was hushed for a moment. Four men dressed uniformly in dark clothes of ecclesiastical cut, ornamented with crosses, were heading a cortège. They bore various ecclesiastical symbols, and one held aloft the white cover of the coffin. The corpse, dressed as in life and with the face exposed, was carried on a bier covered with flowers. An empty hearse followed, and four or five carriages. There was no music. The procession moved silently along, and people took off their hats as it passed. But sometimes priests march in advance, chanting a mournful threnody, and I have seen men and boys shabbily dressed bearing the cross and the white slab. I shall not forget the face of a beautiful

boy who passed me one day on his bier. Death and sleep seemed to be twins. Without shroud or coverlet save the flowers around him, dressed as if for a fête, not a grave, it seemed as if the chant of the mourners had only soothed him to slumber.

THE ALTAR OF THE HOME

A HOTEL is not a home any more than a *pension* is a hotel. In neither of them can one see Greek domestic life. If I had lived in them long, I should not have known Spiridion, the faithful butler and factotum, Elizabeth, the cook, with her island brogue, nor black-eyed Laurette, nor Louise, nor Helen, nor the Kyria, my landlady.

"How many cigarettes, Kyria, do you smoke a day?" I asked once. "Not many; only twenty-five." She was the only Greek woman whom I ever saw smoking, and she had acquired this accomplishment in Paris.

Athens resisted the invasion of the Goths in the third century, but it welcomes the Gauls in the nineteenth. When it forgets its past and wishes to become fashionably modern, it imitates Paris. Thus there is a Gallic Athens and a Greek Athens. The French capital has accidentally acquired a Greek name smelted from barbarian ore, and, as the most brilliant and beautiful city in Europe, may challenge imitation; yet, if you want Paris, you should see it in its native brilliancy, not in a pale Hellenic reflection. Hence fashionable life in Athens did not attract me, and I did not spend any time at the shrine of its goddess. Athens has nothing unique to offer in this direction. Its social conventions

are European, and one can easily find them in any other city.

One may well, however, light a candle at the altar of the Greek home. The altar is by no means simply a metaphor. The Greeks, though good church-goers, always reserve some of their religion for family life. In Ithaca I slept in a room where the pious householder kept a lamp burning night and day before a shrine of the Virgin set in a little niche, a common practice with the peasantry. Every home may thus become a sanctuary. I have stood too by an altar in the very centre of the home. Consecrated mirth followed the marriage service, which took place before it, and the girl was a willing, happy victim. But it is not always so. At first I could not fathom the sadness beneath the nonchalant air of my landlady as she lightly puffed her cigarette, but when she told me her history I could almost forgive her for turning herself into a chimney. Her cigarettes were simply to drive away care. She had never loved her husband; she had married him simply because her father had commanded her to do so. In the Paris Bourse their fortune, like her tobacco, had gone up in smoke. Separated from him, she and her daughters were fighting the battle of life against heavy odds.

In the matter of marriage I find the Greeks too much like their forefathers. It is interesting to observe the persistence of some old Pagan customs; it is less gratifying to see others perpetuated which ought long since to have been buried. It was an old form of Pagan brutality for a father to arrange a marriage for his daughter, and even for his son, without con-

sulting or heeding their inclinations. There was too much matrimonial bargaining and too much disregard of the affections. That happy marriage sometimes resulted does not prove that the custom was a good one any more than wedded happiness in India justifies child marriage. Hence Plato in his Laws, among some radical suggestions, made the sensible one that "people must be acquainted with those in whose family they marry and to whom they are given in marriage; in such matters as far as possible to avoid mistakes is all important."

Greek boys and girls are not without opportunities of seeing each other, but the dickering over the dowry still continues. The Greeks are not alone under its thrall, for it is a custom which prevails all over the continent of Europe. Προίξ, now current in the form *προῖκα*, is an old Attic word for the marriage portion, and there is many a Greek girl to-day who wishes the word and the thing were not so modern. I have not discussed the subject with the high functionaries of Church or State, but I have talked it over with the Kyria, my landlady; with Nicholas, the cab driver; with Georgios, the law student; and with Helen, not of Troy, but of Athens. I did not find any great difference in their opinions, though occasionally some variation in their accounts of the customs. The usage at Zante or at Sparta may differ a little from that at Athens. It is Georgios who takes the Spartan view, which he confided to me as we were sitting over our *loukoumi* at a café near the Stadion.

"It often happens," he said, "that a young man sees the girl he is to marry only once before the

wedding. The great stumbling-block is when the parents do not agree as to the *proika*. The father of the girl gives the dowry, and with us it must not be less than a thousand drachmas. It runs up to ten or fifteen thousand sometimes, and of course the rich give fifty or a hundred thousand." At that time, a drachma was worth fourteen cents.

"When a father wishes to marry off his daughter," continued Georgios, "he calls in a relative, — a woman, of course, — and asks her to go to the father of the young man whom he would like to have marry his girl. If the father is not living she goes to the mother, and if she is not living the match-maker goes to the young man himself. The father thus approached immediately asks, not whether the young people know each other or love each other, for they are not yet considered in the transaction; he asks what the girl's father is worth, and how much he will give for the privilege of having a daughter married to his son. The go-between suggests ten thousand drachmas. 'No,' says the man, 'it must be fifteen thousand.' And then the haggling begins. Sometimes they cannot make a trade and that ends the whole business. If the dowry is sufficient, it is not indelicate under the circumstances to ask the age of the girl. The father broaches the matter to his son, and, if he finds him inclined to marry, they go to see the girl. If they live in the same town the young man — I will not say lover, for husbands in Greece frequently do not love their wives until after they are married — the young man may have seen her before; but if they live in different towns he may not know her, and may be pardoned for having a little curiosity

as to her looks. So he goes with friends, — perhaps the old man goes along too, — and they make a formal call. They do not say anything about marriage. They talk about the weather and the crops and avoid politics. If the young man does not take a fancy to the girl, the matter may be dropped. It happens frequently enough that he has ideas of his own upon this subject. He wants one girl and his father wants him to take another, and the father insists upon his taking the one who has the most money or threatens him with disinheritance." Georgios spoke with as much positiveness as though he were stating a proposition in mathematics.

"But suppose," I suggested, "the girl does not want the wooer."

"Oh," he said, dropping into Attic Greek, "that seldom (*σπανίως*) happens. Frequently the girl learns that she is to be married at the last moment, after all the arrangements have been made. As a rule the girl marries the man that her father and mother choose for her." Had the Kyria, my landlady, been near when this was said she would have lighted another cigarette.

"But," continued Georgios, "the bridegroom has his sacrifices to make. It sometimes happens that he marries a girl who is cross-eyed or lame, or defective in some way, because he wants the money. The groom's father makes some presents to the bride, — a silk dress, or something of that kind. The father of the bride gives a ring to the groom and the groom presents one to the bride, either at the hour of the marriage, or more generally when the compact (*συμφωνία*) is completed." The Greeks, by the way,

do not deny musical significance to this word *symphony*, but they also apply it to the agreement which one makes with his hack-driver!

After the engagement the bridegroom-elect may visit the girl's home every day, if he chooses, and may possibly fall in love with her. The betrothal is generally concluded at the house of the bride, and a priest is there to bless both rings. The engagement may last three months, six months or a year. Marriages do not take place during Lent, except under rare circumstances and by special permission of the metropolitan. Away down in Laconia (Mani), the big toe of the Peloponnesus, a still more Spartan austerity is observed. After the agreement is made the groom's father is obliged to give a little money to the father of the girl and some gifts to the daughter and to her mother; but even after the exchange of rings the bridegroom is not allowed to see the girl or to walk with her until the wedding day. In other parts of Greece, I am told, more freedom is allowed, and the bridegroom-elect is treated as a son.

It was through the kindness of Pater Anthimos that I was invited to an Athenian wedding, solemnized by this archimandrite; not a wedding in high life, but somewhere in the middle of the social crust. On the table in the centre of the room was a tray filled with candies and a large and beautifully bound volume of the liturgy. The archimandrite wore a robe of purplish blue with a gold sash. He was assisted by a deacon in red, likewise with a sash of gold. Candles were brought in, the two largest, about four feet in length, ornamented with long ribbons.

After the candles were lighted, the bride entered on the arm of her father, who did not wear a black coat as fashionable society would have required. The groom stood at the right of the bride, the best man on the right of the bridegroom, and the bridesmaid on the left of the bride her sister. The priest first addressed the groom, and after his response gave him a lighted candle; the bride too responded with her modest "yes," and received a candle likewise. The priest and his assistant plunged into the liturgy and intoned the service, which was by no means short. A guest, though not arrayed in a wedding garment, was not cast into outer darkness, and there was no personal plea for mercy in his prayer as he held the candle and sung *Kyrie eleison.* Two rings were laid by the best man on the tray in front of the priest, who took them both, blessed the groom three times, placed a ring on his finger and did the same for the bride. They did not rest there long, for the best man took them both off, and after exchanging them, replaced them on their fingers, over the white gloves, which were not cut. Taking two crowns of artificial flowers, the priest set one on the groom's head and blessed it, and the other on the head of the bride, and blessed that. The wreaths were then exchanged by the best man, who put the bride's on the head of the groom, and the groom's on the head of the bride. The communion was then administered. A glass of wine was set before the priest, and on it a plate with three pieces of bread, which he broke into little bits and dropped into the wine. Taking a spoon, he gave some of the moistened bread to the bridegroom and three spoonfuls of wine, the same to the bride, and

the same to the best man. The reading from the liturgy which followed was prolonged until I feared that my good friend the archimandrite was going to read through the whole volume. But the end finally came. The priest, as described on page 140, took the hand of the best man, and the best man that of the groom and the groom that of the bride; together they went three times round the table, the company meanwhile pelting the pair with candies. The step was not a march nor a waltz, so much as a walk; the early dance has lost its elasticity in this service, just as it is fashionable in these days to walk out cotillions instead of dancing them.

The service was over and the members of the family and guests came up and congratulated the wedded pair, kissing the cheek of the bride and also her wreath, while the young man was kissed by the more intimate friends. Sweet wine was passed around, and bon-bons tied up in a gauze bag were given to each guest. The health of husband and wife was of course drunk, and it was an act of gallantry for a young man to step up to some young lady present, and with glass in hand to say 'Σ τὰ δικά σας, "Here is to your own wedding," though Mr. Joseph Jefferson would translate it a little more elaborately.

I regret that Mavilla was not present to give a detailed account of the bride's dress. It was not wholly of white, but had spangles and flowers wrought into its texture. Orange blossoms adorned both dress and coiffure.

Was this a Christian service, or a pagan one? A little of both. The constant use of the number

three, the threefold blessing of groom and bride, the threefold blessing of the ring and wreath, the three pieces of bread and the three spoonfuls of wine, the three times passing round the table, were all reverent introductions of the Trinitarian formula; but the bridal torches, the crowns of flowers, the shower of candies, and the dance round the table, to which I have before referred in the chapter on the Greek theatre, are all survivals of old Greek customs. The conjunctions of history are curious enough, and among them it seems passing strange that an ancient Greek dance subdued into a walk should have imperceptibly glided into the Christian ritual and become with priestly participation a festive but reverent ascription to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

In the country villages weddings are celebrated with something more of rustic cheer and conviviality. In ancient days the wedding customs in Sparta differed much from those in Attica, and I do not know how general are some of the following village customs described by my Spartan friend. Two days before the marriage the groom, with parents, relatives and friends, goes to the house of the bride, where all are received with the firing of pistols and with abundance of wine and sweetmeats. The dowry is paid over to the groom, and on the following Sunday the marriage is celebrated, usually at the house of the bride. When the ceremony takes place in church the bride is conducted by her brother or by the best man, and the service is concluded by the priest, the best man, the husband and wife forming a circle, when the shower of candies begins. In the congratulations which follow, it is common to kiss the

bride's wreath, and for all who are present to throw money into the handkerchief of the priest.

A rustic habit, reserved for the nearest friends, is that of striking the groom on the cheek. In the dances which follow, the men take partners and form almost a circle. The bride and groom dance round a few times and take places at the end of the set; the next couple follow, and the next, until all have had a turn. Two or three musicians with their rustic pipes literally inspire the dance, but the harp of Demodocus is lacking.

A wedding procession also is common in the country. At Pyrgos we saw one winding across the plain. The bride rode in an open carriage, while the guests were on horseback. The costumes were highly picturesque, and the droning music of the pipers reminded me of Scotch bag-pipes.

In Zante, as the Kyria told me, Thursday is the fashionable marriage day, and for the poorer classes Sunday, and the service is always held in the evening. In arranging the marriage the go-between is often a priest, because affairs must be conducted with the greatest secrecy, so that if the arrangement fails it will not be a matter of public notoriety. When the peasants are poor the dowry may be so many trees, say ten or twelve for the girl, or a vineyard. The amount of money dowry is small in the islands, sometimes not exceeding five hundred drachmas.

Nicholas, my driver in the Peloponnesus, said that in his neighborhood the girl must have two or three thousand drachmas, or a house, a vineyard or something else. "In America," I said, "we marry not for money, but for love," upon which he smiled, and

said that there were some marriages for love in Greece, and elopements were not unknown.

In Zante repeated earthquakes may have shaken somewhat the stability of old customs, for a young man may make his approach to his future bride in a more romantic way. He may watch at the spring for the girl he loves, and as she comes to draw water or to wash clothes, he snatches the *mandylion* or handkerchief from her head and keeps it. It is soon known throughout the village that he has taken her handkerchief. This involves an offer of marriage. It would be a great insult if this offer were not soon made to her father. In such cases the wooer is generally successful, and he is obliged to accept just what dowry her father offers. This is more of a reversion to the Heroic Age, when the bride was captured by force, or to the gallantry of Homeric times, when bridal gifts or dowry were paid to the father of the bride.

The wife's dowry becomes a protection to the children. If she dies without having children, the amount of her dowry must be paid back to her father. If there are children and the man marries a second time, they receive from his estate the amount of the mother's dowry, and after a father's death the children of the first marriage have a prior claim on the estate for this amount. If there is anything left it goes to the children of the second marriage. It is not legal to marry more than thrice. The marriage of cousins is forbidden within the sixth degree, and the marriage of a deceased wife's sister to her brother-in-law, or of a deceased husband's brother to his sister-in-law, is forbidden.

It is not usually the custom to marry a second daughter until the first is married. This is well illustrated in Mr. Bikelas' humorous island tale, Ἡ Ἄσχημη Ἀδελφή, "The Homely Sister." It is the story of a dry-as-dust professor of philology whose life had been saved by a young judge, and who had vowed to devote his life to that of his saviour. The younger man had fallen in love with the second daughter of a merchant who had decided not to give her in marriage until the older and plainer sister had first been wedded. It is in this emergency that the eccentric bachelor professor decides to sacrifice himself for his friend and marry the plain-looking sister. He rushes into the coffee-merchant's office in his busiest hour and tells him he will marry his daughter. He is received somewhat coldly, with the suggestion that such matters are usually arranged through third parties. A female cousin manages the affair more tactfully. A meeting of the professor and the homely daughter is arranged. The fussy trepidation of the old bachelor is amusing enough. His friend conducts him to the door of the house and leaves him to his fate. An hour later he comes out radiantly happy. No one knows just what has occurred, but he exclaims with delight, "Why, she is n't ugly at all." Of course a double marriage is the result, and though the professor looks somewhat comical in his wedding wreath, the crown of flowers does not become a crown of thorns.

It is easy to believe Georgios when he says that in Sparta the children who run to tell a father that the baby just born is a girl do not get much of a reward. "In fact," said Georgios, "he is angry." It is not

etiquette for the mother to visit the neighbors until forty days after the child is born. Then the mother goes to church with the child and the nurse, and offers prayers with the priest, who takes the child up in his arms and goes round the holy table two or three times. The father does not go to church on this occasion. From this time the mother is free to go where she pleases. The birth of a child is an occasion for rural festivity. The neighbors bring in candies and dainties, which, being too strong a diet for the newcomer, are eaten by the rest of the family. If the child is sickly and in danger of death, baptism is administered at an early day. It is not valid without a priest, and unless some one is designated as godfather. If the child is well, the baptism takes place when it is forty or fifty days old, and is usually administered at the home; but frequently the mother wishes to christen the child in a church dedicated to some saint. The mother, nurse and child go with friends. When the priest reads the gospel before the holy door the nurse puts down the child beneath the picture of the saint to whom the mother has dedicated it. No sooner is it put down than there is a rush to get the baby's cap. He who gets it is the godfather (*νουνός*), or godmother. The mother usually chooses the godfather, and for the first child it is generally the person who has acted as best man at the wedding. Likewise, when a person has become godfather it is generally the rule to ask him to be the best man at the wedding of his godchild. The best man would be rather old in some cases for this duty, which is often transferred to his son. Of course the least the *nounos* can do is to buy a dress for the

baby. He has also an important function at the baptism. At this service two priests officiate. It goes without saying that there is a crowd of relatives and friends. The child is completely undressed. The liturgy is read. The priest cuts with a pair of scissors a few hairs from the infant's head and throws them into the baptismal font. A small quantity of olive oil brought by the godfather is likewise poured into the font. The child is then held toward the west, representing the kingdom of darkness, and is asked three times by the priest if he renounces the evil spirit. The godfather replies in his behalf, "I have renounced him;" and the exorcism of the devil is completed by blowing and spitting three times. The priest and the godfather, with the child, turn toward the east, representing the kingdom of light, and the sponsor is asked if he accepts Christ. A confession of faith follows. The priest then plunges the child three times into the font, the water of which has been mercifully warmed. After being dried by a nurse the infant is anointed by the priest, who touches its forehead, chin, shoulders, navel and feet. Of course other prayers follow. The child that does not kick and squirm during the operation must have the fortitude of a Spartan.

After the baptism the *nounos* gives two or three drachmas to the father or mother, flings a handful of pennies (*lepta*) among the children, and gives to each of the women present ten or twenty *lepta*. This money is called μαρτυρικά, that is, witness money that the child has been baptized and is a Christian. There are Greeks who do not have their children baptized until they are ten or fifteen years of age.

Adults are sometimes baptized in the river. To postpone the rite is regarded as a sin by more pious Greeks.

The descriptions I have given are mainly of rural customs and those which are least affected by fashionable or modern innovations. In the homes of the wealthy these festivals may be celebrated with pomp and elegance. It must not be inferred, however, that wealthy Greeks are necessarily any less Hellenic. It would be hard to surpass in any country the record for patriotism and fidelity to national traditions which many of the wealthiest Greeks have made. If some have sprung from the humblest walks of life they have learned to use wealth without vulgarity, and others reflect a fine culture like the beautiful polish which their fathers put on their best marble.

Two representative homes in Athens were always open to Americans. The Greek spirit which pervades the palatial home of Mrs. Schliemann is felt by the visitor when he is met by a servant in immaculate fustanella, who conducts him across the courtyard whence five other men-servants direct him to the great salon. Is this the palace of Menelaus? the visitor may well ask in the midst of these luxurious surroundings. It is at any rate the home of Agamemnon, and after he has recited with delightful enunciation some passages of the Odyssey in Greek, he will talk to you in good English and tell you that he is really an American citizen, and will take delight in showing you some of his father's valuable discoveries. But you will need to hear Mrs. Schliemann's own dramatic recital of her experiences with her husband at Troy. At no home in Athens does

one get so vivid an impression of the vital relation of the old Greece and the new. The magnificent house is thoroughly modern, but it is adorned with old Greek gnomes and enriched with treasures of art, ornaments, jewels, trinkets, pottery and other fruits of the labor of the remarkable explorer who with a faith and perseverance not excelled by Columbus uncovered an old world as Columbus discovered the new.

The other home, which during my winter in Athens, as for many previous years, was the continual centre of hospitality, was that of the Prime Minister, the late Charilaos Trikoupes. In the salon, a veritable garden of flowers, Miss Sophia Trikoupes, the accomplished sister of the Prime Minister, was the gracious smiling presence who with supreme tact and courtesy received the innumerable guests that thronged her receptions and relieved her brother, overburdened with the cares of state, from the added pressure of the social ritual. In the bereavement which fell upon her and the country in the death of Mr. Trikoupes she had the sympathy of many who admired the genius of her brother and who had enjoyed her own kindly hospitality. I cannot forget the home of Pater Anthimos, the faithful archimandrite, — a wise, broad-minded and admirable shepherd for his flock; nor the charming home of a lady who has helped to lead the women of Athens into new privileges and new duties, — the editor of the Athens *Woman's Journal*, Madame Callirhoe Parren. No one can read that paper without feeling that the new woman of Athens, with her finer and larger culture, is to be better than ever equipped for her duties as mother and wife.

As I lived for months in a Greek home, I know it from the inside. I had no occasion to lock my drawers or my trunk against the curiosity or cupidity of Spiridion or Elizabeth, who were the souls of honesty, and I am not cynical enough to believe that the tears of the Kyria and her daughters and of my faithful servant when I left Athens were such as crocodiles shed on the waters of the Nile.

"Pray that you may not be in Greece in Lent," said a friend of mine; "you will starve to death." It is not only then that the lives of the people, especially in the rural districts, are marked by abstinence and frugality. Lent is no reaction from violent excesses. The simplicity and frugality of Greek tastes go back to days even beyond Lycurgus. Abstinence is not a virtue, but a habit confirmed by years of poverty. The peasant may not taste meat for weeks at a time. Black bread and cheese, olives and figs, and a little wine at his meals, with fish on the sea-coast, and a few vegetables, furnish the staple articles of diet. The wine drunk by the peasantry is strongly flavored with resin, which is supposed to preserve the wine and the wine drinker. It is a curious draught to an unaccustomed palate. An American who learned to like it sent a barrel to New York. The custom-house officers were much perplexed, but finally entered it as turpentine! I have never seen a drunken woman in Greece at any time, and rarely a drunken man, though there are crimes of violence which come from wine-heated blood. Such terrible scenes as London furnishes of women and children crowding into bar-rooms and drinking from the same cup are unknown in Greece, nor can

Athens furnish a parallel to Piccadilly or the Boulevard Poissonière. The social evil is not flagrant, and the night-walker is almost unknown.

I have seen Greek homes under many aspects, — those of the rich in Athens, and those of the poor in little villages, in the islands, in the mountains of the Peloponnesus and on the plains of Thessaly, — and I have been impressed with the solidity of the virtues which support the family life. They have something of the strength and simplicity of the old Doric temples. Frugality, temperance, contentment, an unsophisticated rusticity which is not boorish, and a kindly but unostentatious hospitality, are more common than in the days of Baucis and Philemon. Reverence for parents, brotherly and sisterly affection, are the rule rather than the exception.

The onerous custom of the dowry is felt not only by the girls but by their brothers, who find in it, however, an opportunity for brotherly sacrifice and devotion. With a smile of satisfaction my friend Demosthenes — who is not an orator, but sells fruit and candies in the Athens of America — confided to me that he had made enough money to send home a dowry for one of his sisters. I have known young men to fulfil with heroism vows not to marry until they could give dowries to all their sisters. But the girls sometimes take this matter into their own hands. At Megalopolis I was surprised to find ten or twelve girls wheeling barrows of dirt in the excavations of the English School, — not for love of antiquity, but to earn something for their *proika*. In this way they made two drachmas, or about thirty cents, a day, improving their health as well as their fortunes.

These country girls, with their brown or ruddy faces, have no need of the cosmetics advertised in the Athenian newspapers, which, modern though they seem, are but the perpetuation of an ancient form of vanity. In Xenophon's "Œconomicus" Ischomachus relates a conversation that he had with his wife shortly after his marriage: —

"'I noticed that she was in the habit of using cosmetics, that she might seem fairer and ruddier than she was, and of wearing high shoes, that she might appear taller than she was by nature. "Tell me, my dear," said I, "should you esteem me more highly as a sharer of your fortunes, if I told you exactly the state of my property, or if I tried to deceive you by exhibiting false coin, and necklaces of gilded wood, and robes of spurious instead of genuine purple?" She replied instantly, "Heaven forbid! Were you such a man, I never could love you from my heart." "Well, then, would you like me better if I appeared before you sound and healthy, fair and vigorous, or with painted cheeks and artificially colored eyelids, trying to cheat you by offering you paint instead of myself?" "Why," she said, "I like you better than paint; I prefer the natural color of your cheeks to rouge, and I would rather look into your eyes sparkling with health than with all the cosmetics in the world." "Then I would have you to know that I am more charmed with your native complexion than with paint. These false pretences may deceive the casual observer, but not those who live together. They are exposed before the morning toilette, or by perspiration, or by tears, or by the bath."

"'What in Heaven's name did she answer?' asked Socrates.

"'Why, she said she would not do so any more, and asked my advice as to the best means of making herself really beautiful. I advised her not to sit all the time, like a slave, but to be up and stirring; to look after the bread-maker, to stand over the housekeeper as she measured out the allowance; to run all over the house, and to see if everything was in its place; for this would combine both duty and exercise. I said that it was a good exercise also to mix and knead the bread, to shake out the clothes and make the beds; and that thus she would have a better appetite, and grow healthier, and would in reality appear handsomer. And now, Socrates, my wife lives and practises according to my instructions, and as I tell you.'"[1]

Pascal had not invented the wheelbarrow when Xenophon gave us his interesting picture of the Greek household. It is not strange, therefore, that Ischomachus did not suggest the use of this monocycle. But many a young lady of Athens to-day is fulfilling the spirit of his excellent advice by a daily spin on her bicycle. The Athenians are as fond as ever of new things, and though the bicycle is not a Greek invention, Socrates would not fail to recognize its Greek name. Philosopher as he was, he would need no suggestion from Plato to see that this new instrument is but the symbol of the Greek woman's enlarging sphere of activity.

[1] Felton's translation.

THE AREOPAGUS.

THE CHRISTIAN SHRINE

I

FROM PAGANISM TO CHRISTIANITY

THE Acropolis and the Areopagus, I have said, stand over against each other. Each of these rocks symbolizes an epoch in the religious history of the world. Even to-day they are in sharp contrast, — the Acropolis still reminding us of the splendor of paganism, the Areopagus recalling the humble origin of Christianity. On the former the eyes need but little aid from the imagination to reconstruct the ancient temples in their early beauty; but the Areopagus, lying much lower than its more stately rival, seems as stern and barren, as unfitted for seed or harvest, as when the Apostle stood there. No monument, no chapel, no church reminds us of Paul. If he could stand on the same rock to-day, he would find more physical evidence of the decay of paganism than of the triumph of Christianity. Unlike Rome, Athens has no vast monuments of Christian architecture. The Greeks built small churches, some of them gems of art; but they dwindle into chapels under the magnificence of St. Peter's. Turning his eyes from the ruined temples of the Acropolis, Paul would find nothing more beautiful as a house of God than the marble Theseion, which has survived the shocks of

war and earthquake for more than two thousand years and still remains the most perfectly preserved Doric temple in Greece. If Athens had nothing else to offer, this alone would repay a pilgrimage. As for the altar *To an Unknown God*, *Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ*, — and such altars were remarked by Pausanias as well as by Paul, — it has not been found; but I venture to say that Athens still has devotees at the same shrine, and modern agnosticism has affixed an interrogation point after the name of God. The visitor wonders why Athens has not made more of the Pauline episode. There is a church in the city named after Dionysius the Areopagite, who is said to have been converted by Paul's discourse, but none dedicated to the Apostle. It may be that the rocky pedestal on which he stood, and still more the fragment of the sermon he preached, are his best monument.

At Athens, as at Rome, one is compelled to ask himself whether Christianity has conquered paganism after all; whether the result of the contest was not more of a compromise than a victory, the assimilation of paganism rather than its destruction.

The modern Areopagus, the supreme court of Greece, has moved its seat in these days to Stadion Street. If in this high court before which Ares was arraigned for murder, Christianity were tried for deicide, the defender of the Christian pantheon might perhaps secure an acquittal by showing that pagan deities are not dead, but have taken refuge in Christian shrines. With a search-warrant from the same court many of these gods might be found lurking in Greek speech, customs, mythology and religious rites. One must look in some other direction for

the triumph of the Christian spirit than to the traditions, dogmas, mythology and symbolism of the Christian church. We cannot retrace carefully the pathways of history without seeing that Christianity was a growth, a development, in which the spirit of Greek philosophy was partially reincarnated, and the different attributes of the Greek gods were re-united in the tri-theistic scheme of scholastic theology. The simple, spiritual monotheism of Jesus presented a sublime contrast to the innumerable personifications of paganism, and it seemed at first as if the supreme contribution of Hebraism to religion, the idea of the unity of God, was, in the tender ascription of the Lord's Prayer, to remain the sole theistic formula of Christianity. This might have been the case if Christianity had been propagated in Jewish communities only, but when it came into contact with Greek thought and tradition it encountered a fervent form of the deifying tendency which at that stage had passed from the personification of nature to the idealization of human beings. If it had lost its reverence for the old gods, it had still vitality enough to make new ones. This Greek tendency which insisted upon the temporary deification of Barnabas and Paul, found a more permanent satisfaction in the apotheosis of Jesus. The exaltation of the Hebrew peasant to a place in the godhead, though nominally a victory for Christianity, was essentially a triumph of paganism, assisted by Jewish material derived from the Messianic idea. The victory assumed new proportions when the virgin goddess, adding to her functions that of "the Mother of God," became a fourth person, the idealization of maternity and womanhood, in the

Christian pantheon. The retinue of demons, saints, angels and superhuman beings was partly a development, partly a degeneration from Greek and Hebrew forms of the divine agency and manifestation. The struggle between the Hebrew idea of unity and the Greek conception of multiplicity is still continued within the arena of Christianity. At times the pure ethical theism of Jesus bursts forth with new inspiration, and the Trinitarian formula becomes a thin, indefinable theistic mist; at times Jesus of Nazareth is lost in the deific splendor of the Messianic Christ. Christianity is not yet at unity with itself.

It was an immense advantage to the new religion to find already woven such a perfect elastic vesture as the Greek language; but it could not wholly wash out of its texture traces of the early ideas it had served to clothe. Even to this day there remain words and conceptions in common use which were part of the warp and woof of pagan mythology. But if Christianity had to take the dross, it took also the gold. The early glow of the Greek conception of immortality faintly tingeing a dark background of clouds burst into daybreak with Plato, and came into high noon in Christianity. Above all, the moral fervor of the Nazarene caught by his disciples made itself felt like a purifying flame.

One can read scarcely any of the early Christian apologists without feeling the insufficiency of their intellectual defence of Christianity and the magnificence of their moral argument in its favor. Whether we take the anonymous Mathetes, Aristides writing at Athens his apology to the Emperor Hadrian, the apologies of Justin Martyr, or Origen's reply to Celsus,

it is the same. Again and again the apologists, wearing like Justin and Aristides the philosopher's garb, show that they have not only taken the clothes of paganism but have put on some of its ideas.[1] Thus we find Justin pointing out pagan analogies to Christian doctrine and defending the miraculous birth of Jesus against attack because the Greeks had taught similar things. He generously admits that there are seeds of truth among all men, but the false teaching of Greek mythology he ascribed to the work of demons, — a doctrine taught earlier by Paul and which seemed to furnish a common ground for both religions.[2] On the other hand, Celsus, the pagan critic, inverts the argument and shows that Christian myths are of essentially the same material as Greek ones. The moral vigor of Christianity and its new fraternal socialism furnished a better solvent for degenerate heathenism than its more feeble intellectual appeals. In its ethical and social ideals, Christianity was a new spring-time to the world.

Remembering that we are on the Areopagus, we may not forget the admirable courtesy of the Christian preacher who quotes from Aratus, a Greek poet, in proof of the universal fatherhood of God. Cleanthes had a similar ascription in his beautiful hymn. One must be careful not to confound the Greek religion wholly with the terrible pictures painted by the apologists, as if such moral degeneracy were its only and

[1] All the pagan usages which did not shock the new faith were continued in Christian society; and it must be owned that the language of the first Greek Christians accepts this alliance in a remarkable manner. — *Byzantine Art.* By Charles Texier and R. Popplewell Pullah. Lond.

[2] 1 Cor. x. 20.

inevitable result. We should not wish Christianity to-day to be held solely responsible for the moral darkness of any of the great cities of the modern world. If we must take the Greek religion at its worst, we must take it also at its best. If it did not stand for the Unnamed and Invisible, as did Hebraism, it incarnated and unveiled, as Hebraism failed to do, the divinely Beautiful. It applied religion to the whole range of human life; it was not oppressed by a hierarchy, and its ethical ideals and precepts have formed a permanent contribution to the development of human morals. Over the door of its temple it could write: "He who enters the incense-filled temple must be holy, and holiness is to have a pure mind."

Externally there is such a strong difference between the Greek temple and the Byzantine church that the casual observer sees no relation between them. But the heritage is there. It is seen first in the division of the interior of the Byzantine church into three parts, — narthex, nave, and sanctuary, — corresponding to the pronaos, naos, and opisthodomos of the Greek temple. The sub-division of these parts may obscure but does not destroy the original threefold arrangement. The pagan heritage is seen, too, in the orientation of the Byzantine church with the altar towards the east, — a survival of the custom, found in Egyptian as well as Greek temples, of having the axis of the temple point to the rising sun. In the modern churches the doors are at the west end, with the altar at the other, so that the worshipper faces the east. Early Christian writers tried with much ingenuity to

BYZANTINE CHURCH AT TEGEA.

invest the practice with Christian significance. As Jesus on the cross had turned his face toward the west, so Christians during the hour of prayer must turn towards the east in order to see his face. Neale notes but two instances of departure from the custom of orientation in Greek churches. An American worshipper at Westminster sitting in the north transept where the seats face south was surprised to find about half of the congregation turning in their pews and facing the east at certain times in the service. We cannot deny that these Anglicans are good Christians; we can only add that they are likewise good pagans. A reaction from the practice of orientation occurred in the ninth century, when it was finally decided that God might be worshipped at or towards any point of the compass, for God is everywhere.

In substance as well as in form, many of the old Byzantine churches were built from stones of the heathen temples which preceded them. A sense of triumph was gratified in the building of Saint Sophia at Constantinople by sacking Greek temples for the material. Elsewhere economical as well as pious reasons prevailed, and the Christian builders put in stones or ornaments to save labor. This sometimes produced a curious effect, as in the beautiful church at Tegea, where all sorts of fragments have been worked into the walls. In the little Metropolitan Church at Athens an ancient Greek calendar of festivals is used as a frieze, sanctified for the Christian eye by the addition of crosses. "The month Poseidon, December and January, in which the Dionysus festival took place, is symbolized by three athlothetes sit-

ting behind the table with crowns. Below them are two cocks about to fight on a palm branch." [1]

The heathen legacy lurks also in customs and superstitions still current among the people. Every religion has its external and authoritative creeds and formulas, but there is always a body of tradition or belief held in solution in the minds of the people and transmitted by oral tradition. The doctrine of demons finds priestly recognition in the Greek baptismal service when devils and demons are exorcised by the priest by blowing and spitting; and Neale in his history of the Eastern Church notes the popular belief that those who die excommunicated cannot return to dust, but become vampires; that they are tempted by evil spirits and roam about by night seeking a body. The Greek word *δαίμων*, used in the sense of divine power or to denote gods of lesser rank, became the common term for evil spirits in the New Testament, and retains that meaning today. Under the general designation of the "angels" or the "devil and his demons," polytheism took possession of the lower story of the Christian pantheon. In modern Greece a dread of devils and demons survives among the more ignorant and superstitious peasantry. Fear mingled with irony or humor has resulted in the use of various euphemisms or polite terms with which to designate his Satanic Majesty, just as the ancients propitiated the Erinyes or Furies by describing them as the gracious goddesses (*Εὐμενίδες*). A curious instance of this euphemism is seen in the word for smallpox, *eulogia*,

[1] Miss Jane Harrison's Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens, p. 278.

or blessing.[1] On the other hand, to the devil and to evil spirits are ascribed sickness and misfortune. The New Testament term for epilepsy, *σεληνιάζομαι*, from the supposed influence of the moon upon this disease, is retained, like our word *lunatic*.

The heathen gods have not always been turned into demons; they also reappear as saints. Ships which used to bear the figure of Poseidon now bear that of Saint Nicholas, who is supposed to furnish the same protection. Many churches have not only been built from ancient material, but we find that "the saint to whom they are dedicated has, as it were, by compromise in the old struggle between paganism and Christianity, often inherited the miraculous power attributed to the deity whom he has superseded."[2] Mr. Rodd notes that "a church dedicated to the Panaghía Blastiké (the virgin of fecundity) has been shown to occupy the site of a temple of Eilythuia, the deity who presided over childbirth, represented also not unfrequently now by Saint Marina." Churches dedicated to Saint Demetrius occupy the foundation of several shrines of Demeter. At Athens, one of the churches of Saint Nicholas is built on the site which was sacred to Poseidon.[3] The island of Naxos has transferred the honor it once paid to Dionysus to the Christian saint Dionysius, and fifty years ago a curious story was in circulation as to how the saint brought the grape to the island.[4]

[1] This word is derived by some etymologists from *εὐφλογία* (*φλέγω*, to burn), but all consciousness of this derivation has disappeared in the popular use of the term.

[2] Customs and Lore of Modern Greece, by Rennell Rodd, p. 140.

[3] Ibid., p. 142.

[4] Hahn's Neugriechische Märchen.

The same adaptation of the heathen idea was seen at Rome when the Pantheon became the Church of All Saints. As Athene was the personification of divine intellect, so it was easy, following the example of Constantius, to change the Parthenon into St. Sophia, the temple of Divine Wisdom, — a personification which had become familiar in the gnostic system.[1]

The names of some of the lesser deities, and even some of their attributes, survive in the minds of the more ignorant. Thus there are the *Μοῖραι* or Fates, generally three in number, who preside over marriage and birth and are supposed to influence the new-born child. They are recognized in the ballads of the people and propitiated in various ways. Charon reappears as *Χάρος*. He is no longer simply the ferryman wrangling about the fare, as Lucian describes him in his witty parody ; he is the angel messenger, the synonym of death. In Corfu and in several parts of Epirus, when one dies it is common to say that "Charon has taken him." In some of the Klephtic ballads it is clear that the ancient Greek view of death is more prevalent than the later Christian idea, and that death is not regarded as a release or reward, but as a deprivation of the joys of life, the brightness of the sun, the green grass, the song of the bird. The Nereids appear also in popular poetry, beautiful and

[1] The custom of designating by the name of St. Sophia the churches placed under invocation of the Divine Wisdom became general among western writers, notwithstanding the confusion which might have arisen by the fact that there was a saint by that same name. It is impossible to enumerate all the Greek churches dedicated to St. Sophia. The Emperors erected such in all the principal towns of the empire. — *Byzantine Art.* Texier and Pullah.

accomplished creatures, living in wood and air, spring and mountain.[1]

As we trace heathen influence in Christian doctrine, ceremonies, tradition, and in the physical structure of Christian temples, it is not surprising that it may be found in the decorations and symbolism of Christian art. It appears distinctly in the early representations of Christ as Orpheus found on coins and in the catacombs. "While evidently adopted from the heathen mythology, with which the early converts were so familiar, its application to Christianity was felt to be very legitimate. Orpheus, seated with his lyre among the trees, and surrounded by the wild beasts that the sweetness of his music had tamed, might well be taken as an emblem of the attractive force of Christ."[2] The nimbus is also of heathen origin, and may be found on the coins of the early emperors, — a symbol of power rather than holiness, and perhaps a souvenir of sun worship. It was conferred by later artists upon Satan, the Magi, and King Herod, and upon allegorical figures. When the angel, the lion, the ox, and the eagle represented the four apostles, the heads of the creatures were encircled by the nimbus. The phœnix was accepted by Tertullian as a symbol of the resurrection, and the eagle which had served as the symbol of Zeus became the symbol of John the Evangelist. The lion appeared in many aspects.

Representations of the devil and of demons are not found in the art of the first three or four centuries;

[1] For a full presentation of Modern Greek mythology, see M. B. Schmidt's Volksleben der Neugriechen, and *Μελέτη ἐπὶ τοῦ βίου τῶν Νεωτέρων Ἑλλήνων ὑπὸ* N. Γ. Πολίτου.

[2] Symbolism in Christian Art, by F. Edward Hulme.

in the Middle Ages they were depicted in horrible and grotesque forms. On the other hand the honors paid to the saints almost amounted to worship, and in some churches not the Saviour, but the saint to whom it was dedicated, was made the central figure.

The Greek objection to images in or upon their churches, as well as a better sense of what is congruous in the relations of religion and art, has kept the Greek Christian churches free from those grotesque anomalies in art which disfigure English and European cathedrals. Seen as a whole, Salisbury in its unity and beauty is an architectural psalm, but if one pauses as he enters the west door to look at the gargoyles, his feelings become anything but worshipful. It seems curious that such figures could have been put on the front of a church to satirize the piety and disturb the seriousness of those who enter. The ugliness is not the ugliness of crudity; it exists in immediate conjunction with figures of exquisite beauty; the buffoonery is deliberate. Some of these figures have a long pedigree, and find their origin in early symbolism reproduced with quaint simplicity or conscious exaggeration; in others it seems that the sculptor or carver, taking advantage of the spirit of his time which permitted such extravagance, gratified his sense of humor by introducing curious figures of his own invention. This love of satire was shown in reproducing scriptural scenes and in dealing with Old Testament miracles and characters. Here the humor is introduced in the freedom with which the artist treats the incident. On the other hand a large number of these representations seem to

be nothing but caricatures of the life and spirit of the time. In Boston minster, in the choir stalls, a schoolmaster is whipping a boy across his knee, and a woman is beating her husband, as the verger explained to me, "because he had been out too late at night." Elsewhere there are carvings of pigs playing on the organ or on the harp. What a curious lot of gargoyles all around the quad at Magdalen College! They are as ridiculous as the Greek representations of figures in Aristophanes, only the Greeks did not put them on their churches. At Salisbury the curious wink of one of the figures shows where the workmen meant the laugh to come in. Some woman-hater has carved the serpent with a female head. The clergy provoked the darts of satire. A head with three faces caricatures a bishop looking all ways at once. In that quaint old parish church at Amesbury, which you may see on the way to Stonehenge, a demon has caught hold of an unlucky creature by the arm and is eating him, as the rector said, "as if he were a radish." You cross the channel to Normandy, and at Dol find seasick dogs serving as gargoyles on the cathedral. Those at the Palais de Justice at Rouen are especially long and doleful, and appear to be howling dreadfully. At the cathedral in the same city, there is a whole menagerie of animals, — rabbits, dogs, centaurs, monkeys with pig heads and representations of many beasts that never had any existence. The centaur is worked up in all forms of extravagance; a female saint has a monkey or demon over her shoulder blowing a pair of bellows just in front of her chin. But examples of satire and sarcasm, of coarse caricature and comedy,

are too numerous to mention. A volume would be needed merely to catalogue them.[1]

What a strong contrast in all this to the stateliness, dignity and beauty of the old Greek temples! On the Parthenon was a lion's head as a waterspout, but no demonic gargoyle, and among the grand sculptures of tympanum and frieze no caricature disturbed the sobriety of the worshipper.

II

THE MODERN GREEK CHURCH

PLANTED on Greek soil, deeply rooted in the substratum of the early religion and drawing nurture from it, the modern Greek Church claims a Christian history of nineteen centuries. It is easier to admit its nineteen centuries of existence than nineteen centuries of development. Prouder of appealing to its traditions than of outgrowing them, it is not animated by the progressive spirit, and, having adjusted itself once for all to the problems of the past, sees no reason why it should trouble itself about those of the present. To a New England Congregationalist unaccustomed to a liturgy or the tactics and pomp of religious ritual, the modern Greek Church is peculiar. The difficult problems which oppress the parish committee in New England are unknown in Greece. The

[1] For a valuable discussion of this whole subject, together with the bibliography, see "Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture," by E. P. Evans, New York, 1896. For those at Rouen, see Jules Adeline, "Les Sculptures Grotesques et Symboliques" (Rouen et environs), Rouen, 1879.

pew question in its varied forms does not appear, because there are no pews in a Greek church and everybody stands. The question as to which one of half a dozen preachers shall be engaged does not vex the congregation, for the parish priest does not preach. The problem of the minister's salary is avoided by not paying him any. There is no occasion to quarrel over hymn-books or choir, for neither exists in our sense of the word, and the antiphonal responses of nasal priests and acolytes would hardly be called music. The practice of dividing the sexes which was common in New England fifty years ago still prevails in Greece. If there is a gallery, as in the Metropolitan Church at Athens, the women are assigned to it. If not, they stand on one side of the church and the men on the other. An American Baptist would claim an affinity with this ancient church in its application of the rite by immersion; but he must beware how he appeals to the Greek usage, since they immerse infants thrice, when to a Presbyterian a few drops of water applied once would suffice. The traveller who comes to Athens from Rome assumes at first that ecclesiastically Athens and Rome are not far apart. He soon finds that as far as is the east from the west, so far is Athens from Rome. They each claim to be built upon an apostolic rock. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I build my church," says Rome, metaphorically, while Athens points with literal pride to the rock upon which Paul preached his sermon. Just as these two apostles stood over against each other in New Testament times, so the Petrine and Pauline churches seem to stand over against each other to-day. Joined to-

gether for centuries, the differences between these ancient churches now seem to be irreconcilable.

As he enters a Greek church the visitor will find no chapels flanking the aisles, as in a Roman Catholic cathedral; there is but one altar, and that he will not see. A screen with three doors hides it from view and divides the sanctuary from the nave. The statues which abound in the Roman church are entirely absent in the Greek, but there are pictures of the saints and the Virgin called "icons" or "images." They recall the great iconoclastic controversies which raged in the East and the West, and in which the Hebrew and the Greek spirit came into conflict. When we remember what Paul said at Athens against idolatry, "We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device," it is interesting to think of the battle on this very subject which came up a few centuries later, and which was continued till 842 A. D. in the Eastern church, when the use of images was finally sanctioned. But the victory for paganism was not a victory for art. Undoubtedly the old Greeks made precisely the same distinctions that were made in the image-worship controversy; the more intelligent regarded the image as a symbol, the ignorant worshipped the picture or the stone. Many of the Greek images were exquisite works of art; in the Christian church a miserable daub might answer the purpose of worship as well as a more perfect picture.

The Greek, like the Roman, makes the sign of the cross, but in a different way. It is occasionally used, as Neander says it was in the days of Tertullian, "as

the sign which the Christians unconsciously made in all cases of sudden surprise." An acolyte in a monastery suddenly crossed himself when I told him something novel, even though there was nothing dangerous in the information. He used the sign as an exclamation point or a pious interjection.

Unlike the Roman Church, the Greek Church administers the communion in both kinds, using leavened bread, — the outcome of another controversy, — and giving the wine in a spoon. The priests are Nazarenes, shaving neither head nor beard. Marriage is permitted to priests before their ordination; but no priest can marry a second time after the death of his wife, nor can he become a bishop and remain in the marriage relation. His wife, if he had one, would retire to a convent; but promotions are invariably made from unmarried clergymen.

The full title of the Greek Church is The Holy Oriental Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Church. The doctrinal contents of the creeds of the Eastern and Western churches are essentially the same. The Nicene Creed is the basis of all the confessions; but that little word *filioque*, which lighted raging flames of controversy wherein the procession of the Holy Spirit was declared from the Son as well as from the Father, is omitted from the Greek creed. The dogma of the Papal infallibility has likewise no place in it.

The Greek Church proper, like the Russian and other national churches of the same faith, is governed by a synod. The metropolitan is the official head of the church, but there is a close union between State and Church, and in the matter of preferments and appointments the political authority is

superior to the ecclesiastical. There are three orders of priesthood, — deacons, elders and bishops. The officers of the church are archdeacons, archimandrites, archbishops, metropolitans, and patriarchs. The name patriarch is retained by the patriarch at Constantinople, but he has no authority over the churches in Greece, Russia, Bulgaria or Servia. The only reminiscence of his supremacy is seen in his preparation and blessing of the consecrating oil.

The Greek priests, on the whole, are more paternal than autocratic. Many of them are very ignorant, and could not preach a sermon if they were required to do so. Only those having special fitness as preachers are engaged for that office. Ecclesiastical schools have been established, and there is one in Athens to which young men preparing themselves for the priesthood are admitted and taught from four to five years. Some go in to the university in the theological department; many others, under the influence of modern education, become philologists, doctors, and lawyers. When the candidate has reached the age of twenty-five years he may become a deacon, and at thirty a priest. Of the deacons, part are married and part are unmarried, but they cannot marry after ordination; and an archimandrite, like a bishop, must be unmarried. For elevation to the bishopric the synod nominates three persons, of whom the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs and Public Education chooses one. The priests receive no stipend from the government nor from the congregation. The monasteries have been alarmed by a proposed scheme for selling all monastic property and establishing a salary fund for the clergy. Some of

the monasteries are very rich. One on the slope of Pentelicus, which I visited, has an income of two hundred thousand francs a year. The parish priest is wholly dependent, however, upon the fees he receives from marriages, baptisms, consecration of a new house, prayers for the dead and other priestly ministrations. In the country, priests often do not receive more than $75 to $175 a year, and in Athens, from $225 to $375, in the way of offerings. The salary of the metropolitan is six thousand drachmas, which, with the present depreciation of the drachma, is about $750. An archbishop receives five thousand drachmas and a bishop four thousand. The parish priest is generally obliged to eke out his income by other occupations, usually by farming or keeping a store. The priests thus stand less apart from the life of the people than they do in Italy. Many of them are earnest, sweet-spirited men who tenderly lead their flock.

When I think of the Greek priests, I think not so much of the nasal phonograph who is mechanically repeating the service, as of the sweet-faced, Christ-like man I saw in Eubœa, the prison chaplain in Athens, who to me was a modern version of the Apostle John, — Pater Anthimos, broad-chested, liberal, studious and large-hearted ; and I think of the charming picture which Bikelas has drawn of Papa Narkissos in his "Tales of the Ægean."

A pleasant picture comes up before me, too, of the late Metropolitan Germanus, a man honored and esteemed for his learning, piety, and kindly heart. He received me with warmth, and expressed his interest in America. When I asked him how it was that the Greek Church was able to maintain its unity so com-

pletely, especially in these modern days, he picked up his Greek Testament, which lay conveniently near, turned to 2 Thessalonians, ii., and put his finger on the fifteenth verse:

Ἄρα οὖν, ἀδελφοί, στήκετε, καὶ κρατεῖτε τὰς παραδόσεις, ἃς ἐδιδάχθητε, εἴτε διὰ λόγου εἴτε δι' ἐπιστολῆς ἡμῶν. "So, then, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye were taught, whether by word, or by epistle of ours."

"It is," he said, "because we have followed the apostle's injunction."

After a pleasant conversation I took his hand, on leaving, to kiss it, according to Eastern custom. He held it down, however, to prevent this tribute of respect, then threw his arms over my shoulders and kissed me on each cheek. The validity of a Protestant ordination he recognized by inviting me to attend the services in the Metropolitan Church on the approaching fête and to witness the ceremonies at the altar behind the screen. This is a privilege not accorded to the layman, whether peasant or king.

The Greek Church is ceremonial in the highest degree. To an outsider its ritual is long and wearisome, but I have talked with devout and intelligent Greeks who found in it the greatest happiness. It lacks the grandeur of organ, orchestra, and voices, which often make the service in the Roman Church impressive. Its extensive liturgy is contained in several volumes. A Greek friend waxed eloquent as he spoke of the tenderness and beauty of the Passion service. "There are beauties in our Passion service," said my friend, "that you will not find in any other church." A cultivated lady likewise assured me of

the satisfaction which devout and poetic members of the Greek Church reared in its worship might find in its offices. The dogmas of the Church are not obtruded; a mystic veil of allusion or symbolism seems to invest the whole service. The holy table, its four legs, the doors of the screen, the sacred vessels are all highly symbolical, and no Swedenborgian dealing with the Old Testament rites could go further in claiming correspondence and analogy.

The Church is not only a religious but a patriotic institution. Its national character gives it a strong hold upon the people, and upon the great fête days the churches are crowded, and the men are as numerous as the women. The king being a Lutheran, is not a member of the church, but the queen, the crown prince, and other members of the royal family are included in its membership and give éclat to its festivals. Of these the most impressive are Good Friday and Easter. On Good Friday evening, after a long service in the cathedral, a veiled image of the Saviour, laid on a bier and covered with flowers, is borne through the streets, escorted by a band playing a dirge and priests bearing the shroud of Jesus. Men, women and children with lighted candles join the procession, but the solemn effect is somewhat disturbed by the Roman candles, Bengal lights and other fireworks from windows all along the line of march. To an American it seems like a funeral held on the eve of the Fourth of July.

The Easter service is the joyful climax of a Lent of abstinence and sorrow. The service begins on Saturday night. At Athens it is conducted in the cathedral by the metropolitan with crosier, mitre,

and brilliant robes. Immense throngs flock to the church. Regiments of infantry deployed through the streets keep the way open for the royal family, who are escorted to the cathedral by a guard of cavalry. The ministers of State and other civil officials follow in carriages, and take places assigned to them in the cathedral. The square outside is brilliantly illuminated, and a platform has been erected and decorated. Just before midnight the metropolitan lights a candle, saying, "Come, take light from the everlasting light, and glorify Christ our God, who has risen from the dead." The prime minister lights his torch from that of the metropolitan. The other ministers follow, the light goes from torch to torch, from priest to people. Headed by the metropolitan, the procession marches out of the cathedral, and just at twelve o'clock from the platform in the square the metropolitan proclaims to the multitude that "Christ is risen," — Χριστὸς ἀνέστη. Bells and cannon take up the theme. The Roman candles and fireworks, which seem to be out of place on Good Friday, now symbolize life and immortality brought to light. Joyful greetings, "Christ is risen," pass through the crowd. The Lenten fast is over, and on the steps of the cathedral, and on the streets, the people eat the colored boiled eggs they had brought in their pockets and then go home to more elaborate feasts.

On Easter morning, as I called at my photographer's, I said, Χριστὸς ἀνέστη. He returned the salutation and immediately brought me an egg in a saucer, but without a spoon. For some days all other forms of salutation give way to that of "Christ is risen," and the answer is, Ἀληθῶς ἀνέστη, — "He is risen indeed."

ATTIC DAYS

I CANNOT say "Attic Nights," for that title has already been appropriated by "the gentleman who preceded me." His name — if it is not unparliamentary to mention it — is Aulus Gellius, and he lived some 1750 years ago. He was born at Rome, but had the good fortune to go to Athens to study. While there he kept a commonplace book in which he jotted down whatever he happened to see or read or hear that was curious, his object being to provide his children as well as himself with innocent relaxation. As it was written during the winter evenings, he called his book "Noctes Atticæ." It is a sort of "crazy quilt," made from a literary scrap-bag, with little order or arrangement, but it affords a wide variety of information upon a good many subjects. There are notes and dissertations on customs, manners, grammar, marriage, divorce, loquacity, music, the patience of Socrates, the frugality of the ancients, Alexander's horse Bucephalus, memory, Herodes Atticus, and a multitude of other themes. As the book has lasted for more than seventeen centuries, it is natural that others should be emulous of his immortality, and try to attain it in the same way.

Gellius exhausted the Attic nights, but fortunately left the Attic days to posterity, and I feel at liberty to appropriate a small share of them. I should despair of equalling his success if I did not in this tessellated chapter rival the miscellaneous character of his commonplace book.

I

A COMPOSITE DAY

HOMER liked to begin his day with the "rosy fingered dawn," and so did the cock that crowed on Homer Street. In this he differed much from my friend the diplomat, who probably did not see a sunrise while he was in Athens. I tried to make myself believe that this cock was crowing hexameters with a cæsura in the third foot, —

Ἠέλιος δ' ἀνόρουσε, | λιπὼν περικαλλέα λίμνην, —

although we might more naturally expect of a rooster the bucolic diæresis. But in fact he did not seem to be talking Greek at all; nothing but good barnyard English. The Greeks refuse to say that a rooster "crows"; nor do they, like the French, describe him as singing. They speak of him as "phoning," using to-day exactly the same term which the Evangelist applied to the cock that woke the conscience of Peter. Oddly enough, we have adopted the word in English, and now speak in good Greek of "phoning" to our friends. "In Greece," says Mr. Edward A. Freeman, "animals seem to send forth louder and clearer notes than in other parts of the world," and he assumes that in Corinth the cocks crow even louder than in Athens. If the distinguished historian intended this as a challenge for a vocal contest I would match the Doric rooster in Athens against any cock of the Corinthian order. It helps to make one feel

at home, however, to find roosters crowing, dogs barking, children laughing, birds singing, horses neighing, in your own language. I did find one bird talking Greek. It was a parrot at Salamis: *παπαγάλο ὡραῖο*, "Pretty Polly." The effect was startling, especially to hear a modern Italian noun coupled with an adjective which Pindar and Plato used. Even parrots in two words remind you of the new Greece and its hoary past.

If the phoning of the rooster did not "call me up," Spiridion was sure to do so when he brought my cup of hot milk and a breakfast roll with the morning paper. Scarcely was the breakfast finished at eight, when the step of Georgios was heard on the stairs, and an hour was spent in reading or talking Greek. Martial music on the street at nine o'clock every morning announced the guard mount at the war office.

Then one had a chance to decide in what century he would spend the next few hours. You could ascend the Acropolis and live in the age of Pericles, or step into the Museum and live in pre-Persian days. You could return by way of the Areopagus, walk into the Christian era, preserve your historic continuity by passing through the stoa of Hadrian in your Roman toga, and enter the Byzantine era at the little Metropolitan Church. From this you could stride again into the nineteenth century in time for luncheon at half-past twelve. If you are making a specialty of epigraphy, ancient inscriptions in the Museum are legible indeed compared with the task of deciphering a Greek bill of fare in an average restaurant. But, like the Rosetta Stone, one often finds it bi-lingual,

and if he cannot read the Greek scrawl for *kréas*, *psomi*, and *avga*, he can get his bearings with *viande*, *pain*, and *œufs*. In the larger hotels one finds Gallic cooking as well as Gallic speech; but to know and appreciate the mysteries and possibilities of Greek cooking one must live in a family.

Of course you may have preferred to spend your morning in the charming reading-room of the American Archæological School, or with Professor Tarbell and his students wandering like belated ghosts among the Attic grave reliefs at the National Museum, or in gayer mood disporting yourself among the exquisite Tanagra figures or making a somersault into still more ancient history among the treasures of Mycenæ. Becoming all things to all men, you pricked up your French ears when you attended the opening session of the French Archæological School, became a Teuton when you went to the German Institute, Hellenized yourself at the University when you heard its professors, and Anglicized yourself at some meeting of the British Archæological School. Every Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, from October to March, a band of archæologists gathered round Dr. Dörpfeld to hear his lecture on the monuments of Athens. It was a peripatetic school like that of the Stagirite; and Aristotle himself, the forerunner of modern science, would have been delighted at the lecturer's marvellous command of facts and his wonderful skill in putting them together. Beginning with the Acropolis, all the principal monuments in Athens above ground, and some below ground, were visited by this pilgrim band. There were days when chill bleak

winds blustered over the ancient hill or gathered up the dust in spirals and swept round the theatre of Dionysus. There were days when the ground was damp and the stones were cold, but not a single week for five months was a lecture omitted on account of weather. It helps us to understand how Plato, Sophocles, and Aristotle used to teach out of doors!

On Sunday one could go to the Greek Church in the morning, and then have time to hear Dr. Kalopothakes preach a sermon in his little chapel near the Arch of Hadrian and hear the Greeks sing "Old Hundred," "Missionary Chant," and "Greenville," among two hundred other tunes from American and English hymnals, the words themselves mostly translated from the same sources. Among them you would recognize "Nearer, my God, to thee."

Ἐγγύτερον, Θεέ,
Ἐπιποθῶ
Ἐγγύτερον πρὸς Σὲ
Ν' ἀνυψωθῶ.
Ἔστω κ' ἐπὶ σταυροῦ
Θανάτου στυγεροῦ
Ἀρκεῖ νὰ εὑρεθῶ
Ἐγγὺς πρὸς Σέ.

Beyond the Arch of Hadrian, in imposing contrast to this humble evangelical chapel, stand the fifteen colossal Corinthian columns of the great temple of the Olympian Zeus, like an echo from the past to Miss Adams's hymn voicing the soul's aspiration for God.

As for your Attic nights, if you did not spend them with Aulus Gellius, you could go to the American Archæological School and hear Professor J. R.

Wheeler's valuable lectures on the Athens of the Middle Ages, or drop into the Parnassus Club and hear Professor Lambrós on "The Early Agora," or listen to the one event of the season in chamber music, — the concert of the Vienna string quartet; or, if you were fortunate enough to get a ticket, go to see Sarah Bernhardt, over whom Athens goes crazy. As Greek plays and operas seldom begin before half-past eight, and sometimes do not get fairly launched before nine, and then last until after midnight, you might sometimes hear the Homeric cock crowing again before you got to bed.

II

THE ATHENIAN PRESS

A DOZEN daily newspapers, morning and evening, flourish in the air of Athens. I doubt if there is any other city which has so many in proportion to its population. It is a new evidence of the activity of the Greek intellect, and of the ramifications of Greek politics. News is not more plentiful in Athens than elsewhere, but nowhere, perhaps, are opinions so abundant. One of the restaurants bears the sign Ἡ Κοινὴ Γνώμη, Public Opinion; but the public opinion of Athens could not be concentrated in so small a space, and even a dozen newspapers cannot give it full expression. Its variety and abundance grows out of the independent, democratic character of the Greek mind. I know of no country on the face of the globe in which democracy is more rampant and more indi-

vidualistic. To me this is one of the surest evidences that the Greeks are children of their fathers. Not even a dozen newspapers can express all the shades of party feeling or of public opinion. You must go to Constitution Square in times of political excitement, hear the hum of excited voices round the restaurants, and see the very air dizzy with discussion.

You will not be surprised, therefore, as you take your breakfast, to find one paper pitching into the Prime Minister without gloves, while another is returning blows dealt by its adversary in a previous issue. You will not be surprised to find editors making ugly faces at the royal family, shrugging their shoulders at the amount of the royal budget, bewailing the inefficiency of the army, or attacking the financial policy of the government; and you may be sure that somebody else will speak in their defence. In Germany these doughty editors would be put in prison after due or undue process of law; in Greece, criticism exhales freely into the air. The liberty of the press is not abridged. On account of the repeated attacks of that paper on the army, a club of army officers foolishly attacked the office of the *Acropolis* and destroyed a good deal of property; but they really damaged their own cause by this cowardly method of mob violence, and public opinion condemned them. The absurd practice of duelling still exists in Greece, but fortunately most of it is done with pen and ink.

The best papers furnish news as well as opinions. It is served in readable paragraphs, telegraphic flashes, in letters of correspondents, and industrious scissorings. There is an abstract of debates in

Parliament. Loving discussion as much as they do, the wonder is that the Greeks have not two legislative chambers instead of one. There are the usual police items, reports of thefts, fires, accidents, murders and suicides, and a sufficient amount of social gossip. The journals have not reached the enormous proportions of our metropolitan dailies; the regular issue is not larger than four pages of an average American daily. A ministerial crisis, a revolution in Crete, a Zante earthquake will bring out an eruption of "scare heads;" but the journals are far less sensational and much more respectable than a great many American newspapers. They are generous too in aiding philanthropic enterprises. Wishing to stir up public opinion in Athens in relation to the proper protection of animals, I found the columns of the newspapers freely open to me, and my communications were clinched and supported by the editorial pen.

The Greek newspapers draw freely from the French and English, and sometimes repeat their mistakes about America. But though it is natural to expect a little mythology in Greek journals, they cannot begin to compete with American newspapers in fabricating it.

It is in the advertisements that new things are strangely clothed in the raiment of the old speech. Here is an illustrated advertisement of a sewing machine, Ἡ Ῥαπτομηχανὴ, covering half a page; near to it an advertisement of Ποδήλατα, bicycles. The virtues of Σεμουλίνα, a cereal food, are extolled as a diet for the sick and the aged. Patent medicines, hair restoratives, appeal for the faith once reposed in Athene Hygieia. There are "Rooms to Let," and

"Situations Wanted." Advertisements of new books, wine and whiskey, the opening of schools, the movements of steamers. The barber-shop, that indispensable adjunct and lounging place of the ancient Athenians, is announced in this attractive form: —

On the lower floor of the M—— Building is the barber-shop of Spiridion K. Arranged in the most elegant European style. No one ever leaves it dissatisfied, so light and Parisian is the art of shaving and hair-cutting in this shop. Uniquely artistic, it is recommended by all, and continually resorted to by those who love a good-looking face.

That the Greeks have not wholly lost their faith in human nature, and that they have not accepted the communism which prevails in this country, is seen in an advertisement for a lost umbrella. Who would think of advertising for one in our land?

Χθὲς τὴν νύκτα ἀπωλέσθη ἰ ὀμβρέλλα ἐπὶ τῆς ὁδοῦ Σταδίου, ἀντικρὺ τῆς Στρατιωτικῆς λέσχης. Ὁ εὑρὼν παρακαλεῖται νὰ τὴν φέρῃ εἰς τὸ πιλοπωλεῖον τοῦ κ. Ῥαυτοπούλου, πλησίον τῆς Βουλῆς, λαμβάνων ἐν δῶρον.

Last night an umbrella was lost upon Stadion Street, opposite the Military Club. The finder is requested to leave it at the hat store of Mr. R., near the Parliament, and receive a reward.

The persistence of ancient forms in the literary idiom is seen in the Greek of this advertisement. There is only one word in it which would puzzle Xenophon, or which the modern schoolboy who has begun to read him will not find in Liddell and Scott. The purists have Atticized "umbrella" into *ἀλεξίβροχον*.

Of course the Athenian newspaper has its funny

man, but I am disposed to believe that a good deal of the Attic salt is imported, and is one of the few things which go into Greece free of duty. For example: —

A young man is hunting a girl with a good dowry. He puts this question to a lawyer who has learned to get cash payment for his advice: "I would like to ask, sir, if you think your daughter would make a suitable wife for me?"

"No, I do not think she would. Seven and a half drachmas, if you please."

A preacher says to his cook, "You had a workman eating with you last evening, Mary."

"He was my brother."

"But you told me that you had no brother."

"Yes, but did n't you preach last Sunday that we were all brothers and sisters?"

These jokes have a decidedly American flavor. But I wonder if these Greek humorists have exhausted the treasures of the Greek anthology, and why they do not publish some of the witty sayings which made Athens laugh two thousand years ago. In the way of exaggeration, sarcasm and light banter, nothing could exceed the saltiness of some of the ancient epigrams.

Little Hermogenes, when he lets anything fall on the ground, has to drag it down to him with a hook at the end of a pole.

Lean Gaius yesterday breathed his very last breath, and left nothing at all for burial, but having passed down into Hades just as he was in life, flutters there the thinnest of the anatomies under earth; and his kinsfolk lifted an empty bier on their shoulders, inscribing above it, "This is Gaius' funeral."

Marcus the doctor called yesterday on the marble Zeus; though marble, and though Zeus, his funeral is to-day.

All hail, seven pupils of Aristides the rhetorician, four walls and three benches.

Antiochus once set eyes on Lysimachus' cushion, and Lysimachus never set eyes on his cushion again.

Philo had a boat, the "Salvation," but not Zeus himself, I believe, can be safe in her; for she was salvation in name only, and those on board her used either to go aground or to go underground.[1]

III

AN ATHENIAN SCHOOLBOY

THE school boys and girls trudge by. A pedagogue does not lead them to-day, and they have to carry their own books; but they will be sure to meet the pedagogue when they get to school, for he bears the same name though his functions have changed. Even the son of the sausage-seller, who was strangely neglected by his parents in ancient times, may sit to-day with the son of a banker or a philosopher. Plato's dream about public schools and public school teachers paid by the state did not come true in his day, but is true in ours. Unlike the ancient pedagogues, the teachers are not slaves, but they work as hard as if they were, and the pay is very small. But what a satisfaction it would have been for Plato, who was himself a teacher in the "Academy,"

[1] Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology. Translated by J. W. Mackail.

to learn that there are three thousand primary and secondary schools in Greece, one hundred and forty thousand pupils, and thirty-seven hundred teachers, with a Greek university at the top! The pay of the teachers ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month. Even the head master receives but three hundred drachmas a month, which ought to mean fifty-four dollars, but which in gold may mean but thirty-five or forty. There are also private schools; be careful that you do not misread their signs. In a walk one day I noticed the sign *Ἰδιωτικὸν Σχολεῖον*. I naturally thought it was a school for idiots, as the word "idioticon" would literally suggest in English; but I found that the Greeks still use the word *ἰδιώτης* in its original meaning of a private individual, and that therefore the sign simply meant a "Private School"! This is a good example of the tenacity with which some words retain their early root flavor. Then there are schools which have been endowed by private enterprise but are under state inspection and control. The Arsakeion in Athens is a girls' high and normal school named in honor of the founder. The Rev. Dr. Hill, an American missionary of the Episcopal Church, is held in grateful remembrance by the people of Athens for the stimulus he gave to education and for the two schools, one primary and the other an advanced school for girls, which he founded. Dr. Hill refused to regard the Greeks as heathen, and did not therefore attempt to convert them to his form of Christianity. "We shall always remember him with gratitude and love," said Miss Sophia Trikoupes to me one day.

"A little child shall lead them." In the old days

the pedagogue led the child, but in these days the child often leads the pedagogue. It seemed to me that seeking to get into the spirit and life of the modern tongue I might find something in a school for children that I could not find in the university. It is not usual for a pupil to be in the university and in the primary school at the same time, but I found it very interesting to go to school in the morning for two hours, and then to hear lectures at the university in the afternoon. This primary school founded by Dr. Hill is still called the "American School." Æschines in his oration "Against Timarchus" says that an older person was not allowed to enter the school during school hours when children were there unless one happened to be a brother, a daughter, or a son of a teacher, and the penalty was death. As I did not know whether this ancient law had ever been repealed, and had no desire of risking my life merely for the sake of getting an education, I claimed relationship with the whole school as an American cousin, and was graciously received by Miss Muir, the principal, and her assistants. I was assigned to a class of girls from twelve to fifteen years of age under Miss Marigo Vlachou. With the modesty of aged infancy I took a back seat, and for two hours every day, when other engagements did not prevent, used to sit and listen to the recitations of the girls of my class. Sometimes it was the history of Greece, then geography, arithmetic, physiology, reading or grammar. The teacher would call Maria — there were three of them in the class — to the blackboard to write from dictation one of Æsop's fables. The rest of the class would write it down in notebooks.

Then the teacher asked or would give the modern equivalents for ancient forms or obsolete words. It was often surprising to see what a slight paraphrase was needed to render the story intelligible. In the history class Sophia would read a paragraph, and then give an "exegesis," closing the book and relating it in her own words. Joanna then read the same passage and gave her version. Eustathia read another paragraph with more exegesis. When it came to grammar Anna rattled off the verbs, and Domna declined the nouns, and Angeliké explained the accents.

With what alacrity the scholars took their books when Miss Vlachou said, "Gerostathes"! This little volume, written by Leon Melas, has become a modern classic in Greek schools. "Gerostathes" is the supposed name of a grand old man who is mentor to all the boys in the village in which he lives. They love to gather round him and listen to stories about the old times and talks about how to get on in life. Without being priggish or prosaic, he weaves excellent counsel from his experience, and the biographies of Greek leaders and heroes and philosophers are drawn upon for pleasing illustrations. Benjamin Franklin is introduced as an American philosopher of practical wisdom. The virtues of order, courtesy, bodily exercise, reverence, temperance, self-control are skilfully used to color and tone the narrative. It is a kind of Greek "Télémaque," with something of the modernness of "Francinet," a popular book in French schools. I have asked a good many adult Greeks if they had read "Gerostathes," and never found one who did not recur to it with pleasure. In general,

the textbooks in Greek schools are of good quality, and modern methods are employed in teaching. Music was skilfully taught with European notes, and when Miss Muir wished to pay a compliment to the American visitor the school sang "Hail, Columbia;" but the hymn itself compares poorly with the ode of the Zante poet, Solomos, which, set to music by Mantzeros, another Ionian, has become the national hymn of Greece. It is one of the most inspiring of national airs, ranking almost with the Marseillaise.

At noon we had a romp in the school yard or a game of jackstones after lunch, or Alexander the Little would read or dictate to me during recess. I was guilty of but one breach of discipline during my school life, and that was when I pulled the long braid of Maria Katsiropoulou, who sat in the seat in front of me; and this was simply to break the ice of formality and to assure Maria and the rest of the class of my youthful sympathy.

The industrial work of the school was excellent, and when I recall the older girls embroidering an altar cloth, I think of the Athenian maids who wrought the peplos for Athene so many centuries ago.

Somehow these little children won my heart. They were generally known as my sheep. I never went to the blackboard but once, and that was when the girls were downstairs at recess. I took a piece of chalk and wrote,—

Ἀγαπῶ τὰ πρόβατά μου καὶ ἐλπίζω ὅτι τὰ πρόβατά μου ἐπίσης μὲ ἀγαποῦν.

As the girls filed in, it did not take more than the flash of an eye to read my message and to ratify it

with joyous laughter. You may not understand it, my reader; it is not important that you should, but Sophia and Maria, Joanna, Soteine, Anna, and all the rest will understand it, as would Paul or Socrates for that matter, and it is the message I would send to my classmates to-day: "I love my sheep and I hope that my sheep love me."

IV

MY FRIEZE OF GOATS

I AM the owner of seven goats. I own them just as I own the Parthenon, the Areopagus, Lycabettus, or Pentelicus. They are mine because I have appropriated them, — not their milk, their hair or their skins, but the whole goat, horns, beard, hoof and all. I do not mean gastronomically, but optically. Cows in Athens are rare, but goats and donkeys are numerous. I will not say that the goat's milk flows like water, for that would be to cast doubts upon the honesty of the milkman; but it flows in sufficient quantity to return a good revenue of coppers to the herdsman. One of the commonest sights in Athens is that of six or eight sober-looking goats marching through the streets, driven by a goatherd, who carries the milk measure in his hand. He has a regular route morning and afternoon. When he comes to the house of a customer, he milks one of the goats, receives the milk in his measure, and pours it into the servant's pitcher. There are a few cow stables; but goat's milk is the fashion in Athens, and,

in fact, all over Greece. It is no new fashion, but, like many other customs of this people, goes back through centuries.

On the opposite side of the street from my room was a small garden, with a wall about four feet high, made of nicely fitted slabs of stone surmounted by an iron railing. Twice a day the goats solemnly came down the broad street, crossed to the other side and ranged themselves along this garden wall. During the winter they served as a semi-diurnal clock, and also as a zoölogical thermometer. When I looked out of my window of a morning and found the goats there, I knew it was seven o'clock. If they hugged the wall closely, I knew it was windy; if one of them wore a blanket, I knew it was cold. In milder weather, one or two of them might venture into the middle of the sidewalk; but they were seldom more than a foot or two from the wall, and most of them stood against it as closely as if they were posing for a Parthenon frieze. One of their peculiarities was that they never faced all the same way. It was most natural for them to halt with their heads in the direction toward which they were going, which was always toward Lycabettus, but two and sometimes more of them always turned round and faced the Acropolis. Whether this was for artistic or archæological reasons, or whether it was because goats are often more adversative than conjunctive, I did not discover; but I never found more than six heads facing the same way, and usually but three or four.

There are some advantages in driving the herd of goats to the customers. The milk is fresh. There is no danger of getting yesterday's draft instead of to-

day's, or of getting a skimmed chalky fluid instead of milk with a roof of cream on it. The milkman is not obliged to carry cans. Each goat transports her own supply. No horse or wagon is needed. I had a practical proof at Patras of the advantage of the peripatetic dairy. I was about to take the train at an early hour. There was no time to get breakfast before it left. On the way to the depot I discovered a goat-herd with his flock, and asked him to drive the goats to the train, which was standing on the track in the open street. The herder did so, milked his goats beside the car, and furnished some deliciously sweet milk, which I drank in the compartment. One milkman in Athens is too lazy to walk with his herd. He always rides ahead on a small donkey; seven goats follow, and a dog brings up the rear. Occasionally, a milkman may be seen with his cans strapped over the back of a donkey, while his cows or goats are left at home; but no such thing as a milkman's wagon is found on the thoroughfares.

From what humble origins are great words sometimes derived! The goat has given his name to tragedy, the grandest form of dramatic art, while a galaxy of stars preserves in other languages the memory of the Greek word for milk, — a word still in common use. There is little connection between a goat and a tragedy to-day; but, strangely enough, my frieze of goats will always be associated with a tragic event which startled Athens. One morning, just as they made their usual call, and ranged themselves against the garden wall, a man came out on the lower roof of the house behind it, and shot himself. The fact that he had held a prominent position

in a bank, and was the victim of this sudden impulse in a moment of depression, did not serve to delay his funeral. The stigma attached to suicide cannot be removed. In fact, in the longer catechism of the Græco-Russian Church suicide is said to be "the most criminal of all murders. For if it be contrary to nature to kill another man like unto ourselves, much more is it contrary to nature to kill our own selves." The funeral of a suicide is always held as soon as possible. In this case the man was buried without a priest at four o'clock the same afternoon, and of course in unconsecrated ground. Two of my friends had left that morning on an excursion for Marathon. They started after breakfast, and got back to a seven o'clock dinner. When they left, this man was living; when they came back, he had been buried three hours.

V

A GREEK BUGLE CALL

BUGLERS are common in Athens. They are constantly coming and going with bands of soldiers, and the air vibrates with martial tones. Usually they excite no special attention, but one evening a bugle call brought me instantly from my chair to my feet. I rushed and opened the window to make sure that I was not deceived. A squad of soldiers was passing through the street after dark, and the buglers suddenly struck up the United States Army "Retreat." It is not, as the uninitiated might suppose, a call to fall back in an engagement, but is the daily announce-

ment of the sunset hour, when the work of the day is over and the tents are looped down for the night. How startling it was to hear this bugle call in Athens, and what memories it awakened! It carried me back to the Yellowstone, back to the Big Horn and the Black Hills with Custer, to many an hour in that far Northwest when the sun slowly set behind the hills, and we lay down, soon after, to get the boon of sleep. I have heard it, too, many summers on the fields of Framingham with the Massachusetts Fifth. It is a beautiful call. It has been graved on my brain through a long series of associations, both glad and tragic. I lost no time in finding a cavalry officer, and sang the call to him. He informed me that it was the Greek cavalry "Retreat," and had probably come from the Bavarian soldiers when Otho was king of Greece. Another officer said the same call is used in the French service. The tune thus appears to be of foreign origin, and as international as the tune "America," which is used in Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

VI

A THEBAN TERRA-COTTA

I SECURED one day, much to my satisfaction, a little Theban terra-cotta, in all probability a few centuries older than the Christian religion. A boy is carrying a rooster. The boy is very small, and the rooster is very large. This disproportion in size furnishes the artist with an opportunity to show how much humor

may be put into sober clay. The boy has flung both arms round the bird, whose head is affectionately tucked in the boy's neck. The cock exhibits no sign of distress or discomfort. But the load is so large that the boy staggers under it; and a Greek might ask, "Why does not the rooster spread his wings and carry the boy, as the eagle of Zeus bore off Ganymede?" It is just such a little figure as makes one say, "How funny! how cunning!" The affection of the boy for his bird is undoubted; and, if you stop there, it is all right. But one is impelled to ask other questions, such as, "Where had this boy been with the cock, and why is he carrying him home in such sturdy triumph?" And then the archæologist, who never likes to break a material image, but who is iconoclastic enough in breaking many of the mental images we form concerning them, tells us that the chances are two to one that the bird is a game bird, and that the boy is just returning from a cock-fight. I am sorry to say that the boy looks as if he might be that sort of boy, and the rooster looks as if he might be that sort of bird.

VII

A TREASURY OF BONES

On the day consecrated to Saint Theodore all Athens goes to the modern cemetery. It is a memorial day for the dead. Wreaths and crosses and other floral offerings are taken to the graves. After a public service private devotions are held at

many tombs. As I wandered about the cemetery I noticed a sort of round house filled with boxes and bags. The boxes were closed and I had no clew to their contents; but a few bones protruded from the bags. A priest who stood near asked if I wished to find the bones of any of my friends. I assured him I did not. On questioning him I found that after three years the dead are disinterred, and their bones put in boxes or bags, properly tagged or numbered. On this memorial day it is customary to ask for the bones of departed friends or relatives, and to hold services over them. If the bones are found to be perfectly white when disinterred, it is a proof of saintliness. This depositary of bones is called a *κοκκαλοθήκη*. In some places the bones are heaped together promiscuously, and medical students have no difficulty in getting enough for a skeleton. Georgios tells me that from Easter to Pentecost the soul is free from punishment, and goes where it pleases, but after that time must return to its usual abode.

VIII

AN ATHENIAN TETRADRACHMA

I HAVE a silver coin on my watch guard. The bright face it bears is as unperturbed as it has been for two thousand five hundred years. Think of a face passing through so many political contests of immense importance, and yet maintaining its ineffable composure! But it is the image of a goddess, and one I have long been accustomed to worship in a Christian

way — the goddess Athene. It stands out in bold relief on the thick, rude, not quite round piece of silver on which it is stamped. It is undeniably pleasant. A face on a coin ought to be more of a benediction than a curse. Athene could look terribly stern sometimes, when frowning on her enemies; and at such times the best thing for her enemies was to get out of her way. But, when she engaged in the arts of peace and industry, as she wisely did, her face could wear as benign an expression as benignity itself. Her helmet on this coin is simple, bearing a few leaves, beneath which may be seen the folds of her hair; and she is naughty enough here, as in a sculpture already noted, to wear earrings. If I were to make out a passport for this face, I should phrase it in the ambiguous diplomacy of those official descriptions which suit a thousand persons as well as one, — "Forehead medium, eyes metallic, nose prominent, mouth regular, chin small, face oval." On the reverse beneath the rim is the owl; in the left-hand corner are three olive leaves, the emblem of Athene; and on the right hand the three letters "A Θ E."

But this face needs no passport from the United States, or from any other government. It will pass for its weight in silver, in the market, as it would have passed twenty-five centuries ago; but to the antiquary it is more nearly worth its weight in gold. Its weight is two hundred and sixty grains, which shows it to be a tetradrachma. It is interesting to note that, before the time of Alexander, all Greek coins bore sacred subjects only. Mythology was thus carried into the mart. The tradesman was distinctly reminded of his religion when he received or gave out coin. But

there is no evidence that the gods were expected to furnish miraculously to coins a value which they did not possess in themselves. The good-natured face of Athene could not keep a coin at par if it were not of full weight. There was no fiat about it. If the Athenians had faith in Athene, they undoubtedly had faith in Solon, who was the superintendent of the mint, as well as the attorney-general. I have wondered if this tetradrachma were coined while he was living, and if it ever passed through his hands; whether Socrates ever handled it in the Agora, or whether Pericles used it to help pay the cost of the Parthenon. I have wondered if Paul, after giving his famous address on the Areopagus, used this heathen coin in part payment of his expenses, or whether it went with him on any of his missionary journeys. The Attic coins were good the world over, and they travelled widely. It was in Athens that I came into possession of this piece, which one of the most celebrated experts in numismatics in the world dates at 500 or 550 B. C. I have wondered how many times it has bought the worth of its own weight and value, — about seventy-two cents; though the purchasing power of a four-drachma piece was relatively much greater. Athene has gone out of the Grecian Pantheon. The owl is not so sacred as it used to be; but the olive still grows in the soil of Greece, and this piece of silver, if it were melted down, would pass for the worth of its weight and purity, as it may have passed a thousand times before. The bright face of Athene, the wise owl, and the fruitful olive upon it are symbols of an ancient faith, which was reverenced in the mart as in the temple.

IX

SOME GREEK VASES

ONE of them is a bowl with a double handle. It would hold just about enough oatmeal for my morning breakfast portion; but I have never yet desecrated it to any base utility. It is black, the only color being round the base. A little pitcher with a scalloped rim combines portliness with grace, — a thing not easy to accomplish. It is black, Attic in form, but without decoration. Then there are two little pitchers from Tanagra, the large one about four inches high, the smaller one not more than three. It is doubtful if the smaller one was ever used for what it could hold, or the large one either, for that matter. They may have been used as toys or ornaments, but were devoted to the dead more likely than to the living. The features are sharply and distinctly cut. It is the face of a woman. The nose is very long, and the countenance has a decidedly Egyptian cast. I suppose it was not a portrait of an individual, but of a type, — a composite picture, so to speak, by the artist's instinct made radical and typical.

I should like to know the history of this little vase, — what eyes looked upon it, who tenderly handled it, or to whom it was dedicated among the grave offerings. For nobody whom we ever heard of; for somebody, it may be, who lived the common round of life, whose heart was warm and whose hand willing, and who smiled and danced and helped to make life as joyous

as it seemed to be away back in that Greek town. Tanagra had its tragedies. It was the scene of a bloody battle between the Spartans and the Athenians, 457 B. C., in which the town must have suffered; but the memorials which these people have left have not been of sadness and sorrow, but of the joy and grace and poetry of life. No collection of statuettes in the world is more charming than the Tanagra figurines in the museum at Athens. Though Greece has been robbed of a great many of her treasures, and a great deal of Tanagra art has gone abroad, she has preserved these; and nowhere have such charming, graceful representations of human life been put into clay. If these people did not think life worth living, who did?

X

THE GREEK CALENDAR

WRITING from Athens, I found myself, like a pendulum, swinging between the old calendar and the new. The Greek calendar is twelve days behind the reckoning of Europe. Thus, when it is the first of the month in Greece, it is the thirteenth of the month in Europe and America. It is not easy to become accustomed to this difference. The Greeks frequently date their letters in both calendars; but I find it hard enough to remember one date and one calendar. It is quite flattering to find, on arriving in Greece, that you are twelve days younger than you had thought. It disposes one to adopt the Greek calendar. It may be of decided advantage in taking out a life insurance policy.

There is some practical benefit in keeping up an active connection with both calendars. The duplication of a holiday is occasionally a luxury. The resident of Athens can keep the same feasts twice over. Thus, one Sunday was observed by the Europeans here as Christmas Day, and the English Church was crowded. But, according to the Greek calendar, the 25th of December would not arrive until Europe had counted the 6th of January. There is thus an opportunity in Athens to attend two Christmas dinners; and the second need not be eaten until the first has had twelve days to digest, — a point of great importance when English plum-pudding and mince-pie are on the first bill of fare. There is the same opportunity of duplicating New Year's Day, and every other feast which is registered in both calendars. But it is a question of grave doubt with me whether a man ought to be privileged under this arrangement to keep his own birthday twice in the same month unless he has been born again.

XI

GREEK PHILANTHROPY

PHILANTHROPY is not only a Greek word, but is finding practical exposition in Greek life. An excellent institution is the Parnassus Club, which has now been in existence for thirty years. It is an important social, educational, and philanthropic society, whose influence is not only felt in Athens but in other cities of Greece. Its fine building in Athens, costing one hundred and eighty-five thousand drachmas, is fitted

up with club-rooms, reading-room, and library for members, with a large hall for lectures and concerts, and on the lower floors class-rooms for the poor boys who are educated by the Society. Night schools are maintained for newsboys and bootblacks, and others who work during the day. Over twelve hundred boys are thus provided for yearly. Courses of lectures of popular interest are held. The club with its wide membership is a social as well as an educative influence.

Then there are hospitals for the insane, for the incurable, and for general invalids. A society of Friends of the Poor retains ten doctors, who visit the poor when sick. The Friends of the People engage in the work of popular instruction. The Asylum of St. Catharine shelters orphan girls. Another society, organized by Madame Parren, furnishes instruction and help to working-girls. Under the presidency of Mademoiselle Kehaya a prisoner's aid association conducts schools in the prison near Athens, and distributes literature. This and other societies are under the patronage of the queen, who is active in all benevolent work. The recent war with Turkey laid an immense task on the women of Athens, which they fulfilled with remarkable energy and devotion. They forwarded medical supplies to the field, established a hospital with trained nurses for the wounded, sheltered the refugees, and are now seeking to educate the children made orphans through the war. There are various other educational and philanthropic movements. I do not undertake to catalogue them here, but simply to show that the Greeks are fulfilling the second commandment as well as the first.

ATTIC WANDERINGS

WHO would make a pilgrimage to the shrines of Greece without traversing the Sacred Way to Eleusis? One may go by rail to this seat of the ancient mysteries, — a method prosaic to us, but which would seem sufficiently mysterious to the uninitiated. He may sail, as I did once, from Salamis into the glassy bay which seemed to be under the spell of a holy calm. But better still is it to go from Athens by the Sacred Way which so many pilgrim feet once trod in the great processions to Eleusis. This road was in ancient days a street of tombs, most of which have crumbled into oblivion, like the memory of those to whom they were dedicated.

Historically and geographically, the Convent of Daphne, built in Frankish times on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, is a half-way house beautifully situated. The double sanctity of a Christian church on a heathen foundation provoked Mr. Edward A. Freeman to a little pious swearing: "Here, as on the Athenian Acropolis, we may curse the name of Elgin, and bewail the columns carried off from their own place to lose beauty, value and interest in an English museum." The excavations of the Greek Archæological Society have uncovered the site of the great temple where the Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated. The close student may follow the lines of this structure beneath later Greek and Roman res-

torations. One may trace too the encircling wall of the sacred precinct and the plan of the propylæa, and may find here several epochs of Greek architecture from the earliest period to Roman times. The lover of details will note some of the exquisite capitals, and that the Doric columns have flat edges between the channellings, which, if less incisive, are much more practical than the sharp edges, easily nicked, at Athens.

But deeper questions absorb us. We are in one of the most sacred places in Greece. The ruins of this temple speak in hushed tones of an inner sanctuary of the Greek religion. The veil of mystery still hangs over the portals, and no one has as yet penetrated into the dim interior of this secrecy. It does not follow that esoteric rites and reputed mysteries are more deeply religious than those which are less exclusive; but here it would seem that a more personal dedication of the initiated led to deeper spiritual experience. The greatest contribution which Greece made to religion, however, was not in the establishment of an exclusive mystic cult, not in the separation of the Church from the world, but in the diffusion of religion through every department of life; and whatever Eleusis may have done for the development of the belief in a future life, it has exercised no such influence on the world as the lofty, unconcealed argument of Plato based upon the nature of the human soul. But it is well that Eleusis should remind us that the Greek religion did not lie wholly on the surface, and that we have not yet sounded its depths. Crinagoras of Mitylene, a court poet at Rome in the age of Augustus, could write: —

Though thy life be fixed in one place, and thou neither sailest the sea nor treadest the paths of the dry land, go at least to Eleusis, that thou mayest see those great nights, sacred to Demeter, through which thou shalt keep thy soul serene among the living and go to join the great host with a lighter heart.

The visitor is well repaid by the charming view across the bay to Salamis. The new town of Eleusis has been moved down from the hill to make way for the excavations. The houses are small, with walled gardens, but the Greeks live mostly out of doors, and the cooking is done in huge stone ovens in the garden. Under a grapevine we saw a woman running a sewing machine, — the scene itself a little patch of new life set into the old garment.

The mountains around Athens always present their challenge to a walker. I was not satisfied till I had scaled Hymettus and got the commanding view of the sea from the top. It is a rough climb, and the ridge is not so near as it seems to be in the clear air of Attica. The unobstructed view gives a good idea of the topography of Athens, lying on the plain between Lycabettus and the Acropolis. Far in the distance rise the snow-capped peaks of Parnes. I found upon Hymettus no bees and no honey, though I am told they are there, but the old ruined monastery of Kæsariani had a picturesque interest, and near it was a shepherd's hut in which mother and daughter were spinning wool on a bobbin, holding one end on the ground and whirling it rapidly. The scene was as archaic as the woman at Eleusis with her sewing machine was modern.

To know the mountain which looks on Marathon, and to see Marathon looking on the sea, one must climb Pentelicus. It is an easy ascent. The old and the new meet together in the marble quarries on the mountain side. From these same quarries were hewn the snowy blocks, the curved and channelled drums which formed the exquisite temples on the Acropolis. Though the quarries have been worked for centuries, the scar is small in the mountain side. The monastery, as I have before said, is perhaps the richest in Greece. The lady who was with me, being an ordained minister of the Unitarian Church, was an object of much curiosity to the monks, who were surprised enough to learn that a woman priest in America might marry after her ordination.

The deep grotto not far from the old quarries was doubtless an older shrine than the convent. From the summit in the soft languid air and in a brilliant sun one may look on Marathon and the sea together. To the east lies the island of Eubœa, and sleeping in the blue calm are Andros and Tenos; to the south the islands of Makronisi and Keos nestle under Attic shores; to the southwest is Athens and the Attic plain. Just below lies the bay of Marathon, and near it is the memorial mound to the heroic dead, which for centuries has been a shrine of Greek patriotism. It was here that Greece stayed the might of Persia; it was here that a battle was fought for Greek independence in 1824; and the Greeks counted it a third national victory when one of their countrymen in the race from Marathon to Athens in 1896 beat the athletes of the world and raised the national flag to the top of the staff.

It is an easy walk from Athens to Colonus, the home of Sophocles, and to the Academy of Plato. You will not find the twelve olives nor the

> "Deep-flushed ivy and the dear,
> Divine, impenetrable shade,"

but somehow the place has a different atmosphere for you, because you know that the poet and the philosopher have been there.

Piræus to most travellers is associated with clamorous boatmen, inquisitive custom-house officers and exacting coachmen. It is still the seaport of Athens, but dislikes to be regarded simply as an appendage to that city, and the rivalry occasionally breaks out in local fêtes. Piræus has its own carnival and tries to outdo that of Athens. For many centuries this old harbor has been a scene of bustling activity, and the bustle still goes on. The archæologist finds diversion in the remains of the long wall built by Themistocles and Conon, and in the theatre excavated by the Greek Archæological Society. Interesting too are the old shiphouses or dry docks with ways built down to the water.

My visit to Oropus was made by water, on an "Island trip" with Dr. Dörpfeld. We landed on a long, beautiful beach and set out for the oracle of Amphiaraus, one of "The Seven against Thebes," whom Pausanias says the people of Oropus first honored as a god. After a walk of about three-quarters of an hour up a beautiful slope and across fertile fields, we struck the course of a brook shaded by trees, and along its banks made our way to the holy

ground. Again I was struck with the sensitiveness of the early Greeks to scenes of natural beauty. It was certainly by no accident that sites made charming by commanding views, flowery fields, singing brooks, and shady groves should be chosen for the sacred ground on which their temples were reared. This love of nature may be less reflected in early Greek literature than it is in modern times, but one who has seen the places where their temples stood cannot doubt that it existed.

Much of the southern part of Attica is devoid of trees; but at Oropus the tree-lover may delight in wooded hills of fir and olive, among which the nightingales sing as beautifully as they sang centuries ago. How fresh the grass, how balmy the spring air!

Pausanias, who, though occasionally sceptical, faithfully retailed the popular superstitions, tells us that, when Amphiaraus fled from Thebes, the earth opened and swallowed him up; and he mentions a number of men who had honors paid to them as gods. Amphiaraus had a temple here, a statue in white stone, and an altar. There was a fountain near the temple, and when any disease had been cured by means of the oracle, it was customary to throw into the water gold or silver coin. The beautiful brook, and a clear spring which flowed into it, easily suggest the site of the old fountain. The temple, excavated by the Greek Archæological Society, was a small building; there are traces of the columns, and in the middle we can see where the cult-statue stood. Innumerable statues once crowded the holy precincts, and rows of seats from which they could be seen;

but nothing but the bases of these statues remain. A long colonnade furnished a sheltered walk for those who came to this sanitarium, and there are traces of rooms which Dr. Dörpfeld regards as bath-rooms — one for women and one for men — mentioned in an inscription. Back of this colonnade are the remains of a charming little Greek theatre. Only a few seats of the auditorium are preserved; but the columns which made up the proscenium are standing, except their capitals. The architrave for the columns has been found, so that the height of the structure can well be determined. An inscription contains the word *proskene.* Behind these columns can be seen the slots to receive the bolts or bars by which pictures were fastened in between them, except in the middle of the row, where the space was used as a doorway for the actors. This building is of much importance in supporting Dörpfeld's theory of theatre construction, involving the view that the actors played in the orchestra and not on an elevated stage.

My approach to Rhamnus was also from the sea. The old city wall may be followed up the hill, and passing through an ancient gateway one sees the terrace walls within. The lower circle of seats of a primitive theatre are still preserved, and bear the names of the ancient holders. Sections of old walls made of small stones without mortar seem to be the remains of dwelling-houses. But the most interesting remains at Rhamnus are the ruins of its two temples. They stand side by side on a great terrace, and we can trace the wall which bounded the sacred

precinct. Both are temples of Nemesis, — one the old, the other the new. We see here, as on the Acropolis at Athens and in the Peloponnesus, that the new temple was built by the side of the old one, which perhaps goes back to the sixth century before Christ. At Athens we have only the ground plan of the old structure left; but here the walls stand four feet high, — higher, indeed, than the ruins of the newer and larger temple which was placed beside it. The old temple was built of limestone and had but two steps, as in the old temple of Athene at Athens. The noble statue of Themis, which is one of the most admired figures in the museum at Athens, was found here. The goddess standing erect is the impersonation of justice, dignity and power. There is no trace of "the Æginetan smile," with which so many of the early figures were enlivened. This work belongs to a later period of art, Mr. Kabbadias assigning it to the third century before Christ, the beginning of the Alexandrian epoch. We are not left, as in so many cases, to conjecture the name of the goddess and of the artist who wrought it. The base was found with the statue itself, and bears the name of Themis, to whom it was dedicated, and of Chærestratos, who made it. In the old times an artist's fame was made with a chisel; to-day it is remade with a spade. Eight years ago we knew nothing about Chærestratos; to-day the spade has unearthed a work from his hand whose strength, elegance and beauty place him indisputably among the great artists of the past. Next to seeing the statue is the pleasure of seeing the place where it stood in the old temple.

The new temple was built of white marble — whiter

than Pentelic — from the very hills on which it was reared, so that it must have seemed, as does the temple of Bassæ in the Peloponnesus, to grow right out of the landscape. It is easy to see that it was never completed. Only the fluting of the upper and lower drums of the columns had been cut in, the rest being left, as was customary, to be worked off from these guide-marks when the columns were set up. The same incomplete tooling is seen on the surface of the steps.

The old temple and the new are set so close to each other that they are only a few inches apart — at one end about eighteen inches, at the other but five or six. The visitor with a straight eye asks why they were not built perfectly parallel, when it would have been so easy to do it. The same divergence in the foundation lines is seen in other cases, where new temples were erected close beside those of much earlier date. The explanation of Penrose is that this difference in orientation comes from the difference in the Greek calendar. Greek temples, as already shown, were so built that the rising sun would shine directly into the front door of the temple on the day of the year devoted to the god. If the day were changed, the position of the sun would be changed also. But, assuming that the same day of the year was nominally retained as the festal day, in the lapse of two or three centuries the uncorrected Greek calendar would bring about sufficient variation between real and apparent time so that the sun would not rise on that day in precisely the same place on the apparent horizon that it did when the first building was erected. The new building was adjusted, therefore, according

to the new position of the sun, and stood askew with reference to the old. One would suppose that the practice of orientating their buildings would have revealed to the Greeks the imperfection of the calendar, but it may not have been easy to correct it. To change the direction of the building was perhaps easier than to change the day of observance.

The delightful view from Rhamnus across the channel to the hills and mountains of Eubœa beyond is inseparably connected with the memory of its temples. A brisk breeze blew over the water, and rendered landing and embarkation in the small boats against the rocky shore somewhat difficult. We were thankful that we were not out in the Ægean, tossing among the islands. We simply crossed the channel, and anchored all night under the shelter of Eubœa. A brilliant moon silvered the waters, and our sleep was as sweet as if Athene herself had poured out the gift of slumber.

There is a figure in the Iliad (II. 395) which might apply to more than one cape or promontory of Greece, but which, from personal experience, I have come, with a certain qualm of gastric reproach, to apply to Cape Sunium, the southern point of Attica. The figure is that of a lofty, projecting cliff, which the waves, driven here and there by the winds from every quarter, never leave, but continually roar against its rocky side. It is a fine description and pleasant to read, when one is sitting in his study and there are no earthquakes in the basement. But to sail round Cape Sunium generally takes the poetry all out of it for me, and leaves me a gastric wreck, with the un-

digested memory of my last dinner. I have sailed round Sunium seven times, and five times out of seven have been treated in this way. I do not wonder, therefore, that a temple was early built upon this spot to propitiate Poseidon. The sea is a beautiful picture; it is a rhythmic poem. I am fond of the poem, but not of the swelling rhythm. It is strange that such majestic waves can produce such contemptible feelings; strange that æsthetics and physiology should be in such sad contradiction. "Who of his own accord," says Hermes, after he has been on a divine mission to the island of Calypso, "would cross such interminable stretches of salt sea?" And Laodamas says to Odysseus, "Nothing, I believe, is worse than sea life for taking the strength out of a man, however strong be he."

Athene afterwards obtained possession of this promontory, and the temple whose columns give to it the modern name of Cape Colonna was erected for her worship. Once as I rounded it the sea was calm, the sky clear, the sun brilliant. The Attic peninsula could not have had a nobler termination than this lofty headland washed by the sea and crowned by a majestic temple. Eleven columns only are standing, but they are heroic in dignity and constancy, as if they meant to hold the headland to the last. No other temple or shrine, Christian or pagan, disputes possession of this site.

If the view of Sunium from the sea is imposing, it is well worth while to go there by land, to see the ruins of the temple and get the view of the sea from the cliff. The walls which once fortified this extreme headland have fallen into ruins, and the goats are the

only guardians. After weathering the gales of centuries these massive columns are still intensely white. What a glorious site for a shrine! To the seaman who sailed by it was an altar set upon a rock, while the islands and the sea from whencesoever it was visible were all included in its sacred precincts, were all a part of the holy temple. One of the most beautiful views I had in Greece was the vista through these stately columns, with the sea beyond, the nearer islands set in lapis lazuli and the farther isles veiled in mist. The shrine and the isles were all of the same poem.

Looking out on the water and remembering how much of Greece is island and peninsula, it is not surprising that so much of the sea washed the pages of the old epic. A single salty word, a happy epithet, a rhythmic line often brought it into the picture with more effect than a page of watery description. This is all that Homer tries to do; but he does it in a variety of ways, and so effectively that one who plunges into the Odyssey is soon conscious of taking a sea-bath. Sometimes he thinks of its vast extent, and calls it the "boundless sea;" sometimes he sees it as a pathway of fleets, and calls it the "watery way." Then he is touched by its varying hues or the clouds that play on its surface. It is the "cloudstreaked," the "murky," the "misty sea." Or he sees its gray foam, and calls it the "hoary sea." In storm or night, it is the "black sea." There is another epithet of Homer which first became real to me on the beach of our own Newport; it is the "wine-dark sea." He was not color blind; the waves as they broke on the shore on that stormy day were claret till they burst in

foam. Two other terms show the fisherman's heart in the ancient poet. It is the "barren," the "unharvested sea;" and we know that one had toiled all the night and had caught nothing. But when he has come in with a draught so large that the net would scarce hold it, we read fisherman's luck in the "teeming," "fishy sea."

Laurium, the seat of one of the oldest and most valuable mining districts of Greece, is but a short distance from Sunium. Externally, this part of the Attic peninsula is barren enough; but it is rich beneath the surface. Five hundred years before Christ these mines were profitably worked for their silver, as to-day they are profitably worked for their lead. One who views near Athens the scarred sides of Mount Pentelicus may see little connection between these old mines and the marble quarry; but some of the wealth which the slaves drew from the mines was coined into the marble grandeur of Propylæa and Parthenon, and the statues which bloomed from the art of Phidias and Praxiteles. Deep shafts and radiating galleries are the silent and hollow monuments of this early industry; but not far away great furnaces are blazing, and men are toiling as they toiled of yore. But slavery has gone, and we have one reminder, at least, of the superiority of modern civilization to that of the ancient world.

It was the remains of the old theatre that drew us to Thoricus. Simple and primitive in form, only a small part was visible until it was excavated by the American School. The orchestra has not been completely uncovered; but it is seen to be elliptical in

form. The auditorium seats were built at different times. It is not easy to determine with exactness the date of this theatre; but it is assigned by Dr. Dörpfeld to the fifth century before Christ. A small temple stood near the theatre; in fact, the orchestra lay just before it. The theatre at Thoricus pales into insignificance compared with the beauty of Epidaurus, but like the latter it commanded a charming and extensive view. The play might be stupid; but, sitting in the open air, in this delightful climate, with the blue sea before them, the spectators could enjoy scenery more real and more beautiful than the canvas fictions which in modern times often impose so great a strain upon the imagination.

IV

THE PELOPONNESUS

FROM ATHENS TO MEGALOPOLIS

THERE are two ways of making excursions in Greece. One is to take your purse and your staff and go forth as a solitary pilgrim. You need then a traveller's equipment of modern Greek if you are to step out of the beaten track. It is an interesting way of penetrating the country and studying the life and customs of the people. The other method is that of a "reconnaissance in force." I do not mean a Cook or Gaze excursion, a sort of travelling mob, but an organized band of Hellenists, each of whom is armed with special knowledge or animated by special interest. You may then have the advantage of agreeable companionship, of combined experience, knowledge and observation.

Our group of seven, self-styled "the heptarchy," who had captured the Ionian Islands and descended upon Athens, had long since gone — or six of them — to Germany. It was fortunate that after this desertion I could avail myself of the kind invitation of Dr. Dörpfeld to join his band of archæological pilgrims in a trip through the Peloponnesus.

Using the democratic Aristotelian term by which the modern Greeks describe a "person" or "individual," I may say that this body was made up of twenty-seven "atoms," and that they had come from Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, the Rhine Provinces, Italy, Dalmatia, Russia, Poland, Servia, Denmark, Massachu-

setts, Vermont, Georgia, and Ohio. The central magnet which, added to the charms of Greece, drew these twenty-seven atoms from two continents, was the personality of Dr. Dörpfeld. The babel of tongues found a peaceful resolution in the German language, especially when he spoke it. Nearly all the members of the party were classical professors, teachers, students, or curators of museums, but diplomacy was represented by the Servian minister. As a part of the journey was to be made by rail and by carriage, a few ladies accompanied us as far as Mycenæ. The itinerary of the expedition covered thirteen days, from March 25 to April 6, and included all the most important points between Athens and Olympia.

The history of Greece is clearer when you have studied its geography and seen how natural boundaries of mountain or water perpetuated tribal divisions and furnished obstacles to political unity. The narrow isthmus which joins Attica and the Peloponnesus was a barrier or a highway according to the mood in which the ancients happened to look at it. It was a highway for the landsman and a barrier for the sailor. It permitted an easy passage of hostile troops, but as it was only three and a half to four miles wide it was not difficult to throw across it the Isthmian wall, which furnished a military barrier where nature had failed to build one. On the other hand, this narrow strip of land was a provoking barrier between the Corinthian and the Saronic gulfs; and if this ligament binding the peninsulas were cut, the divided waters would flow together and the Peloponnesus become an island. So the Greeks tried first to put up a wall of separation between the rival lands,

and then to cut a canal to join the friendly waters. One of these projects was a measure of war, the other a measure of peace and commerce. The political union of Greece made the wall unnecessary; the development of its commerce and that of the world made the canal more desirable than ever.

As we crossed the Isthmus the train stopped first to let us see the remains of the old wall, and afterwards that we might see the new canal, then within a few weeks of completion. The wall, dating from remote times and subject to many restorations, here and there shows its sullen teeth. The canal from the fine bridge which the railroad has thrown across may be seen up and down its whole length, and furnishes an interesting illustration of how the past and the present are joined in Greece. More than seventeen centuries ago, when Pausanias crossed this isthmus, he saw the marks of the first attempt to cut a canal. "Whoever attempted" he said, "to make the Peloponnesus an island died before the completion of a canal across the isthmus. The place where they began to dig is clearly seen, but they did not make much progress on account of the rock, and the Peloponnesus remains what it was by nature, — a peninsula."

Periander, the tyrant of Corinth, who lived about six hundred years before Christ, is credited with first projecting a canal across the isthmus. In Roman times the attempt was made by the Emperor Nero, but abandoned probably on account of more warlike undertakings. Herodes Atticus continued the work which Nero began. The canal thus made was one hundred and fifty feet in width, about one hundred

and twenty in depth, and three thousand feet long. For more than seventeen hundred years after the death of Herodes Atticus nothing more was done to fulfil the dream of the Corinthian tyrant. Then Greek and European capitalists organized to make it real. When the engineers made a new survey they found no better place on the isthmus for the canal than that chosen by Nero's engineers. It saved much labor to clear out and utilize the old cut. Pausanias was wrong about the hardness of the rock; it was soft and gave no trouble. It was the sand at both ends letting in water that made work. Two thousand men and three immense excavators cut and moved 11,500,000 cubit metres of earth and rock. The canal is nearly four miles long. About three months after our visit the water was let in, and commercially, at least, the Peloponnesus was turned into an island. But what if the heirs of Nero and Nero's engineers should send in a bill for making the first cut and claim a share in the dividends?

The Greek canal-cutters are not the only modern engineers who have availed themselves of the labors of ancient builders. Why should any one cut a stone from a quarry when he can find one already cut in some old ruin? It is partly owing to this labor-saving philosophy that the only foundation stones left of the hoary old temple at Corinth are those which stand under its seven Doric columns. These tall monoliths could not be overturned except by machines. The stones beneath them thus furnish some hint of the plan of this ancient building, the sole monument of the glory of the ancient city, and next to the temple of Hera at Olympia, the oldest example

of the Doric style in Greece. We have no means of telling for how many centuries the sturdy columns have stood on the plain. They were cut in one piece from the limestone rocks not far away and covered with a yellowish stucco. Even this covering gives us a hint of restoration; the thick Roman stucco is easily distinguished from the thin layer used by the Greeks.

The traveller should go to Corinth with a copy of Pausanias in one pocket and the New Testament in the other. In these literary memorials he will find more to remind him of the brilliant, luxurious city than anything he sees on the plains. The description of Pausanias is minute, and encourages us to hope for good results from the excavations undertaken at Corinth by the American school.

The same friend who before my departure for Greece had said, "Do not spend any time at Corfu," had likewise said, "Do not trouble yourself to go up Acro-Corinth." I should invert his advice and would say, "Do not fail to climb Acro-Corinth. If you do, you will miss one of the grandest views in all Greece." Dispensing with a mule, I climbed the mountain and succeeded in getting within the eye of my camera an exact picture of the isthmus with the water lapping it on each side. The Corinthian Gulf, like a great inland lake, is spread out on one side, with the mountains of Bœotia and Phocis rising in a wall behind it, and, most imposing among them, snow-peaked Parnassus. To the east Ægina and Salamis are sleeping in the calm waters of the Saronic Gulf with their island satellites round them; to the south the mountains of Argolis; and to the west those of Arcadia frame

in the view. On days exceptionally clear, from Upper Corinth one may see Upper Athens forty-five miles away. The white houses of the new Corinth are set on the plain below, amid fields of red and green and dark olive groves. Many a fierce conflict, Greek with Greek, Greek with Roman, Turk or Venetian, has been fought on this citadel. As on the Acropolis of Athens, the débris of centuries is here beneath our feet.

Did Paul come up here? There is nothing in his letters to show it. But that he saw the temples and the idols, and that he had to deal with practical questions, such as eating meat offered in sacrifice to idols, his epistles plainly show. If the apostle could find here to-day little to recall the ancient pagan worship but the seven columns on the plain, he would find in the modern town but little to remind him of the church he planted. It is not likely when he wrote these two letters to the Corinthians that he thought they would be known in all Christendom, or that the thirteenth chapter of the first letter might well compare in elevation of sentiment and beauty of diction with anything in the range of literature.

Leaving Corinth we took the train to Nauplia and spent the night. The next morning we rose at five o'clock, and in six carriages drove from Nauplia to Epidaurus, renowned in ancient days as the sanctuary of Æsculapius, and containing a temple, sanitarium and other buildings. As a centre of miracle or faith healing, the place has a special interest. But our curiosity had been stimulated most of all to see the theatre, partly by its importance in modern discussion and partly from the enthusiasm of Pausanias in regard

to it. "The Epidaurians," he said, "have a theatre in their sacred precinct which is especially well worth seeing. The Roman theatres excel all others in their embellishment; and the theatre of the Arcadians at Megalopolis is distinguished for its size, — but for beauty and proportion what architect could compete with Polycleitus?" Pausanias was right. The theatre at Epidaurus is a gem. Fortunately it is one of the best preserved theatres that has yet been excavated. It was here that the complete orchestral circle was first found distinctly marked off by a stone border. While room for the orchestral circle between the auditorium and the *proskenion* was always left in other theatres, the actual circle was not always described. The earth within the circumference was left unfloored, recalling the Greek name *konistra*, the sandy space, the Latin *arena*.

In the chapter on the Greek theatre, the reader has already seen a reproduction of a photograph which I took from the auditorium showing it exactly as a spectator would see it. It is evident from this picture that no stage was needed where the actors (represented by a few German students) could be so plainly seen. Measurements showed that this theatre, small though it was compared with the one at Megalopolis, held fifteen thousand people. Dr. Dörpfeld's lecture was an interesting résumé of the development of the Greek theatre. He has perhaps forgotten an unconscious but appropriate tribute he paid to Dionysus on this occasion. One of our attendants had left the basket of wine standing on the lowest seat of the auditorium where the sun was pouring down upon it. In the midst of his lecture the

professor stopped and directed the archæological butler to put the wine in a cool place. Shades of Dionysus, why did you not gratefully cast the shadow?

From the auditorium the spectator has a fine view of the plain, and of Mount Arachnæon (nearly four thousand feet high) beyond, the black lines on its side, as the name suggests, looking like spider's webs. Columns and broken architraves and the remains of the foundation give some idea of the beautiful *Tholos*, a circular building 107 feet in diameter, also attributed to Polycleitus. A peculiar structure is a sort of labyrinth; and the purpose of another large building, approached by inclined planes, a frequent feature in the Peloponnesus, is unknown. Would Polycleitus have laughed or cried at the degeneracy of his countrymen if he had known that a kiln had been established in the midst of this sanctuary to make lime from these exquisite marbles? If that is chargeable to rustic ignorance and cupidity, we must give the Greek Archæological Society, which excavated this sanctuary and theatre, the credit of a nobler embodiment of the modern spirit.

The next day, when we passed through the Lion Gate at Mycenæ, we entered the portals of another age. Once more we seemed to be on Homeric ground. At Corfu and Ithaca we had only the literary tradition; here and at Tiryns we seemed to be in the presence of visible memorials of the remote age in which the Homeric poems found their material. If we sometimes envy Pausanias the opportunity he had in the second century of seeing many Greek temples and monuments in their pristine beauty, the

old traveller might envy us the opportunity we have had at Mycenæ. The few paragraphs which he devoted to these hoary monuments, containing about all the world knew, contrast strongly with the volumes which describe the results of modern excavation. Pausanias stood above ground, but Schliemann went beneath. He showed us the advantage of deep digging; he unbuilt better than he knew.

Curious are the conjunctions and the oppositions of history which present themselves at Mycenæ. Here is a form of architecture entirely different from that which we are accustomed to call Greek. There is no presage of the age of Pericles, but a curious suggestion of the Byzantine age which much later was to follow it. Those great beehive tombs seem in their ascending domes to be a prediction of St. Sophia and St. Peter. Yet structurally they affirm unrelenting opposition to the architecture they seem to predict. When we examine them we find that they are not arches, and are not built on vertical lines, but consist of horizontal circular courses of stone, each course projecting over that below it until they come together and are covered by a stone at the top. The tomb builders did not have the arch, but they were feeling after it, and it is remarkable by what simple means they reached the effect they sought.

But what were these walled avenues leading to the tomb? Were they filled up with earth when they were built or in some later age? Some of them are lined with immense stones from twenty to twenty-five feet in length, as if the builders exulted in feats of Cyclopean force. These blocks are at least three thousand years old, and nobody knows how much older, but the

marks of the workman's saw are still upon them, showing how old was the use of this instrument in cutting stone as well as wood. In opposition to the Doric column which tapers toward the top, the columns of the door to the tomb excavated by Mrs. Schliemann are curiously enough much thicker at the top than at the bottom. In the Parthenon and on the Propylæa at Athens we have noticed reminiscences of the wooden structure. It has been suggested that these top-heavy columns may also be a survival of the wooden structure, recalling the stake or post sharpened and driven into the ground.

The wall which surrounded the Acropolis at Mycenæ is largely intact. The remains of a Greek temple prove how old was the civilization beneath it. This Greek temple may be dated about six hundred years before Christ, yet underneath the temple were huts of earlier dwellers, and underneath these was the ground plan of an ancient palace. But we must go to Troy to see how antiquity can be piled on antiquity. Deeply significant and interesting is the fact pointed out by Dr. Dörpfeld that the plan of the Greek temple was taken from that of the megaron or palace; the house of man thus prefigured the House of God. We took lunch under the Lion Gate. I was somewhat disappointed in the size of the headless beasts. They would have been more imposing, I have no doubt, if their leonine heads had been left on.

We must beware in these ruins of carrying too far relationships which may be coincident, not genetic; but details of resemblance in structure are often stronger proofs of historic cousinship than super-

ficial aspects and resemblances. The resemblance to the Byzantine cupola is only external. Structurally and technically there was no historic relation between them. At Mycenæ and Tiryns, however, there is one detail of structure which shows a distinct relationship to Solomon's Temple. We read in 1 Kings vi. 36 that the inner court was built with three rows of hewn stone and a row of cedar beams; that is, placed longitudinally on the stone. The accuracy of this statement was doubted, but at Mycenæ we find walls built in the same way, courses of wooden beams between those of stone. Fierce fires at Mycenæ consumed the wood and reduced to lime the stone that lay near it, and here and there pieces of charcoal in the ruins showed the wood itself. Dr. Dörpfeld has further remarked the general resemblance between the plan and proportion of Solomon's Temple with the plans of buildings at Mycenæ. When we remember that Hiram, king of Tyre, was summoned by Solomon to build his temple, we ask ourselves whether Phœnicia may not have furnished the bond of union in this interesting resemblance.

I cannot even enumerate the many questions which throng upon the visitor at Mycenæ and Tiryns; for their adequate treatment, as well as for the manifold aspects of Mycenæan civilization, I refer the reader to the elaborate and fascinating treatise of Dr. Manatt.[1]

While the Acropolis of Mycenæ has been cut off by the action of the water from the surrounding hills Tiryns stands up like a small rocky island in the midst of a great plain. Dark cypresses contrast with

[1] The Mycenæan Age. By Chrestos Tsountas and J. Irving Manatt, Boston, 1897.

the long fresh green levels, and Nauplia rises behind. In the ancient galleries built of enormous stone we have the same architecture as in the Mycenæ tombs. As shepherds have lived in the so-called tomb of Agamemnon, so the sheep have found shelter in these galleries, and in passing through them have polished the hard stones against which they brushed till they are as smooth as glass. It was no slight puzzle at first to know why the ancient builders had so beautifully polished the lower courses of stone and left those above in the rough. But as the ram of Odysseus played a part in the cave of old Polyphemus, so his fellow-creatures have played their part in these Cyclopean galleries. The mice too, with the zeal of modern excavators, have brought out the earth which once lay between the horizontal layers of stone. Beyond this the great galleries have suffered little disturbance in the course of centuries. Emerging from them we had a beautiful vista of the plains below and the mountains beyond. As he went from stone to stone and explained the whole plan of the fortress, its towers and corridors, courts, propylæa, its palaces with their halls for men and for women, and its cistern and cellars, which furnished material for so many Homeric pictures, Dr. Dörpfeld seemed more enthusiastic than usual, especially when he spoke of the discovery made by Dr. Schliemann and himself of the remarkable *kyanos* frieze. These beautiful decorations showed us that Homer's description of the palace of Alcinoüs was more fact than fancy. As you see the marks the great doors left on the pavement when they turned, you can imagine their Homeric creak and you

may hear the thunderous clatter of hoofs and wheels resounding from the pavement as in the great Epic.

How were these buildings roofed? While there are those who contend for an inclined roof, Dr. Dörpfeld believes that they were flat, and covered with earth supported by heavy timbers, which, as has been intimated in a previous chapter, may account for the heavy style of Doric architecture if derived from the wooden structure. No trace of a tile has been found at Tiryns.

Our visit to Argos was short; we had only time for a casual view of the theatre and a rapid ascent of the acropolis Larisa. I stepped for a few minutes into a school in the town and heard boys recite from Xenophon, which they did with considerable ease. At the Heræon, the great sanctuary of Argolis, the students of the American Archæological School who had worked with great industry were exulting over the new treasures they had found.

At Mantinea we were on another battlefield, but it was a field of civil war, and had less interest for me than Marathon when Greece was facing the hosts of Persia. A few traces of the theatre are left. The clouds nestled down on the sides of the distant mountains and the sun shone on the snow-white peaks so much whiter than the muffling clouds below.

We had spent the first two nights of our trip at Nauplia, from which excursions are conveniently made to Mycenæ, the Heræon, and Tiryns and Argos. Two nights were spent at Tripolis, from which we drove to Mantinea, Tegea, and back. Leaving Tripolis, by carriage we had a beautiful drive over the hills to Megalopolis, the iris blooming brilliantly

by the way. We stopped at a khan and had a lunch of black bread and cheese. When Nicholas, my driver, told me he did not smoke I took his photograph at once. He could say his Lord's Prayer and believed in baptism, but when I asked him what would become of the unbaptized Turks he shook his head and said, Δὲν ἐξεύρω, "I don't know."

Our interest in Megalopolis was whetted by a controversy concerning the stage in the Greek theatre. The excavation of that great theatre is due to the energy and skill of the British Archæological School, then under the charge of Mr. Ernest Gardner. The British School had clung to the statement of Vitruvius that a stage ten or twelve feet high and eight feet broad was used in the Greek theatre. The excavation of the orchestra at Megalopolis a few years ago was watched with the greatest interest to see if any stage could be found intact. In the course of their digging the English came upon five steps on the side of the orchestra opposite the auditorium, where a stage, if any existed, would naturally be found. The stone steps led up to what was apparently a platform. The full width of the platform was not excavated, but it was evidently at least eight feet in breadth. Nothing was more natural than that Director Gardner and his associates should conclude they had found a stage. The news was received with the greatest interest by archæologists all over the world. At last it seemed as if Dr. Dörpfeld's radical theory had been effectively refuted, and the accuracy of the Roman architect vindicated. When the plans of the excavations were shown to Dr. Dörpfeld he examined them closely and said: "Gen-

tlemen, if you examine carefully this platform which you think is a stage, you will find, I think, the marks where columns have stood. What you think is a stage I take to be a stylobate." When the English resumed their work at Megalopolis the following year, the so-called stage was examined. Sure enough, there were the marks of columns. They had found not a stage, but a portico to a great building mentioned by Pausanias, the Thersilion. The satisfaction of the English School in uncovering this great building partly atoned for the disappointment in not having found a stage to support the statement of Vitruvius.

A close study of the ruins at Megalopolis suggests that an older theatre existed, and that the Thersilion was built about the same time. There were no seats in either of them; one was covered and the other uncovered, and the orchestral circle lay between them. Two steps led up from the orchestra to the Thersilion, which was built on an incline. The portico served as a *skené* for the actors. In later times the theatre and the Thersilion were rebuilt. The level of the orchestra was lowered, and three steps were put beneath the two already existing. This is the explanation of the five steps at Megalopolis which have no relation to a stage. In still later times the theatre, which was of enormous size, became too large for the audience, and a *proskenion* was built in the orchestra to réduce its size.

It is a double tribute to the general accuracy of Pausanias and the penetration of Curtius that the plan of Megalopolis made by the latter based on Pausanias has been proved by the excavations to be substantially correct.

FROM MEGALOPOLIS TO OLYMPIA

And now came the march of the Archæological Cavalry. No more railroad trains, no more carriages. The mountains lay between us and Olympia; the only fitting way to approach that world-renowned arena for the Greek games was by a few days of severe athletic exercise. With all the assistance we could get from mules and horses, we should still have enough muscular exertion to bring us to Olympia with a proper self-respect and a fellow-feeling for the athletes and travellers who made the journey in ancient days. The ladies had already deserted us, not being invited to this test of endurance, and a few "tender feet" took the back track to Corinth and made a roundabout journey by rail. But a large part of the charm of the trip was the crossing of the Arcadian mountains in the spirit and the fashion of the early days. The whole aspect of the expedition was changed. It became at once more antique, more heroic, more picturesque. Frequently it became more amusing. The little Danish professor who maintained his dignity and composure on wheels and rails had all he could do to command them in the saddle. His efforts to keep on and the amount of exercise he seemed to get out of a hard trot excited inextinguishable Homeric laughter, except from those who were too sympathetic or too doubtful of their own position to sit in the seat of the scornful. I have taken more than

one photograph of the Archæological Cavalry in motion, but I am not unkind enough to reproduce the pictures in this book. A Greek saddle shaped something like a sawbuck is not the most comfortable seat in the world, and the Dalmatian priest, whose card, large enough for a Christmas chromo, was covered with an extended enumeration of honors, titles and functions, ought to have been excused from any additional penance. My sympathies went out to the little animal which had to bear this mass of erudition. If, like Balaam's ass, the gift of speech had been conferred on this Peloponnesian mule, he might have addressed the priest in any one of six or eight languages with a hope of being understood. The muleteers or *agogiats* who went along kept up a continual shouting and beating, and my sturdy pony was not relieved of this annoyance until I had thrown away the boy's club, and with pardonable exaggeration threatened to throw him over a precipice if he struck my beast again.

With twenty-five horses and mules, three pack mules, and eight or more *agogiats*, all under the command of Colonel Dörpfeld, — to whom a military title in this connection seems more appropriate, — we left Megalopolis and marched on Lykosoura. Though tradition claims it as the site of the oldest town in Greece and the early seat of the Arcadian kings, its ruins seemed modern compared with those of Mycenæ and Tiryns, and even with those of Corinth and Athens.

The temple of Despoina was the main object of our pilgrimage. The ruins are not imposing except from their situation. It was a Doric temple, but none

of its columns are in place. The fragments of triglyphs and moulding are of poor workmanship, and, taken with the fact that the inscriptions found are Roman, point to a Roman building, though elements have been derived from an earlier structure. The Greek priest who stood uncovered upon the threshold seemed as if he might have been one of the original worshippers.

On a ridge commanding a panorama of the Arcadian mountains and plains, Demetrius, our chief guide, spread our luncheon while we were inspecting the temple ruins. He built a fire, made a wooden spit, impaled a sacrificial lamb, and roasted it in primitive Homeric style over a bed of coals. This lamb with black bread, and wine for the wine drinkers, made the substance of our paschal meal on a day which Europe — not Greece — was celebrating as Good Friday. We crossed Mount Lycæus, from which we had a splendid view of the plains of Messenia to the south, with Taygetus (7,900 feet) covered with snow. The intervening hills are stern and treeless, but the valley is checkered with red and green. We faced Laconia. Sparta lay hidden beyond the mountains. This hard, bleak country might well have been the home of Lycurgus. It is not a land flowing with milk and honey; it is still today the land of black bread and wine. The camera could only blink helplessly at the magnificent scenery. We were in the very centre of the Peloponnesus, in a sanctuary of peaks and altars, with nestling valleys and the Alpheius singing its way to the sea. Greece is persistently mountainous. The whole Peloponnesus is "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun." The strips and squares of plain, if quilted together, would not

A HOMERIC ROAST.

cover more than two or three Texan or Dakota farms. If there were gold in these mountains, the Arcadians might be wealthy, but they cannot reap it in their fields. Spartan frugality, I suspect, was a virtue of necessity, and it is so to-day. How hard for the people to squeeze a living from these ungenerous mountains; how they scrimp and save in their penury! Yet there are no beggars among them.

We spent the night at a little village called Amvelonia, a mountain vineyard with walled terraces and houses built of limestone quarried from the hills. I went into a little house of one story where a widowed mother was living with her three children. The woman made a fire, spread a rug for me on the hearth, and brought milk and a kind of hearth cake, heavy but sweet, such as I had not before tasted. The little girl brought some flowers. The older daughter, about fifteen years of age, had beautiful dark eyes, regular features, and a sweet illuminating smile which brightened the whole room. Her brother was a manly boy a year or two older. At my request he brought his school book, and by the light of the fire read some passages from Xenophon in the old Greek with a sense of kinship, as if it really were his grandmother tongue. My regret as we left in the early morning was that the sun jealously refused to shine for my kodak on the sweet girl's face.

Every traveller who has visited Bassæ expresses surprise at suddenly finding this noble temple away up on the mountain. Though we knew it was there and had come to see it, our interest was not less keen when we found it. It is not, like the Parthenon, visible from every point of the compass. The mountain

has furnished its own propylæa, — a wild and rocky approach, the only columns those of sturdy sentinel oaks. As the temple at Sunium is pre-eminently the shrine of the sea, so that at Bassæ is the shrine of the mountains; and as at Sunium you feel that the islands and the sea belong to the holy precinct, so at Bassæ the grand environment of rock and peak seem a part of the sanctuary. We had entered one of nature's solitudes, and this old Doric temple, built of a hard bluish gray limestone quarried from the mountain on which it stands, seemed to be a part of the scenery. The temple is supposed to have been built on the site of a still more ancient shrine to Apollo, and is dedicated to the same god. In modern times we build churches where we think people will resort to them; in primitive days of nature worship the Greeks built their altars where they thought the gods loved to come. There is no sign of an older building, and the earliest worship was probably at a scenic shrine. A peculiarity of the temple is that, contrary to all precedents, it lies north and south, the entrance being at the north. It would have been harder work, though not impossible, to orient it to the east, as was generally done. It has other peculiarities, the most striking being the cross walls in the cella, each of which is terminated by a half-round Ionic column. Dr. Lolling's supposition, as given in Baedeker, that the floor was hollowed out to collect rain water, is accounted for and refuted by the fact that the foundation has sunk in the middle.

We were quartered for the night in the little village of Saka, beautifully situated on the side of a hill looking down to the Alpheius. A party of thirty-three

men and twenty-eight animals coming down upon it taxed the accommodations of the little village without hotel or inn. The five Americans and one German who slept in one room were pleased to find that there were no other inhabitants. The only powder we carried on the trip for self-defence — insect powder — was unnecessary.

On Sunday morning, April 2d, when the Easter bells of the European world were ringing their gladness, we began at seven o'clock our last day's march to Olympia. As the Greek Easter is twelve days behind the European, our celebration was only postponed. The way led through shady pine groves and along fresh valleys, in marked contrast to the rough, treeless mountains we had crossed. Apple-trees were in full blossom, birds were singing in the branches, and spring flowers opening under our feet. About noon we took lunch at a little village called Mazi. Men, women and children turned out in full force to see the cavalcade. As nearly all recent travellers go to Olympia by rail from Patras or Athens, a circus of mounted archæologists was a rare event to the villagers. If we had been disposed to pass ourselves off as a belated remnant of the last great Olympian procession, the Mazi Greeks might have lost faith in traditions of physical perfection, and presented our Danish professor with some cobbler's wax and a copy of Xenophon's treatise on horsemanship. As we descended the slope into the valley of the Alpheius, the view was exquisite. To the west the Ionian Sea lay before us, and there was Zante veiled in a soft mist, calm, convalescent, pensive, as if regaining its strength after racking convul-

sions. The rolling, wooded hills and verdant valleys reminded me of northern New England.

And now the Puritan reader may put in a protest: "Under the plea of visiting the shrines of Greece you have taken us all to the theatre, and now, under a similar plea, you are taking us to an ancient Greek circus, to horse races, boxing matches and the rough and tumble pancratic fight." The reply is, if you are seeking the shrines of Greece you must seek them where they were — the altar in the centre of the theatre and the altar of Zeus in the centre of the Altis or sacred precinct at Olympia. The Olympian games were an outgrowth of Greek life, Greek nationality and Greek religion. It was a matter of tradition that the gods themselves had taken part in these contests and thus set the fashion. To develop the body was a fundamental principle of Hellenic educators. Daily exercise in the palæstra was as natural and necessary as eating and drinking. Socrates was an example of a muscular philosopher inured to fatigue, trained to temperance and frugality. Body without brains and brains without body lacked the balanced manhood of the Greek ideal.

The sense of nationality was gratified in these games, from which all barbarians were excluded; and once in four years, through the very rivalry of this contest, Greece was at unity with itself; for a truce of a month was proclaimed among all the States, while athletes and spectators, artists, mechanics, authors, philosophers and statesmen from every part of Greece were going and returning. There was an ethical side to it in the laws against fraud and the exclusion of criminals. The religious fea-

ture was not a thin veneer of ceremony, but the central pivot on which the whole celebration turned. The simple physical proportions of the sacred precinct, of the great temple of Zeus, the temple of Hera and the Mother of the gods, with the great multitude of altars, show to the traveller to-day how large and important a place religion had in the exercises. The unprofessional, joyous, patriotic character of the games, the unmercenary reward, — a branch from the sacred olive-tree, — the absence of vulgarity and coarseness in the palmy days of the contests, the added refinement of music, poetry, literature and art, all gave these games an artistic elevation which made them seem but a great national expression of the Greek striving after perfection.

As we rode down from Mazi, approaching Olympia from the southeast, the hill of Cronion and the Alpheius winding below came in sight. I tried to imagine myself in the seventy-seventh Olympiad (472 B. C.), riding with Themistocles as a barbarian spectator to the Olympian games. For centuries before that date the flower of the Greek nation had crossed these mountains, over the same trails, and seen Cronion and the two rivers and peaceful Zante in the calm sea. It is one of the insensible charms of travel in Greece that you may frequently surrender yourself to illusions which for a while there is nothing to disturb. The imagination dilates in a congenial atmosphere, and what you see is some soft refraction of reality, or the diffused glow of a sunset of poetry and tradition not yet faded into night. Then the illusion is dispelled, but you are surprised again to find how much reality is left. A jolt of

your horse brings you back suddenly to the nineteenth century. Your dream is gone. You expect to see the hills and the islands dissolve too; but they stay there, and you feel and know that you are indissolubly united to ages that are past by this very reality, by the constancy and truth of a beautiful picture. Sky, mountain, rivers, sea, island and plain were theirs, and they are yours.

We reached the Alpheius. It is still a live river. We were ferried across with our mounts in two or three relays in a large flat boat, and with the enthusiasm of youthful cavaliers galloped up to the *xenodocheion*.

Olympia is situated on the north bank of the Alpheius, and to the west of the small but mischievous Cladeus, which is mainly responsible through a change of its course for burying the sacred and outlying precincts under acres of sand. Excluding the stadion, the whole ground covered by the various buildings with the intervening space was but little over ten acres. The Altis, or sacred precinct in which was the central altar, was about six hundred feet square. To the east was Cronion, a hill which furnished grateful shade and overlooked the whole ground. For a thousand years the Greek games, beginning in undated traditions, were held in this place until they died out in the fourth century after Christ. Then Nature and man both combined to cover the place where they were held from the sight of future ages. Earthquakes shattered the temples. Barbarians, once excluded from Olympia, save as spectators, swooped down to take a belated revenge,

and walls were built to resist them. Christians with no respect for pagan traditions built a village in the sacred precinct and used fragments of the old temples. Successive inundations of the Cladeus covered the whole place with a layer of sand from ten to twenty feet deep.

Acting on an early suggestion of Winckelmann, the French conducted brief excavations in 1829, discovered the site of the temple of Zeus, and took a few sculptures to the Louvre. It was left for the German government, under the lead of Ernst Curtius and the Crown Prince Frederick, to win the olive crown. A million of marks, or two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were spent by that government, — not to enrich its own museums, but to uncover for the whole world this buried but unforgotten shrine of Hellenic nationality and pride. The excavations continuing from 1875 to 1881 were conducted under a directory in Berlin, of which Curtius and Adler were members. It was at Olympia that Dr. Dörpfeld, coming in the third year of the excavations, won his spurs as an architect. The work cost more than anywhere else on account of the great mass of sand to be removed. The wicked Cladeus was made to do penance by carrying off on its bosom a large amount of the sand and silt it had brought down. Its energy in the work of restitution only showed how much sand a small river could carry and made it possible to believe how much it had done that needed undoing. Fortunately the digging at Olympia was done scientifically, and Mr. Syngros, a wealthy and patriotic Athenian, built a handsome museum in which to shelter the sculptures and the sixteen thousand bronzes.

For three days we stayed at Olympia, and every day Dr. Dörpfeld conducted his eager band to the Altis and lectured six or seven hours, leaving us still time to examine the sculptures in the museum. I had paid a visit to Olympia by rail six months before, and could understand why a prominent German philologist whom I met thought half a day there enough. Even with so excellent a guide-book as Baedeker, the stones are more or less dumb. It was a different experience after the pilgrim preparation of our mountain march to find our warm hopes amply fulfilled in the brilliant exposition of these ruins by the man whose youthful enthusiasm found here its first opportunity. Though a multitude of details of technique and structure were brought before us, they were all so assembled and organized that, as if by a reanimating trump of the genius that first constructed them, walls rose on foundations, columns on stylobates, capitals on columns, architraves on capitals, triglyphs, beams, tiles and ornaments took their places, and temples, altars, treasure-houses, council-chambers, were rebuilt before us in grand Apocalypse. There was the great temple of Zeus with its colossal statue of Phidias; the Heræon, the oldest Doric temple in Greece; the temple to the Mother of the Gods; the central altar of Zeus, the Philippeion; the treasuries established by different cities; the Bouleuterion, where the athletes took the regulation oath; the Palæstra; the gymnasium and exercise-grounds; the stadion; the Echo colonnade; and the Leonidæon, of whose uses we are ignorant. We could form some idea, too, from their bases of the vast number of altars and statues which reminded spectators and

contestants of both men and gods. The Byzantine church had unique interest as an ancient Christian shrine. In the museum, too, we could see pediment sculptures of the Zeus temple; the bold Victory of Pæonius, recalling the Victory of Samothrace in the Louvre; and, peerless in its exquisite grace, beauty and finish, the Hermes of Praxiteles. We can imagine, on seeing this statue, what influence the Olympic games must have had upon sculpture in the development of models of physical perfection.

The scientific results of this excavation have already been fully published, and many essays have been written upon them. To these the student may turn either for a detailed description of the games or of the buildings. Impossible to reproduce in any book are not only many details of technique, texture and workmanship, but an atmosphere whose freshened breezes seemed to waft the aroma of earlier days. The Cronion, the Alpheius, the Cladeus, the spreading plain, the encircling hills, are still the framework of the heroic picture. And after you have bathed in the Cladeus, climbed Cronion, gathered anemones in the plain, crossed the threshold of the sacred precinct and brooded over its altars, the genius of history seems to come back again and renew its spell.

Of Dr. Dörpfeld's lectures the most fascinating to me was that on the Heræon, showing the development of the Doric architecture from the wooden structure. The evidence here, which it would require a long chapter to detail, seems conclusive.

Our last night at Olympia was given up to an international jollification in honor of our leader.

Speeches were made in German, French, English, Italian, Latin and Greek, and the American contribution was an Alabama negro melody set to German words and sung by a quartette, three of whom were college professors. Shades of Pindar!

Our return trip to Athens was made by rail, and our ten days' journey was finished in the allotted time.

V

PHOCIS

DELPHI

OLYMPIA lay on the plain; Delphi on the slope of Parnassus and under the shadow of the Shining Cliffs. Olympia drew all Greece to it; but Delphi claimed to be the navel, the very centre of the world. As Olympia was the site of the great athletic games for all Greece, so Delphi became a sanctuary of national interest and importance. In neither place was there a city; both were away from the main centres of population and far apart from each other, — Olympia in Elis near the Ionian Sea, and Delphi in Phocis, north of the Corinthian gulf. The fame of Delphi rested on its oracle; but the Greek love for athletics and dramatic art revealed itself here in the course of time, and not only was there a magnificent temple of Apollo, but a stadium, and once in every four years the Pythian games were celebrated. The place had also a great political significance as the seat of that interesting and ancient federation of States, the Delphic Amphictyony.

In marked contrast to my trip to Olympia my journey to the Delphic oracle was made entirely alone. What better day upon which to consult the voice of destiny than one's birthday? Taking the train from Athens to Corinth, I crossed the gulf in a steamer to Itea. The boat was as tipsy as if it had a cargo of wine aboard, but Dionysus could not be blamed; the Corinthian gulf was in a sulky mood.

From the gulf, Parnassus, being one of a range of peaks, does not seem so high as it really is. The snow that lay on it was a warning that an ascent would not be advisable. At Itea I hired a tough pony with a boy, another Greek Nicholas, for a guide. The moon rose beautifully as we crossed the plain winding through olive groves. After an hour in the valley the road steadily ascended, for Delphi is some two thousand feet above the sea. We passed through the picturesque village of Chryso, its white houses brilliantly illumined by the full moon. A clear stream of water through which my pony splashed flowed down one of the narrow streets. Men and women in the doorways responded to my greeting.

The village of Delphi was set on the steep mountain-side. It added much to the mystic spell of the old oracle to approach the place by night. The bright moon flooding the valley and silvering the gulf, the deep shadows of the great cliffs, the water rushing through the narrow gorge between them, the dark masses of olives below, the ominous silence broken only by the voice of the fountain, the remoteness of every suggestion of modern life, — all seemed to harbor deep and hidden mysteries which might find utterance in some new-old oracle.

There is no inn at Delphi, but I found accommodation in the house of the keeper of antiquities, Paraskevás. With more faith in the Christian than in the pagan tradition he asked me if I would please allow the lamp to burn under the icon of the Virgin in a niche in my chamber. I respected his piety and was blessed with dreamless sleep.

I rose at half-past four, and after a breakfast of

DELPHI.

boiled eggs, white bread and milk, left with a mule and guide for the Corycian grotto. The road ascended in short zigzags up steep terraces, till after a rise of several hundred feet we skirted the mountain and descended into a beautiful wooded valley where peasants were cutting timber for their new houses at Delphi. The French Government had bought the whole village, and as fast as possible houses were being removed to make way for excavations. Almost lost to view under their loads, heavily timbered fore and aft with projecting bowsprits and elongated rudders, these beasts of burden looked more like a flotilla of rafts or a detachment of battering rams than like mountain mules. We halted in the hollow near a large pond of water and unbridled and tethered the mule. If the Delphic oracle is dumb the Delphic cuckoos are still vocal, and one of them called thirty-two times without stopping. I could only think of a German cuckoo clock on the strike, not to be arrested until it is run down. If it were not treason to cherish a common Gothic superstition at Delphi, the oracular cuckoo meant that I had thirty-two years more to live.

We climbed the steep ascent to the grotto. The entrance is small and low, but immediately beyond the threshold it widens into a great cavern two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet long, two hundred feet wide, and thirty or forty feet high. The water still oozed from the roof as in the days of Pausanias. We lighted our torches and entered deeper into the gloom. Taking off shoes and stockings we climbed up wet and muddy rocks so steep and smooth that with difficulty one could get a footing,

passed into a chamber about a hundred feet long and followed the grotto clear to the end. Picturesque stalactites hung from the roofs and sides. Pan and the nymphs to whom this grotto was dedicated had gone, but Echo lingered there and had not taken cold in this dampness. The resonance was magnificent. We were in a temple not made with hands and older than any buried under the village below.

Pausanias says it is a feat for an able-bodied man to climb Parnassus from this point. I tried to persuade my guide to climb with me, but he was inexorable, and no doubt wisely so, for we were not prepared for an ascent through snow and ice.

Descending in the afternoon, I made my way up through the gorge of the Phædriades or Shining Cliffs to the source of the Castalian spring, which Pausanias said was good to drink and which I found as refreshing as he. Every pilgrim in ancient times was expected to purify himself at this spring. Below, women were vigorously washing clothes in the poetic waters as if cleanliness were next to godliness. A flock of sheep was quietly resting under the shade of great plane-trees which, it is pleasant to think, may be successors of those planted by Agamemnon.

It is nature that built this shrine at Delphi, and, however much we may regret the buried temples looted by Nero and others, the scenery must always have been the awe-inspiring element in this great sanctuary. Lofty Parnassus, the towering cliffs, the deep gorge, the flowing spring, the broad wooded valley below through which the river makes its way to the gulf, tell the traveller why the Delphic oracle was here.

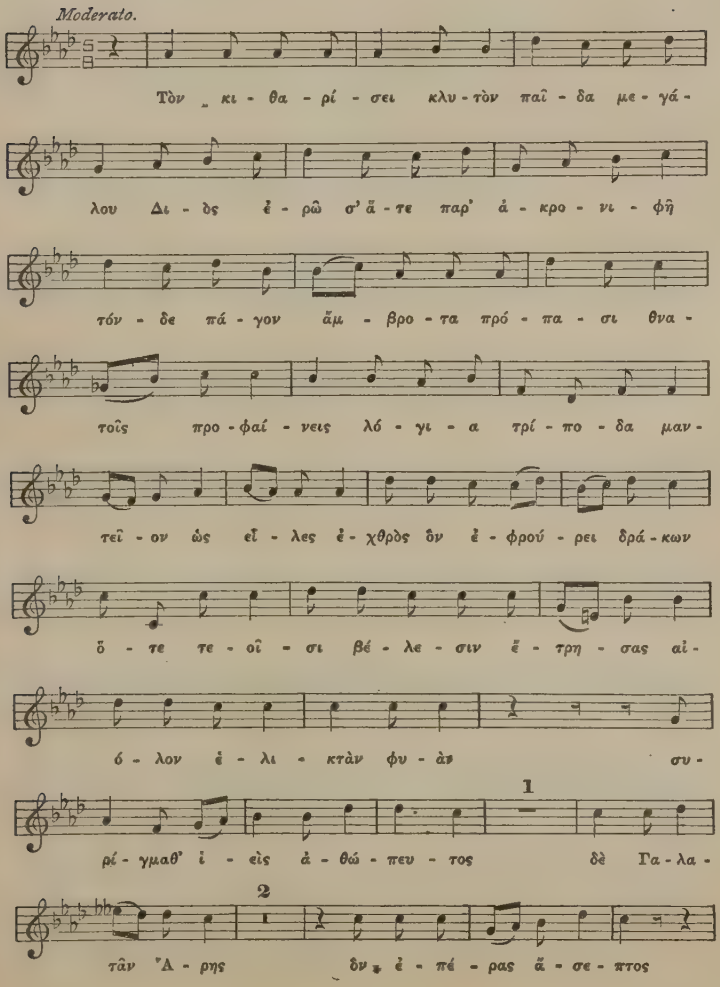
Pausanias devotes not a little space to a description of the invasion by the Gauls, 279 B. C., and their repulse by the Greeks. It is a curious coincidence that more than twenty-one centuries later the Gauls should invade Delphi again with the deliberate purpose of removing the whole town and uncovering with reverent hands the temples which their remote and barbaric forefathers sought to destroy. With a large force of men with picks and shovels, and small cars running on rails to carry the débris to a long distance, these enterprising Gauls were industriously unearthing the Delphi of the past, and had already laid bare the terrace of the temple of Apollo. One of their most remarkable and significant discoveries was yet to be made. Pausanias speaks of the hymns sung in honor of Apollo and of the contests that grew out of them. Such songs, like the voice of the priestess, have long since died away on the air, and who could have supposed that the echoes of this music would come back to our ears? I scarce imagined that beneath the ground I trod were stones whose mute music after twenty centuries of silence would burst into song. A few months after my visit the French School discovered two stones containing a hymn to Apollo, with the Greek musical notation attached. It is a hymn of praise to the god, to the slayer of the hostile dragon, for beating back the Gauls. That the name of the Gauls should have been inscribed on this very stone which their modern successors unearthed completes the remarkable coincidence. To the triumph of uncovering the stones was added the triumph of the directors and associates of the French School in deciphering them. It was fitting

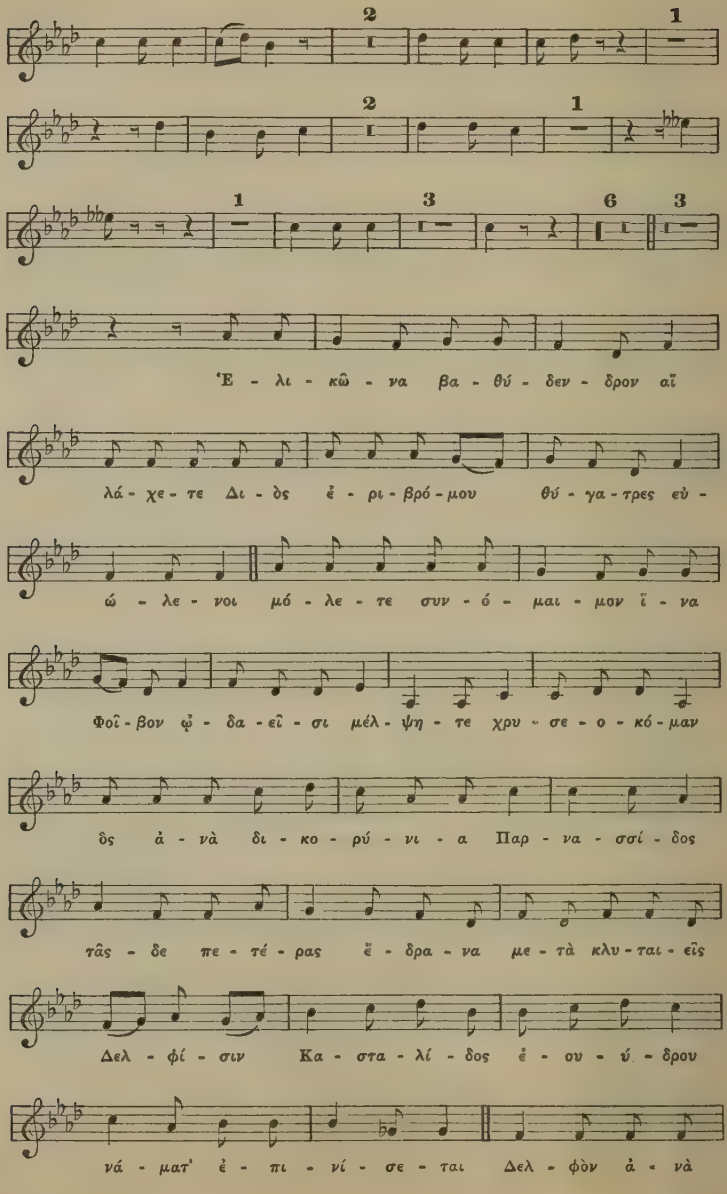
that these sons of Gaul should first render at Athens a hymn which was sung by the pilgrims of the Attic metropolis as they passed thick-wooded Helicon and came to the waters of Castalia's plenteous spring under the twin peaks.

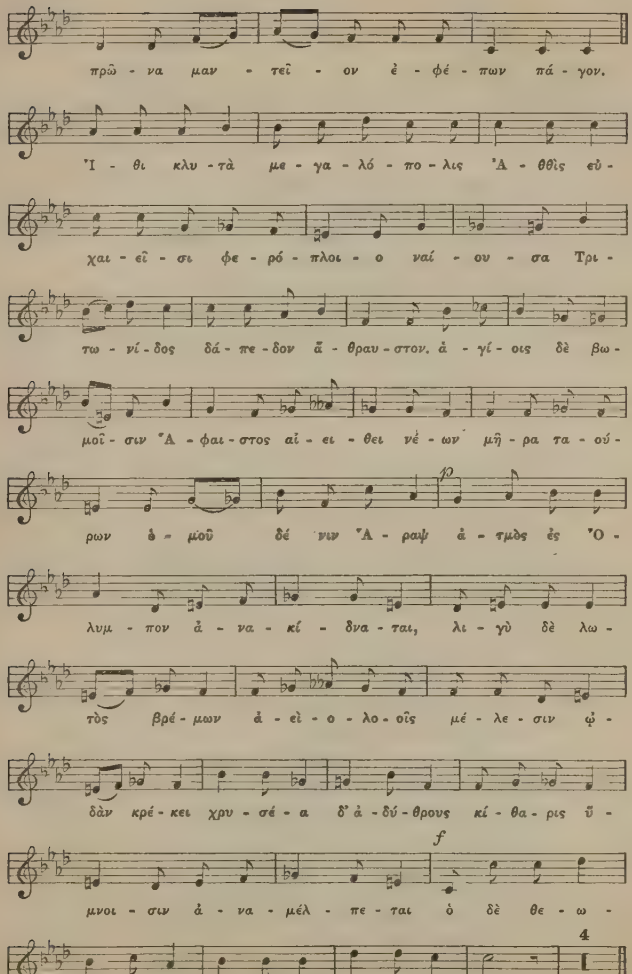
I have since had the privilege of bringing out with a chorus this hymn in the "Athens of America." It has been harmonized in Paris and in Athens, but I prefer to print it without modern alloy, that the reader may get as close as possible to the original. As the invasion of the Gauls took place in 279 B. C. it is supposed that this hymn was composed soon after. Rendered with a chorus of male and female voices, with flutes and harp, observing carefully the $\frac{5}{8}$ rhythm, one may form, in spite of the breaks in the stone, — indicated in the copy by the rests, — some idea of the form and spirit of the oldest known piece of music in the world.

Like certain music as extremely modern as this is extremely ancient, it must be not only heard but absorbed. In two public renderings I have found that singers would at first persistently count six-eight instead of five-eight time, and that the tonality, especially on the last page, seemed difficult and arbitrary; but after sufficient rehearsal the best musicians sung it with satisfaction and admiration. The addition of simple harmonies on the harp or piano helps the general effect. The key of F minor of the music that follows is not derived from the original stone, but from a modern transcription. Some fragmentary words in the original have been omitted.

THE DELPHIC HYMN TO APOLLO




Ἑ - λι - κῶ - να βα - θύ - δεν - δρον αἶ
λά - χε - τε Δι - ὸς ἐ - ρι - βρό - μου θύ - γα - τρες εὐ -
ώ - λε - νοι μό - λε - τε συν - ό - μαι - μον ἵ - να
Φοῖ - βον ᾧ - δα - εῖ - σι μέλ - ψη - τε χρυ - σε - ο - κό - μαν
ὃς ἀ - νὰ δι - κο - ρύ - νι - α Παρ - να - σσί - δος
τᾶς - δε πε - τέ - ρας ἔ - δρα - να με - τὰ κλυ - ταιεῖς
Δελ - φί - σιν Κα - στα - λί - δος ἐ - ου - ύ - δρου
νά - ματ' ἐ - πι - νί - σε - ται Δελ - φὸν ἀ - νὰ


πρῶ - να μαν - τεῖ - ον ἐ - φέ - πων πά - γον.
Ἰ - θι κλυ - τὰ με - γα - λό - πο - λις Ἀ - θθὶς εὐ -
χαι - εῖ - σι φε - ρό - πλοι - ο ναί - ου - σα Τρι -
τω - νί - δος δά - πε - δον ἄ - θραυ - στον. ἀ - γί - οις δὲ βω -
μοῖ - σιν Ἄ - φαι - στος αἰ - ει - θει νέ - ων μῆ - ρα τα - ού -
ρων ὀ - μοῦ δέ νιν Ἄ - ραψ ἀ - τμὸς ἐς Ὄ -
λυμ - πον ἀ - να - κί - δνα - ται, λι - γὺ δὲ λω -
τὸς βρέ - μων ἀ - εὶ - ο - λο - οῖς μέ - λε - σιν ᾠ -
δὰν κρέ - κει χρυ - σέ - α δ' ἀ - δύ - θρους κί - θα - ρις ὕ -
f
μνοι - σιν ἀ - να - μέλ - πε - ται ὁ δὲ θε - ω -
4
ρῶν πρό - πας ἑ - σμὸς Ἀθ - θί - δα λα - χών.

20

THE DELPHIC HYMN TO APOLLO.

[Sung by Attic men and maids in honor of the victory over the Gauls 279 B. C.]
Greek words and musical notes discovered at Delphi, October, 1893.

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS GREENLEAF ALLINSON, Ph.D.

Thee with the cithara famed, I 'll sing,
Son of great Zeus.
Thou by this snowy peak from thy shrine
Fore-shewest to mortals words divine;
Thou madest the oracle's tripod thine
From guard of the dragon, implacable, fierce,
Whom, mottled and coiling, thy arrows pierce.
Now Galatan war-god's sibilant sting
Dost conquer and bruise.

. . . . . .

Daughters of Zeus whose thunder rolls,
Fair armed, come.
Dowered with Helicon's leafy knolls,
Praise with your dances, praise with song
Golden-haired Phœbus, your blood and kin,
Who near Parnassus — these hill-tops twin —
Haunts where Castalia's fountain leaps
And visits precipitous Delphic steeps,
Th' oracle's home.

Glorious Attica's city of might,
Come with thy band.
Vows are fitting: thy dwellings stand
Scathless in armèd Athena's land;
On consecrate altars Hephæstus burns
Thighs of young bulls; while Araby's smoke
Curls to Olympus: the flutes invoke
Melodies shrill with quavering turns;
The cithara, sweet-voiced, golden, bright,
Hymneth its praise —
And all who have share in this Attic rite
Their anthems raise.

MY LITTLE MONK.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. LUKE

I made my pilgrimage to the Delphic shrine and the grotto of Pan; they were not wholly dumb for me. I determined to balance my religious accounts by visiting a Christian shrine, famed for beauty of site and structure, — the monastery of St. Luke, about nine hours by mule from Delphi. Rising at five o'clock on Sunday, May 28, I asked my host for his bill. For two nights' lodging and four meals Kyrios Paraskevás charged me ten drachmas, at that time equal to $1.40, to which I added two drachmas for his attentive wife.

On this trip from Delphi to St. Luke's I found the best *agogiat* that I had seen in Greece. The *agogiat* is the man or boy who acts as guide, groom, and general factotum. The Grecian mule, wearing a halter instead of a bit and having a loose girth, is saved some of the miseries of his American contemporary. The rider has little power over him when he wishes to choose his own road, but as a general thing he is so intelligent that it is best to defer to him in such matters. When there is any appeal from his decision the *agogiat* acts as umpire. He walks by the mule's side, urges him with whip or voice, and as the animal seldom goes out of a walk he has no difficulty in keeping up with him. The saddle is a peculiar wooden structure, like an inverted pig-trough, with Gothic projections useful for half

hitches in lashing burdens. There is nothing, whether it be a load of timber, water casks, brush-wood, or crockery, that a good *agogiat* cannot pack on the animal's back and fasten in a style akin to the "diamond hitch" of our northwestern muleteer.

My *agogiat* on this trip bore the distinguished name of the "All holy Luke" (Panagiotes Loukas Kapellou), and seemed to me to be worthy of the title. He was a strong, heavy-built man, a little over fifty years of age, cosmopolitan in dress. Though he did not wear the fustanella skirt, he trod the soil in Greek shoes and leggings. His long blue and white peasant blouse coming to the knees was buttoned down the middle and corded round the waist. His large head, with a frank, open, full-bearded face, was crowned with a straw hat. Without exception he had the best looking mule that I saw in Greece, — a strong, round, sleek animal, well fed and well bred. The saddle was actually provided with stirrups, and instead of the usual narrow strap which cuts and irritates the animal the breeching band was as broad as my hand.

Leaving Delphi we road through a large olive grove belonging to Panagiotes; the trees seemed as well kept as the mule. The nightingales were singing joyfully. Clear, eager streams crossed our paths, some of them thriftily diverted into the olive groves for irrigation. Leaving the groves the path ascended long steep hills, from the highest of which after a ride of two hours we had a fine view of Arachova on the left. I was glad about nine o'clock of a slice of the brown bread which Panagiotes carried in his wallet. About noon we reached Distomo, a little

village near the site of the ancient Ambrysus, and stopped at the inn for an hour's rest. While the keeper cooked a piece of lamb for our lunch I sat down in a room filled with men and boys. Taking a Greek book from my pocket I got some of the boys to read patriotic selections, including the national hymn. Considering that I found these boys in a little mountain village they read remarkably well. The road from Distomo offered easier grades, and we reached St. Luke's about three o'clock.

The situation of the monastery is simply exquisite. It is built on a mountain slope overlooking a fertile valley. Green barley fields contrast with dark underbrush, and here and there a grove of olives; beyond are sloping foot-hills and grander mountains. The birds were singing blithely, the sun was radiant, and the whole landscape, a beautiful combination of curve and color, seemed vivified by the germinating warmth of a May day. St. Luke's long held the titles of "The queen of the monasteries and the glory of Hellas." It is dedicated not to the good physician whose name is affixed to one of the Gospels, but to a later Greek saint who distinguished himself by his piety a thousand years ago and around whose tomb the monastery was built. It contains two churches. The larger one has suffered much from pillage, earthquake and decay, but some of the better mosaics are still well preserved. There are forty-five monks in the monastery and thirty laborers. From their olive groves and vineyards they derive a good income. I was interested in the church, in the ground, in the *hegoumenos*, or prior, in the beautiful scenery, but most of all in Basileios.

Basil, as we called him for short, was a boy of thirteen. He was dressed in a monk's gown, but his ecclesiastical hat was not so high as that of his elders; it will grow with the boy. He was a monk in the opening bud; but the bloom of the boy was more exquisite than that of the monk. His eyes were a soft brown, even more expressive than his tongue. Through them you could read his guileless mind. He spoke Greek not with Athenian purity, but with a soft, winning accent. At first he spoke only in a whisper, as if the sanctity of the place would be broken if he talked louder. But after he knew me better he spoke with more ardor, and sometimes faster than I could follow. He went about bare-footed, and I envied him his freedom from shoe-leather. As I had come too late for service I confessed my wanderings to my brave little acolyte and said the Lord's Prayer to him in Greek.

Basil is an important element in the refectory. The monastery is not conducted on the communal plan. The *hegoumenos* lives by himself and takes his meals with another monk in a separate dining-room. Basil does the cooking. The meat for our dinner was cut into little pieces and spitted on an iron rod with a crank on one end. The monk basted the meat as the boy turned it patiently on the spit. I had a room to myself and plenty of books, but I found it more interesting in the cool of the evening to sit in front of the fire and watch the revolutions of the spit, looking now and then into my little monk's deep eyes and trying to win his smile by some attempted pleasantry. Basil reminded me of the lame boy I saw at Gastouri radiant with sunshine.

Such faces I should like to look upon in some cloudy day in my life, to rekindle my hope from a shining heart.

About eight o'clock we sat down to dinner, consisting of meat and vegetables, bread and wine. We were four at the table, the *hegoumenos*, the other priest, Panagiotes and myself. The priests crossed themselves and said *καλὴν ὄρεξιν*. The *hegoumenos* piled my plate high; as for the rest they took little on their plates, but each with his fork hooked a piece from the general dish. There was a suggestion of New Testament communism and the paschal meal when they took pieces of bread on their forks and dipped them into the central platter.

In the evening I had a talk with the *hegoumenos* and with Panagiotes sitting on the veranda in the moonlight and looking into the moonlit valley below. We talked about the Greek Church and about the monasteries.

"To become a member of the Greek Church" said the *hegoumenos*, "you must accept the faith of the church according to the Gospel."

"What do you think of the old philosophers, Socrates and Plato and the rest of them?" I asked. "Did they go to punishment or to heaven?"

"I don't know," he answered. He did not seem to have any sharp belief on questions of eschatology, but Panagiotes promptly suggested: "I believe a man who has lived a good life here will have a good life there, and a man who has been bad here will be bad there." I could not discover any anxiety as to the fate of the heathen, and the prior seemed more disturbed at the proposition in Athens to raise from

the monasteries a fund from which to pay the priests. The Greek Church is not a missionary church.

It was just four o'clock the next morning when I heard a voice whisper in my ear. It was Basil. I dislike alarm clocks and did not wind him up to go off at that hour, but he seemed to take the responsibility of my religious education, and in his small still voice said that there were services in the chapel, and that it was the festival of the Holy Trinity. It was rain, not the service, that interfered with an early start, but the rain fell as gently as if it were a part of the ritual, and far more musically than the voices that intoned it. By half-past seven the shower had passed, the sun came out bright, and a fresh breeze blew over the hills. I said good-by to the monks and to Basil and started back to Delphi with my guide and his mule. Sometimes I walked for an hour and let Panagiotes ride, and often going up the hill we both walked and gave the mule a rest. My respect for this sturdy Greek increased the more I knew him. He could speak no language but his own, but he could read and write that, for I made excuses for testing him in both ways. He was remarkably intelligent. He knew the drift of Greek politics and the Scylla and Charybdis of Greek finance. "You ought to have gone to Parliament," I said. "No," he answered, "I have not the education;" but it was perfectly clear that he had the brains. He is not without honor in his own town; he has represented the modern Delphi in the nomarchy and been president of the council. As we rode through the village of Distomo I asked him what it meant that so many men were lying round

doing nothing. He reminded me that it was the feast of the Trinity and immediately repeated a passage from the creed. I am convinced that the Greeks have too many holidays and that the church calendar might profitably be reduced about one half.

We rode for a long time on our way back to Delphi in full view of Parnassus. The grandeur of the mountain is indescribable. The sun shone on its snow-covered peaks; soft white clouds gathered round its breast; then, as if trying how to drape it best, they swept up the steep and wound a fleecy turban round its brow. Only a few minutes did this coquetry last; soon the "eternal sunshine settled on its head." Equally striking was the view from the highest point of our trail of the Corinthian Gulf with the mountains of the Peloponnesus in the background, while the valley as we rode towards Delphi spread its varied charm. These were the same views that greeted the eyes of the pilgrims to the sacred shrine as they came so many centuries ago chanting their hymns to Apollo. Mountain and valley, gulf and grove, sky and atmosphere were all Greek, but not more so than my good Panagiotes. He belonged to the landscape; and in his stalwart frame, active mind, and thrifty hand some of the best spirit of the old Greek race was preserved.

VI

THESSALY

PLOUGHING IN THESSALY.

TEMPE AND METEORA

If "aller guten Dinge sind drei," then our Thessalian party was of the right number. Professor Tarbell, the director of the American Archæological School at Athens, had planned the campaign; Mr. Roddy, a student, and myself made up the other sides of the triangle. Taking a Greek steamer at the Piræus for Volo on the evening of the sixth of May, we wisely sought our berths before reaching Sunium, where Poseidon loves to rock the ocean cradle. The steamer for Volo avoids the uncertain temper of the Ægean and touches at the principal ports of Eubœa, which are on the west coast of the island, by sailing through the strait which separates it from Attica and Bœotia. This channel is made of two broad gulfs joined by a narrow strait, the Euripus, which is divided by an islet that undoubtedly formed part of a ligament between Eubœa and the mainland. The channel is but seventy feet wide on one side of this rock and thirty on the other. A remarkable natural feature is the strong and variable current which flows through this narrow strait. It was a puzzle to the ancients, and has been a provocation to their descendants. The statement of some of the early Greek and Roman writers that the current sometimes changed seven times a day is outdone by that of Rear-Admiral

Mansell[1] of the British navy, who says he has known it to change five times in an hour, and that the water driven north upon the Thessalian coast by strong southern winds will rush down through these straits against the wind at a velocity of eight knots an hour. One of the poisonous legends which sometimes entwine themselves round a great man's memory had an aquatic origin here. It was to the effect that Aristotle drowned himself because he could not fathom the secrets of these currents, saying, "Inasmuch as I cannot take thee in, take thou me in." It seems a literary cruelty to spoil such a well-balanced antithesis even to save a philosopher from drowning, but the story has a fishy odor; and it is the man who swallows it who is taken in.

We arrived at the Euripus at seven A. M., and were obliged to wait three and a half hours on account of the tide. But that was not nearly so long as the Grecian fleet bound for Troy was detained here by adverse winds in the Bay of Aulis. Taking warning by the fate of Agamemnon and Iphigenia, we did not go hunting, but climbed the height to see just where a thousand Greek ships could find anchorage in the harbor. I suspect that they must have stretched out into the gulf, or that some of them found their keel only in Homer's catalogue, which by floating these hypothetical ships was more easily floated itself.

Leaving Euripus, the channel widens into a gulf, with the fertile fields of Eubœa on the right and the mountains of Bœotia on the left. Though too late to catch a glimpse of Thermopylæ, I fancied as

[1] See Murray's Hand-Book.

we passed it that the atmosphere was a little warmer because the Spartan heroes had there breathed out their lives.

It was dark when we entered the Bay of Volo, and nine o'clock when we arrived at the port of that name at the head of this noble bay. Mount Pelion, 5,300 feet high, towers above the city, its slopes whitened by a score of villages long famous in Greece for their wealth and independence. I regretted that I had not time to visit these villages in detail and study the sources of their thrift. But an iron horse more powerful than the horses of Achilles was ready to rush over the fertile plains where the warrior's steeds were reared. We had no time to climb Pelion to follow the trail of one-sandalled Jason or to find the ash-tree from which Chiron cut Peleus his famous spear. Eleven miles from Volo we reached Velestino. The smoke of the locomotive was mingled with a cloud of tradition which hung over the ancient Pheræ. Apollo, who here served out his sentence as neatherd, King Admetus, Jason, Alcestis, and Hercules, were all floating in the invisible air, but could not be found on the solid earth. A black, snorting locomotive and a train of cars easily chase such apparitions to their graves. At Velestina the road to Larissa runs north over the broad fertile Thessalian plain. We were in no pent-up valley; we found something of the freedom of our prairies, which one gets nowhere else in Greece. Yet lest life here should become too flat and too profitable, Pelion and Mavro Vouni, the mountain wall to the east, and Ossa and Olympus to the north, say "Thus far and no farther."

Through the Græco-Turkish War Larissa has become familiar all over the world to people who had never heard of it before. Its re-occupation by the Turks gave them the key to Thessaly and opened the way to Volo. As we sought it in the spring of 1893, it was lying peacefully on the banks of the Peneius, a fine bridge spanning the classic river. The contrast between Larissa and Athens, or any of the larger cities of the Peloponnesus, is at once evident. The Turk has left his signature in mosque and pencilled minaret, in Oriental dwellings, in Turkish porters with capacious trousers, and that most democratic of all head-coverings worn by Sultan, generals, soldiers, gentlemen, bootblacks, porters, and babies, the Turkish fez. The storks were flying about with great liberty, and one of sedentary habits and Mohammedan affinities had built a nest on the top of a mosque and was sitting upon it with ecclesiastical composure. The medley of dress in Larissa is cosmopolitan, but discordant. Some are half Turk and half European. Some wear the Greek fustanella, others confine their Hellenism to Greek shoes. Water is brought up from the river in large pouches or skins on the backs of mules.

So well have law and order been extended over Greece, that the only place where brigandage is likely to break out is along the northern or Turkish frontier; but we had good assurance that at Tempe no guard was necessary, and did not trouble ourselves to ask for a military escort. It is four and a half hours' ride to Baba by carriage. We planned to spend the night at that little village at the opening of the Vale of Tempe and to return to Larissa the

next day. The first hackman asked sixty drachmas, but by exploring the back streets we finally got one for thirty-five (about five dollars).

We started at half-past twelve. The roads were heavy from the rain of the previous night, the air was fresh, and the fields were green. Thessaly is still famous for its horses; many were grazing in the fields, and there were great flocks of sheep and goats. The broad expanse of plain was dotted here and there with oaks, elms and plane-trees. An industrious peasant was ploughing the field; his one-handled plough was old enough for a museum, but his oxen were well fed and strong. Alas, that this Thessalian grain should be trampled under foot of armed men! Greece had long claimed and needed these fertile fields, and they were long unjustly withheld from her. She has plenty of water, but she has needed more land to make a nation.

The mountains continually say to the traveller, "Lift up thine eyes." There is Pelion to the right with a touch of snow on its crest. Farther to the north the sharp peak of Ossa rises above the mountains and foothills that engird its base. Still farther to the north and grandest of all is many-ridged, snow-covered Olympus. The epithet πολυδειράς, "with many ridges," used in the Iliad, is of striking fitness. It was not a literary conceit, for Nature coined the adjective. Seen from the plain there are five distinct ridges, as if five colossal, long-backed, elephantine mountains had been harnessed side by side and blanketed with snow. The great snow mass was enough to soften but not to obscure the wavy outline of the many ridges, and the clouds

gathered above as if enshrouding the aërial palace of Zeus. Soon they floated off and left the upper air clear and the peaks brilliant, recalling the beautiful passage in the Odyssey, "So saying, gray-eyed Athene passed away to Olympus, where they say the seat of the gods stands fast forever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor does the snow come near, but cloudless upper air is spread about it, and a bright radiance floats over it."

There would have been a decided change in the scenery if those lively and precocious youngsters Otus and Ephialtes had had their way in piling Ossa on Olympus and Pelion on Ossa as stepping-stones to higher things. They would have done it, says Homer, with great confidence, if they had grown up; for they were only fifty-four feet high, and the down had just begun to grow on their cheeks when they were nipped in the bud, and went to long but untimely graves.

We reached the little khan of Baba at five o'clock, and after arranging for supper and lodging, had time to take a walk through the Vale of Tempe before sunset. This famous vale is, as its name signifies, a "cut" or pass in the mountains. The cliffs which form it belong on one side to the chain of Ossa and on the other side to that of Olympus. The vale is four and a half miles long. The cliffs rise with noble grandeur, and through the gorge the Peneius flows to the sea. Its banks are well wooded with the plane, elm, oak, willow, and wild fig. Some of the plane-trees are of great size. Especially impressive was a pair of twin trunks rising from a gigantic base. The rocks on each side were covered with

THE VALE OF TEMPE.

hardy bushes and clinging vines. We were in the vale just in time for the fresh greenness of the leaves, the spring-tide of the river and the spring carols of the birds. Among them were the clear, fluent, bell-like tones of the nightingale. Is it more shy than most professional singers, or is it only coquettish? We hid ourselves in the bushes to get a glimpse of the *Meistersinger*, — for I dare not call a male song-bird a *prima donna*. I was surprised at the extreme plainness of the nightingale's dress; its plumage is of a reddish brown with a dull gray breast. In garb it is a sober Quaker among the birds, and if the members of that religious society were to hold a grove meeting in the Vale of Tempe, they would not have the heart to condemn the ravishing music of their feathered Friends. In the distance the horological cuckoo was measuring off his voice. The setting sun shone through the vale. As we advanced, the mountains came nearer together, until there was only room in the defile for the rushing river and the roadway beside it. Far up on the mountain-side was a small village, and, near it, fine cows — not very numerous in Greece — were grazing in the fields. The village on the terrace is Ambelakia, which, in spite of its remoteness in this vale, was famed in France and Europe for its dyeing and spinning, conducted on a co-operative plan.

We returned to the khan at sundown and had a meal as plain as the plumage of the nightingale. It was made up of brown bread, milk, and boiled eggs. The eggs were fresh, the milk sweet, and the brown bread wholesome. No animals disturbed our sleep except an inquisitive cat, which jumped in the win-

dow and then jumped out again, while cuckoos in the vale conscientiously counted the hours. We adjusted our appetites to a breakfast which was an exact repetition of our supper. Two swallows came in and flew round the room. "What do you call them?" I asked the proprietor. "Χελιδόνι," he answered, and the Homeric form χελιδών is also used.

We took a morning stroll in the vale, the beauties of which grow by acquaintance. The whole valley was vocal with bird songs. For a long distance the road is lined with oaks and plane-trees, whose trunks form a wall or palisade, their roots washed by the rushing river, which sometimes overflows its banks. Neither here nor at Larissa could I see Homer's silver-eddying (ἀργυροδίνης) river. It was freighted with silt or clay, and in Dakota they would have called it the "Little Muddy."

For centuries the Vale of Tempe has been famed for its beauty. It has fairly won its reputation. The comparison must be made not with the world as we know it, not with Chamouni or Zermatt or the great cañons in the Rockies and Sierras of our own land, but with other parts of Greece. Compared especially with Attica, the Vale of Tempe must have furnished a contrast then as now delightful to the traveller. It is said that Pompey, fleeing through the vale after his defeat at Pharsalus, drank, at the end of a forty-mile ride, of the waters of the Peneius.

We returned to Larissa for the night, and the next morning started for Meteora and the mid-air monasteries. To do this we were obliged to go

south by rail clear to Velestino, and thence northwest, over another leg of the triangle, instead of journeying across its base from Larissa to Trikkala. We passed Pharsalus, which Leake thinks must be regarded as the home of Achilles, but firmer historic fame is found here in the battlefield of Cæsar and Pompey. Sheep were feeding on the great plain where the battle was held, not dreaming of being startled soon by Greek and Turkish musketry. In the clear atmosphere Olympus, fifty miles away, did not seem half so far, and still maintained its imposing pre-eminence.

Phanari is rocky enough for the Homeric Ithome with which its site is identified. The village slopes to the plain where horses, cows and sheep were peacefully grazing.

Trikkala is the second largest town in Thessaly. More picturesque is Kalabaka, at the western end of the road under the shadows of the great cliffs of Meteora. These cliffs are unlike any other formation in Greece. In our own northwest they would be called buttes. They are groups of pillared peaks, rising perpendicularly in lofty isolation on the plain. Seen from a distance, one of these groups might be taken for a vast cathedral with towers and turrets. Another group rises in detached pinnacles on the slope of the foothills. Upon this curious assemblage of peaks were built in the fourteenth century the famous Meteora ("mid-air") monasteries, originally twenty-four in number. It seems a curious adventure for religion to isolate itself on these lofty and almost inaccessible solitudes. But for the monks of those turbulent times a mid-air

monastery served as a fortification as well as a temple. It protected them not only from the temptations of the world, but from the flesh and the devil in the shape of robbers and marauders. Of the twenty-four, but seven are now inhabited; the ruins of the others, like deserted eyries, crown these stern heights. As we stood under some of these perpendicular pinnacles the wonder was not merely that monasteries could be built upon them, but that any human being could have scaled them to begin with.

Procuring a local guide, we made our way to the foot of the Monastery of the Holy Trinity. There are two methods of ascent to several of these monasteries; one is by a rope-ladder with wooden rungs let down over the side of the cliff; the other is by means of a net, rope and windlass. We wished to try both methods, but as the windlass and rope were out of order, we were obliged to climb by the rope-ladder. Ascending first a flight of stairs of no difficulty, we passed along a narrow walk cut in the side of the cliff, the perils of which were only partly reduced by a rickety hand-railing. It showed us how much protection was needed and how little it could furnish. After winding round and up the cliff a considerable distance, we reached a ladder enclosed in a box hanging over the side of a cliff, and, ascending it, emerged into the monastery through a trap-door.

The view from the top was magnificent. Grand rocks rose on the other side of the chasm and grander mountains beyond. Red-roofed Kalabaka lay below, while through the plain wound the Peneius, more worthy of the silver speech into which Homer had

A MID-AIR MONASTERY.

coined it. We had seen it rushing through the narrow defile at Tempe, but here it leisurely uncoils its length in an ample bed on the plain. In the clear air above, an eagle was slowly circling, its wings almost motionless, as if deciding which of these deserted monasteries it would choose for its nest. The ten monks in the monastery were courteous and hospitable. When we saw the frayed-out rope and the "general flavor of mild decay" suggested by the windlass, — not, like wine, the better for age, — we felt that here, at least, the ladder was the lesser risk.

Descending the same way, we started for the Monastery of Saint Stephen, which stands much higher. By an easy bridle-path we climbed to the top of a cliff separated from that on which Saint Stephen stands by a deep abyss, spanned by a wooden drawbridge. When robbers and brigands threatened the monastery the monks raised the drawbridge and rested in security. It was only after repeated knockings that we managed to make ourselves heard. An attendant opened the door and conducted us through a courtyard and upstairs into the reception-room of the Archimandrite Constantius, who received us warmly. Then we were shown to our rooms. We succeeded in getting a basin of water to wash in, but when I asked for a towel, the attendant smiled at such worldliness, and said they used towels in the village but not in the monastery. He informed me that there were ten monks, who employed forty-five workmen, some in the monastery and some on their farms below. I can easily believe that there were fifteen cats, for I saw eight. The servants set before

us a supper of brown bread, fried eggs, cheese and wine. If these monks live high, it is not in their diet. After supper we took a walk round the cliff, and had a superb view of the Thessalian plain below, with the winding Peneius, the solemn gigantic masses of Meteora, and the lofty, snow-capped range of Pindus beyond. The abbot and the servant were communicative and not too high in the air to be remote from Greek politics. On these eagle cliffs nothing disturbed our rest, and Basil was not there to wake me for a daybreak service.

After a frugal breakfast, — it would not have been possible to get anything else, — we descended the cliff for a short distance, then made a sharp ascent, and skirted the edge of a deep ravine, where we had a fine view of the picturesque fantastic buttes which lay between us and the plain. Though we had left our heaviest bag at the railroad station, we still had too much to carry for a warm day; but the view repaid every sacrifice. Reaching at length the base of a cliff nearly two hundred feet high, upon which is perched the Monastery of Saint Barlaam, we shouted vigorously, until by and by a monk's head appeared at a window above. An attendant who looked small enough for a spider emerged from a hole in the cliff and descended spider-like on a long hanging ladder. He was not encumbered with much clothing, nor was he a devotee of soap; but when he learned that we were Americans, he was cordiality itself. We had had one experience with a ladder; we wanted now to try the net. The young man shouted to the monks above, and presently the rope descended with a heavy net on the hook. The

young man spread the net upon the ground. Professor Tarbell courageously offered to try the experiment first. Accordingly, as directed, he sat cross-legged in the net. The meshes were drawn round him and fastened in the hook at the end of the rope. Ἕτοιμα, "ready," shouted the Greek, and the monks above bent to the windlass and slowly lifted their catch. In spite of his constrained position, when he left the ground my friend preserved a semblance of humanity; but when he had gone a hundred and fifty feet, he seemed nothing but a suspended meal-bag, and I snapped my kodak at him with twinkling success. I appeal to the reader, who may trace the rope and the bag in the illustration, if this judgment is harsh.

It was my turn next. I felt something like a condemned criminal as I saw the rope and net descend. We are creatures of association. As a boy, I used to take in my hands the hook of a hoistway chain and swing back and forth from a platform thirty or forty feet from the ground; the exhilaration disguised the danger. Thousands of people every year ascend the Pilatus railroad or the cable road at Mürren, or go to the top of the Washington Monument in an elevator, or sleep on a railway train at the rate of fifty miles an hour. One soon becomes accustomed to experiences which are made safe simply because they are so dangerous. But to be bagged in a net, and drawn up on the outside of a cliff by a rope and windlass, rising as slowly and ignominiously as if you were a bale of merchandise, had in it elements of novelty, uncertainty, and unaccustomed danger. The most trying perils are those which lack excite-

ment. From experience I know that to join a cavalry charge is one of the most dramatic and exciting things in the world, and therefore requires but a small amount of courage; but to be suspended for four minutes in mid-air in a net affords unusual opportunity for reflection. A consciousness of your utter helplessness and the ridiculousness of your position alternates with speculations on the strength of the rope and the perfection of the windlass. I found, however, my courage slowly rising with the net. An advantage of ascending by net instead of by ladder is that the beautiful scenery opens gradually before you as you rise. A critical time is when you reach the top and hang poised for a few seconds opposite the door of the monastery. Two monks put out their hands at each side, and shouting Ἕτοιμα to those at the windlass, pull you in and land you in a heap on the floor.

The Monastery of Saint Barlaam takes its name either from the saint of the fourteenth century or some hermit named after him. We had but time for a rapid view of the church. Tozer speaks enthusiastically of the Byzantine frescos and of the artistic grouping of one of the representations of the Virgin. Think of the sanctity of a monastery which no woman has ever entered! I can imagine what an exorcism, not of evil spirits, but of evil matter — the dirt of centuries — a few women from Broek might effect with their mops and brooms. We found but six monks and ten servants. All supplies had to be drawn up by the rope, for which there is a separate hoistway. The monastery bell was cracked. Considering the position of the church, one could not

MONASTERY OF ST. BARLAAM. ASCENT BY NET AND WINDLASS.

expect a very large number of church-goers, even if the bell had been sound. I saw here for the first time the *semantron.* This is a large plank suspended in the air and struck with a piece of iron. It is used in Lent instead of the bell. Its use is extremely ancient, and in Byzantine churches and monasteries long preceded the use of the bell.

We had tested the strength of the rope, the windlass and the muscle of the monks. There was but one critical moment in the descent. Into that moment seemed to be condensed half the peril of the adventure. The net was spread on the floor near the hoistway and gathered up over my head and fastened in the hook, as before. Then there was a half turn at the windlass and I was pushed out from the landing. I felt the net settle and its cords become taut. It was literally a moment of suspense. My companions taunted me with the uncertainty of my position and wished they could photograph my expression. Fortunately, I had left my kodak below. The single moment was longer than the rest of the four minutes, which were comparatively agreeable. There was no need of distrusting the net. It was strong and big enough to hold two people. The monks do not like to haul up two men at once, but it is easier to let them down, and Professor Tarbell and Mr. Roddy descended together. Just how they managed to braid their legs and arms I do not know, but they brought them all down with them and were safely disentangled at the bottom.

Wordsworth not inaptly called these monks fishers of men. Insulated in their lofty solitudes, they

illustrated a strange conception of religion and life as remote from that of Homeric times or from the religion which built the Parthenon as it is from apostolic Christianity or the advanced spirit of our own age.

VII

ISLANDS OF THE ÆGEAN

EUBŒA

I

AN INTERNATIONAL FUNERAL

I WAS sitting in my room in Athens, reading a Greek newspaper with the social desperation of a man who two days before had said good-bye for the winter to his wife and children. A light knock at the door interrupted this inconsequential reading. It is a question for critics whether Beethoven did or did not mean, in his famous introduction to the Fifth Symphony, to describe "Fate knocking at the door." The rap of Fate does not always come with unvarying rhythm and authority. Fate is not always stern, cold or cruel, but may be gently insistent and kindly inevitable. The sternest events in life often come to us through the mildest announcements. How many times had I heard just such a low knock at my door at home, with its summons to sympathy and ministration! I had travelled more than once five hundred miles to answer it. I did not expect to hear it in Greece or imagine that it would mean a journey almost as long. When I had thought of going to Eubœa, it was to see the supposed tomb of Aristotle and the theatre of Eretria. I did not think of going to a new-made grave.

More than fifty years ago a French gentleman of fortune, Baron Mimont, bought a large estate in the

northern part of Eubœa. He counted it part of his pleasure in life to spend some months there every year. He had done much to develop and beautify it. It had become another home to him, hardly second in his affections to his beloved France. He was suddenly overtaken by sickness, and his two sons were summoned from Paris. They came as fast as train and steamer and one day of quarantine would permit, but the death angel moved faster, and when they reached Athens they received tidings of their father's death. It was a friendly guide conducting these two gentlemen who had knocked at my door. They explained that their father was a devout French Protestant; he had wished to be buried in his beloved Eubœa. There was not a Protestant minister on the island; would I, an American, go with them and conduct the service? In such an hour language, distance, nationality, all give way to fraternity. These gentlemen immediately won my interest, respect and brotherly sympathy. Their request meant a round trip by water of over four hundred miles, two possible fits of seasickness, — both of which were realized, — the absence of three and a half days from Athens, and the interruption of regular work. But it did not take me three minutes to answer "Yes."

It was then three o'clock. It was arranged that Messieurs Mimont should call two hours later and we should drive to the Piræus together. I packed my bag, wrote a few cards postponing engagements, called on Dr. Manatt, the United States Consul, who held all Americans in Athens in his fraternal and patriotic keeping, and at half-past five was in

the carriage on my way to the Piræus, a five-mile drive from Athens. There we were joined by a captain of the French army attached to the Legation at Athens, who in the unavoidable absence of the Minister represented the French Republic.

There was premonitory mischief in the fresh breeze. It soon became fairly wicked in its sport with the sea, until it had aroused that sensitive element into ungovernable fury. The waves rioted in the Saronic Gulf. It was a relief to get into the strait the next day, where the wind had little scope for its exercise.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when, after stopping at Karystos, Alivari, and Chalcis, we reached the village of Aidipsos in the northern part of the island. Seven saddle horses (three for attendants) and a wagon for the luggage awaited us. We mounted and rode for half an hour to a point where the roads were smooth enough for carriages. From the attendants we learned the particulars of the death of Baron Mimont. An hour later we reached the château in Xerochori. A few soldiers were in the yard. In the house were the demarch, the chief of police, various local officials, and the village priest. On the death of Baron Mimont the morning before, the safe had been sealed and various official precautions taken for the security of property. There was an exchange of formalities and the reading of documents to discharge the town from responsibility. Then the officials shook hands with us all and bowed themselves out.

Baron Mimont's extensive property of I know not how many thousands of acres, yields large returns of grapes, olives, grain, tobacco and other crops.

To work it a large force of Greek laborers was necessary. So there had grown up on the estate two little villages, St. Jean and St. Theodore, with forty-five families housed in stone cottages, and a small Greek church whose priest was also teacher. Many of these families had been reared on the place and looked to Monsieur Mimont as their friend and protector as well as employer. To them the death of their venerable patron was a personal bereavement. It was therefore arranged to have one service in the death-chamber in the homestead for the family and near friends, and one at the grave to which all might come.

I have held funeral services under circumstances both peculiar and tragic, but this one lay far out of the range of all previous experience. The sons had been trained to English from infancy, but were the only ones present who understood that tongue. The housekeeper, the *intendant* and some of the village officials understood French. The priest and his flock knew only Greek. The situation was certainly peculiar: the funeral of a French Protestant in a Greek community, on Greek soil, conducted by an American. I went to the service with a French Bible, an English Bible, and the New Testament in the old Greek.

The service in the upper room was simple. The two brothers,—the only survivors in the family,—the *attaché* of the French Legation in brilliant uniform, the gendarme also in full uniform, the village priest, the faithful maid, the mayor of Xerochori and a few others were in the chamber. A selection from the Psalms in English was followed by a selection from the New Testament in French, and a prayer in English.

The casket was then carried out and the funeral procession formed. Two Greeks bearing lighted candles led the way, the candles burning pale in the brilliant sun. The gendarme followed, bearing a cushion on which was a symbol of authority; four soldiers marched behind him; and four Greeks dressed in their native costume — the short white skirt, or *fustanella* — bore the casket. The two chief mourners followed; and then the French captain and myself. Behind us were the Greek priest, the demarch, and a long procession of men, women and children from the villages. There was no music, no cadence step, and no wailing, save the sobs of the faithful housekeeper. I had seen Greek funerals before, and the sight from the standpoint of spectator would not have seemed strange; but to be moving in the procession to conduct the service was an unusual and memorable experience.

Monsieur Mimont was a lover of trees. He had planted many of varied hue and habit with his own hands, — trees not found elsewhere on the island. In a beautiful grove, at the end of a gentle slope, not far from the calm waters of the bay, he had chosen the place for his grave. One could hardly dream of a more beautiful spot. I shall never forget the lovely panorama that lay before us as we slowly marched down the knoll. In the foreground were plane-trees, poplars, weeping-willows, fig-trees and olives, — some of bright green, some of dark green, and others of yellow leafage, spreading over the wide slope which gently descended to the calm blue bay. Here were peace and beauty. Across the gulf was the eternal grandeur of the mountains. There rose Par-

nassus eight thousand feet above the sea; its peaks, whitened with snow, loomed up amid a grand chorus of dark hills. There were the snow-capped ridges of Olympus, nearly ten thousand feet high. The deep Bay of Volo opened at the north at the foot of Pelion. Calm, beautiful, grand was the scene in this soft air lighted by the brilliant sun and with a white cortège of clouds in the blue sky.

The casket was lowered to its resting-place. The crowd became hushed as I read a few passages in English from the New Testament followed by the Twenty-Third Psalm in French. I could not bear the thought that these Greeks should be left out of my ministration and listen to a service which was wholly unintelligible; so I had risen at four o'clock in the morning and had written out and committed a brief and simple address in modern Greek, which connected some selections from the Greek New Testament: —

"God is good, and we are all his children. Saint Paul, when he spoke upon the Areopagus, said, 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.' To-day there are representatives here of three nations. We are Greeks, French and American; but we are all brothers." (There were nods of assent.) "We speak three languages — Greek, French, English; but there is only one language of the heart. The language of the heart is the language of love; and Saint Paul has said, 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.'" Selections in Greek from the rest of that beautiful chapter, the Thirteenth of First Corinthians, followed. Returning thanks to the friends and the

faithful servant, I concluded my part of the service with the Lord's Prayer in Greek.

The sweet-faced priest then swung his censer over the grave, and recited a few passages from the Greek service for the dead, another priest at the other end of the grave gave the responses, and the people joined in the benedictions. It was a brief service, but cheerful and triumphant in its tone. As we moved away from the grave slowly but without formality, I took the arm of the lovable priest and asked him in Greek if he understood what I had read. Μάλιστα ("certainly.") Then opening his liturgy he showed me the Lord's Prayer in the same Greek, turned a few pages to the exquisite Corinthian chapter, and putting his finger on the closing verse — 'And now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love,' — said, Ὡραῖον, ὡραῖον, "Beautiful, beautiful."

Then I felt that the barrier of language had indeed been broken down and that priest and people had felt with me the ties of brotherhood and human sympathy which bound us all together. It was significant that the three nations there represented, — Greece, France, and America, — had all stood for *liberty*, *equality*, *fraternity*. And it was deeply interesting that the great apostle in his famous chapter to the Greeks of Corinth and in his address to the Athenians on the Areopagus had furnished in the Greek tongue a bond of sentiment and union which made us feel at that grave that God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and that hope and faith, and above all love, are the supreme things in the world.

II

ERETRIA

My second visit to Eubœa was made some months later, on the "Inselreise" with Dr. Dörpfeld.

Eretria, which lies on the west coast of Eubœa, has a special interest for Americans because it was excavated a few years ago by the American School. The site of the theatre had been determined before by the depression in the earth which suggested the auditorium, but the plan and architectural history were first revealed by American spades.

The theatre at Eretria has this peculiarity: it was built on a plain instead of on a hill. The orchestra had therefore to be sunk in the ground; and it is possible that an amphitheatre of wooden seats was erected for the spectators. Afterward, however, the people of Eretria were not satisfied with a temporary wooden auditorium and made an artificial hill. The labor and expense of throwing up and moving the earth must have been very great. The orchestra was therefore put down as deep as possible. Why the founders did not choose a hillside to start with, I do not know, unless it be that some specially sacred associations were connected with this place. The theatre passed through three stages of architectural development. There are two puzzling peculiarities. One is the existence of an underground passage, big enough for a man to pass through, from the orchestra

to the dressing-room, that may have served for the introduction of a ghost or for any mysterious disappearance. The other feature is an arched passageway on the level of the orchestra, and leading by a flight of stairs to a point behind the *skene*.

From the theatre we ascended to what was once the acropolis, guided by the remains of the walls by which it was protected. You can follow the ruined wall, strengthened here and there by towers, down the hill and into the bay, running out to a little island and enclosing a portion of the harbor. It is possible that these walls existed before the Persian War, 490 B. C.; but they did not prevent the Persians from taking and sacking the town. From the acropolis we had a fine view of the mountains of Eubœa.

It was not far from Eretria that Dr. Waldstein discovered, in 1891, what was somewhat prematurely heralded by the press as the tomb of Aristotle or some member of his family. The tradition is, however, that the philosopher was buried at Chalcis, and not at Eretria.

THE CYCLADES

If you look at the map of Greece, you will see that the Attic peninsula and the island of Eubœa lie parallel to one another, and that each has a string of islands dangling from its southern extremity. Originally, no doubt, they all belonged to the continent. A few islands at the end of each string serve to join them in a loop or chain. They form a sort of geographic federation. Their old Greek name has clung to them, and nothing better could be found.

Ægina is not one of the Cyclades, but it was on a trip through the Greek archipelago extending to Asia Minor that I first set foot on this isle whose name, mentioned in the Homeric catalogue and shared by the gulf in which it lies, has come down to us through the mists of antiquity. It has an area of only thirty-two square miles, and about seven thousand inhabitants. The one monument of its past that allured us was the old temple of Athene. We dropped anchor, disembarked, and climbed by a rough pathway along the edge of a grain field and over stony débris to the site of this temple, which is one of the oldest and best preserved examples of the Doric style. About twenty of the columns are standing. The plan is easily traced, and its early origin is seen in the simple form of the capital. The floor was covered with cement, and traces of paint are clearly seen on it. The vigorous and animated sculptures which adorned the pediment,

representing combats between Trojans and Æginetan heroes, are now in the Glyptothek at Munich, still wearing that patent "Æginetan smile."

The view from Ægina is fine. Athens, its ancient rival, lies across the gulf, and you can even see the King's Garden. Pentelicus, Hymettus, the mountains near Eleusis and Megara to the north, and the mountains of the Peloponnesus to the west loom up. Salamis lies to the north and Poros to the south.

Leaving the Saronic Gulf we sail into the island-studded sea. Under the shelter of Sunium lies Makronisi, the ancient Helene, seven miles long and three wide, an uninhabited pasturage, with no monuments. Its only title to fame is the tradition that Helen once landed there. On the other hand Ceos, thirteen miles from Sunium, is rich in association and interest. The merchant goes there for valonea, figs or wine, the antiquarian to see its famous lion, sculptured like that of Lucerne in the living rock, and the literary pilgrim to see the birthplace of Simonides, Bacchylides, and Prodicus. A fresh interest is awakened in this isle by the welcome discovery in Egypt of the manuscript containing the poems of Bacchylides. It is as if the poet had strung his lyre afresh and given to the world sweet harmonies of which before only single notes or broken chords had sounded in the ear. Andros, the most northerly of the Cyclades, is really but a prolongation of Eubœa, from which it is separated by a narrow strait, and Tenos is but an extension of Andros. Naxos is the largest of the group, with twenty-two thousand inhabitants. West of it is Paros, renowned for quarries from whose beautiful marble were summoned immor-

tal works of art. There are twenty-five islands of the Ægean belonging to Greece, some of them barren and uninhabited, others fruitful and populous. Geographically the centre of the group is Syros or Syra, with its spacious harbor round which is built prosperous Hermopolis. While other islands are living on their antiquity, Syra is one of the most active and thriving ports in Greece.

But on this island trip we were not looking for the largest jewels on the chain. We were seeking the real gem of the Cyclades. It is an island so small that on a Baedeker map it is only large enough to be visible. It has no commerce and literally no population. Few make pilgrimages to this island to-day; but what throngs came here once to worship! And what money, time, labor and skill were needed to rear the temples, halls and treasure-houses, and to chisel the statues which glorified Delos, the holy island of Greece! The entire island was a shrine hallowed as the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis. Here the worship of Apollo was observed with great fervor, — not as a local cult, but as the chief shrine of thousands of Ionian worshippers. Nowhere save at Olympia have I been so impressed with the number of buildings devoted to the service of the gods. Here was the great temple of Apollo, the famous Horn Altar to the same god, the Hall of the Bulls, the temple of Leto, the temple of Artemis, and one devoted to the worship of Egyptian divinities. An imposing colonnade surrounded the agora, and among the host of statues was the great one dedicated to Apollo, whose colossal base still stands bearing a legible inscription: "From the same stone am I and

the base," meaning probably that base and statue were both made of Naxos marble. The statue, which was one of the oldest works of Greek sculpture, dating back to the sixth century before Christ, exists only in scattered fragments, which it is not likely that any resurrection of art will summon together. The immense block on which it stood preserves its integrity and bears the imprint of the colossal foot.

To the French School at Athens, under the intelligent direction of Monsieur Homolle, belongs the credit of conducting the fruitful excavations which give us some idea of what Delos was at the height of its fame and glory. Of the great temple of Apollo only the foundation and some of the ornaments exist. Near by are the foundations of an earlier one, probably dedicated to the same divinity at a time when Delos was under the political power of Athens. We thought we discerned the skilful hand of the Attic workman in the steps, the columns, and the ornaments of this building which may have been built about 450 or 430 before Christ. This temple is described by the French as oriented toward the west; but Dörpfeld suggests that a small hall which would form a pronaos was probably overlooked. This would make it face to the east, as most Greek temples do.

Two of the wonders of the world were on this little island, — one the Horn Altar to Apollo, and the other the Hall of the Bulls. The latter was a building some 220 feet long and 29 feet wide, where the animals to be sacrificed were brought. The capitals of the Doric pilasters which supported the long hall were adorned with beautifully cut bulls' heads, from which the building takes its modern name. The

foundations are well preserved, and near by were some of the capitals and triglyphs of clean white marble, seemingly as fresh and unstained as when they were first cut.

It is unnecessary to ask whether the ancient Greek was a church-goer. These beautiful temples were not built for the passer-by alone. In the propylæa of the holy precinct there is a threshold which has been worn down in a remarkable way by the thousands of reverent feet that entered the hallowed place.

The arrangement of the theatre, which is about as large as that at Athens, can be well distinguished. The ample auditorium is supported on each side by great walls. A small canal, like that at Megalopolis, bounds the orchestra. Before the *proskenion*, which was of the same height as in other theatres, were placed statues whose bases are preserved. The presence of these statues excludes the possibility of the *proskenion* having been used to support a stage, as the statues would have been so high as to interfere with the view of the spectators.[1]

Climbing the steps of the theatre, we reach above the terraces the grotto of Apollo. A natural opening in the rocks has been widened and roofed over with heavy stones. The grotto is not deep and dark like that at Delphi. It is only a few yards in depth, and light comes in from an opening behind. This is probably the oldest site of the worship of Apollo on the island. In front of it stands a circular marble base, which may have borne a tripod.

[1] For an interesting study of this theatre see Le Théâtre de Délos et la Scène du Théâtre Grec, Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique, by Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld (1897), p. 562.

But more imposing than grotto or tripod, and rising behind them, is the summit of Mount Kynthos, affording a commanding and delightful view of most of the Cyclades. To the north lies Tenos, unwooded and irregularly cut; to the northeast Mykonos, with its high hills. Near at hand is a mere stretch of rock, almost a bridge between Delos and Mykonos. Far away to the northeast that faint blue cloud on the horizon is Samos. To the south lie Naxos and Paros; and further to the southwest, Siphnos and Seriphos. To the west are Rhenea, or Great Delos, beyond it Syra, and to the northwest Gyaros. By turning on your heel you can see most of the links in this island chain. The sea is blue and calm, and these islets are as quiet as if they were brooding over the long history of the past.

The ancient fertility of Delos and its luxuriant growths are suggested in the only reference to the isle which we find in the Odyssey. When Odysseus is supplicating the aid of Nausicaa, he compares the tall beautiful princess to the young palm he had seen at Delos: "At Delos once, by Apollo's altar, something like you I noticed, a young palm-shoot springing up; for thither too I came, and a great troop was with me, upon a journey where I was to meet with bitter trials. And just as when I looked on that I marvelled long within, since never before sprang such a shoot from earth; so, lady, I admire and marvel now at you, and greatly fear to touch your knees." I did not find the palm near the altar of Apollo, but I had a surprise which was quite equal to that felt by Odysseus. I shall never forget the display of color which astounded me, when in search of a good place

for a swim, I walked to the south of the island. Jumping over a stone wall, I landed in a field of flowers which in abundance and brilliancy excelled anything I have ever seen. I remember coming unexpectedly upon a lovely park in the Black Hills where Nature had wrought a similar miracle, but with no such brilliancy of color as fairly dazzled the eye at Delos. Poppies and anemones of glowing red were massed with nameless yellows and purples in prodigal profusion. If I could have towed this island into Boston Harbor, thousands of people would have gone to see this floral show; here in the Ægean Sea only a few shepherds know of its existence. But "Beauty is its own excuse for being." Such a symphony in color tells of Nature's own delight in the revolving panorama of existence; and in this wonderful flower-bed there seemed to be the joy without the tragedy.

We went to Delos to see what is left of some of the wonders of the world. That night we sailed to Samos to see another. Samos, like Crete, ought to be on the map of Greece, but both are on the map of Turkey. When we sailed into the harbor of the capital which, like the modern town of Ithaca, is called Vathy, the rain was descending as if celebrating the anniversary of the flood. But instead of forty days it was content to fall forty minutes. Then it slackened its zeal, and permitted us to set our feet for the first time on Turkish soil. Samos is famous for its wine; and I have a list of the Boston ladies who went back to the ship with large bottles of it under their cloaks, and I can furnish the name of the so-called temperance man who used his Greek to negotiate the purchase. How-

ever, we had come not to inspect the wine-works, but the famous water-works which Herodotus describes.

A short trip round the other side of the island gave us a view of the Asiatic shore with lofty Mykale, the mountain monument of the Persian naval defeat, and brought us to the old village of Tigarni. An hour's walk, and we reached the hillside opening of the famous aqueduct. Lighting candles we entered a hole about four feet high and just large enough to admit one person. Fifty feet farther it widened into a capacious tunnel, some eight feet high and as many broad, with a small channel on the side for the water. Herodotus tells us that the excavation was made from both ends, and that the workmen met in the middle. The source of the water was at a high point on the mountain, so that the tunnel penetrated for a great distance into the mountain's heart. Just why this vast subterranean aqueduct was made, when the water might have been conducted on the outside of the mountain, it is not easy to explain, except on the supposition that it was for greater protection in time of war and that the sources were carefully concealed.

After an hour's walk from the tunnel we reached the ruins of the great temple of Hera, one of the largest ever built. Its breadth was equal to the length of the Zeus temple at Olympia, 210 feet; its exact length cannot be determined, because it has not been sufficiently excavated. Only one vast Ionic column is left to give some idea of the height of this imposing building.

At night we reversed our course and anchored in the morning at Mykonos, opposite Delos, where the

TROY

I

MARCHING ON TROY

CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control prevented me from being at the first siege of Troy; circumstances within my control kindly permitted me to be at the last. I did not, like Odysseus, make all manner of excuses and use every artifice to avoid going. I was too anxious to get there. I did not go in a wooden horse, — and it is yet impossible to go all the way with an iron one. The vessel that bore me is not numbered in the Homeric catalogue of ships, and I am not named among the heroes. I must, therefore, in this Post-Iliad catalogue my own adventures.

Unlike Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon, and Menelaus, I started for Troy alone. The rendezvous of the attacking party was not at Aulis, but on the acropolis of Troy itself.

I sailed away from Piræus just before sunset, with the sad consciousness that I was saying good-by to the "violet-crowned" city which had been my home for six months. The sunlight fell softly on Hymettus and lingered fondly over the Acropolis, "with long, reluctant, amorous delay." The sun and the steamer were moving away from each other; the Parthenon soon faded out of sight, and Athens was gone.

When I set foot on Asia Minor, it was at Smyrna. It was fitting to land there before going to Troy; for, of the seven cities which disputed Homer's birth, did not the weight of tradition favor Smyrna? Think of a city tracing its importance back several hundred years before Christ, and yet remaining to-day one of the chief commercial cities of Asia Minor, — living on its trade, not on its traditions. It has been shattered by earthquake and devastated by fire, but new cities have repeatedly grown on the foundations of the old, and few have a more beautiful site. It nestles confidently on the plain by the seaside, but rises, too, tier on tier, on the hill overlooking its sheltered gulf. The notable buildings, which in ancient times gave it celebrity, are gone; but archæologists have delved among the ruins. Of a population of two hundred thousand, fully half are Greeks. Thus there are almost as many Greeks at Smyrna as at Athens. Athens has become European; at Smyrna Orientalism is still predominant. As you enter its great bazaars, see camels lurching through the streets, and meet Turks and Greeks in Oriental costume, you feel that you are in a different zone of life and tradition.

The next day brought me to the Dardanelles. I had the satisfaction of meeting here Messrs. Körte, Präger, Strack, and Noach, four German archæological students, devoted friends of Dr. Dörpfeld, with whom I had before shared the joys and hardships of the Peloponnesian trip and the island excursion. We organized a cavalcade to move on Troy.

We spent the night at the Dardanelles, and next day crossed the famous strait, took horses and set out for the plains of Troy. It was a ride of several hours,

much of it in full view of the Hellespont. We passed caravans of camels, six sturdy oxen yoked together ploughing the fertile fields, and a procession of sixty Turks on horseback returning from a fair or fête. Halting for a brief rest in a Turkish village, late in the afternoon we galloped up to Hissarlik with as much ardor as if we had come to save the day for the Greeks. We were three thousand years too late; the Wooden Horse had got there ahead of us.

We were cordially received at Schliemannville, as the little group of huts which sheltered Dr. Dörpfeld and his associates was called. Though these huts had not the grandeur of the palace of Priam, they probably afforded much better accommodations than the Greeks had on the plain below. If we did not find Agamemnon or Menelaus, Priam, or Paris, Odysseus or Æneas, we found Dr. Dörpfeld, Dr. Wolters, Mr. Wilberg, and a few others, helping to direct the large force of men employed in the excavations. Not by dart, spear, sword or arrow was the modern siege conducted, but by pick and shovel; and the wheeled chariots were not those of Achilles or Diomedes, but hand-cars which were carrying off the débris.

II

THE MODERN SIEGE

It was Schliemann who began the modern siege of Troy. How he was laughed at for making the attempt! As if there were anything in Homer but pure fiction! His faith, enthusiasm and perseverance were based on a settled consciousness of historic elements in Homer. In spite of the wonder-

ful imaginative drapery in which the Homeric story was invested, Schliemann could feel the force and pressure of the reality beneath. Perhaps if he had been more critical and less trustful, he would not have felt it; but he believed that a real Troy, just as a real Greece, was the foundation of the story of the Iliad. So, in his ardent faith he went to the spot where tradition said that Troy used to be. With indomitable perseverance, Schliemann began with his spade to uncover the city. His discoveries were at first ridiculed. Then people began to smile another way when he brought forth the treasures he had unearthed, the relics of a prehistoric age. Afterward, when he had published his two books on Troy, the great value of his find was recognized by archæologists; but it was said, and said rightly, that the civilization of the Troy he had found did not correspond with the Troy described in Homer. Schliemann had gone further back into the past than he had known. He had dug down clear below the foundation of the Homeric Troy into still older strata.

The excavations at Tiryns and Mycenæ threw a search-light upon the Homeric age. If the relation of the Epic with the Mycenæan age cannot be established in all points, we can at least see the identity of the outline and the historic connection. The material of the Mycenæan age thus furnished criteria with which to determine the relative age of the discoveries at Troy. We were compelled to face the fact that the civilization indicated by the vases, ornaments and pottery which were found in the second city must have been centuries older than that of the Mycenæan age.

In 1890 Dr. Schliemann returned to Troy with Dr. Dörpfeld and renewed excavations. Instead of the seven cities, first assumed by Schliemann, nine were distinguished. In the sixth city, counting from the bottom, were found Mycenæan masonry and pottery. Only a small portion of the sixth stratum was uncovered; part of it had been removed in digging to the lowest stratum, but still more was destroyed by the Roman Ilium, the ninth city, whose foundations had been set far down in the sixth city below. The death of Dr. Schliemann put a stop to excavations, on the very threshold of new discovery. Mrs. Schliemann was devoted to her husband during his life. She had shared his faith, his labors, and his rewards. She alone was present with him when they uncovered the Great Treasure in the second city of Troy. What better way to perpetuate his memory than to complete his work at Troy? Through her generosity, supplemented by that of the German Government, the excavations were renewed under the direction of Dr. Dörpfeld in the spring of 1893. It was in June of that year that I joined Dr. Dörpfeld at Hissarlik.

Schliemann had dug deeply; the new task was to dig widely, to uncover laterally the stratum of the sixth city, and see how far this outcropping of Mycenæan masonry would lead. The work had already been in progress for two weeks when I arrived on the ground, and was able to see it carried to most important and fascinating results.

My first impression at Hissarlik was that of utter bewilderment. Though used by this time to the general aspect of excavations, I had never seen any

in which the strata seemed at first so hopelessly mixed. The problem at Olympia was comparatively simple; all the buildings were essentially on the same level. But here at Troy city after city had been built on different levels, the foundation stones of one commingling with the walls below. They seemed to be dovetailed in inextricable confusion. No temples, colonnades or theatres, as at Delos, no columns, capitals, triglyphs or statues, save in the Græco-Roman city on the top, gave any indication of former beauty and glory. Hissarlik seemed but a curious pile of stones, dust and ashes, and, had I been alone, half a day would have sated my curiosity, — and the puzzle would have been unsolved. After four days of study under Dr. Dörpfeld's guidance, with fresh daily revelations by industrious spades, the confusion became less confounded, the different strata became more familiar, and what seemed to be unmistakably the Homeric city gradually took shape and definition.

The general situation of Hissarlik furnishes topographically the essential conditions suggested by the Iliad. It is not, like Tiryns, an island in the plain; it is rather the end of a long ridge projected upon the plain and capable of being strongly fortified. In the broad valley below we may trace the channel of two rivers, one to the right and another to the left. The island of Tenedos lies out in the sea. Rivers, like politicians, change their course. I have seen the Upper Missouri make a new channel in a few weeks. It is not surprising, then, that the Scamander and its tributary the Simois should have left their ancient beds. How great a part the river plays in the story of the Iliad is seen in the twenty-first

EXCAVATIONS AT TROY.

book, when Achilles does battle not only with the Trojans at the Scamander, but with the river itself. Objection was made to Hissarlik as the site of Troy because the Scamander is not where one might expect it to be. But the old river-bed is there, and there are signs of the old ford and of the point where the Simois flowed into it, corresponding closely with the description of Homer. When the Greeks fight, the battlefield is between the river and the sea, so that when the Trojans are driven back they must pass through the ford at a certain place or else be cut off by the river behind them. The plain stretching from Hissarlik to the sea, with the ancient river-bed, furnishes just such conditions.

Desirous as I was of getting a good general idea of the whole topography of the Trojan plain and surrounding hills, I was glad that it was possible to make a trip to Bounarbashi and back. Our party was made up of Dr. Dörpfeld, Dr. Wolters, a quartet of German students, the Turkish representative at the excavations, a Turkish cavalryman, an attendant with packhorse, and the writer. It may not have been Homeric to go on horseback; but there were no chariots that could possibly go where we were going. We set out in the fresh cool morning; the wind was blowing over the bending grain, which bowed and swayed on the plain just as it does in the rhythmic lines of the epic. In less than an hour from Hissarlik we reached Hanai-Tepeh, an artificial mound, explored by Mr. Frank Calvert and Dr. Schliemann in 1878–79. Mr. Calvert found here the remains of numerous skeletons which had been carefully interred. Not far from this place, however, we

passed the site of a great crematory, where the beds of ashes were five and six feet deep, with occasional protruding skulls and bones. Here the Trojans may have burnt their dead.

Our next point was Eski-Hissarlik on the Scamander opposite Bounarbashi. It is clear that the divine river which had such a mighty tussle with Achilles, and but for the interference of Hephæstus would have engulfed not only the vulnerable heel of his swift foot but the rest of his divinely descended body, is still a formidable stream when its pride is swollen. It would easily have been able to carry out its threat of covering the Grecian hero with such a pile of sand that no one — not even Schliemann — would have known where to find his body. The river can only be crossed at certain fords, and when running high only by boat. As we forded it the water was up to the breasts of our horses. The fine view which rewarded us from Eski-Hissarlik was repeated from the height of Bounarbashi. It was this place which Lechevalier, who visited it in 1785–86, assumed to be the site of the old acropolis of Troy. Influenced doubtless by the commanding character of the height and its great value from a military standpoint, von Moltke and others accepted this view. This place with the hill opposite would make an almost impregnable position, but its site does not correspond with that of the city described in Homer. It is too far from the sea, — nearly twelve miles, — there is no plain for the battlefield, and the river flows directly under the city.

From the summit of Ujek-Tepeh the whole Trojan plain and the Ægean spread out like a map. We

could see how broad the plain of Troy is, and what a magnificent theatre the poet had in rendering the battle scenes of the Iliad. "Fair-flowing," "divine," "deep-flowing, silver-eddying," Scamander winds below. The broad plain ranges to the north, bound by the blue ribbon of the Hellespont. Mount Ida, capped with clouds, rises grandly in the southeast; while to the south in the Ægean is the island of Lesbos, nestling under the chin of the Troad. Westward and close to the shore is Tenedos, which, because it is in the beginning of the Iliad instead of at the end, every schoolboy knows was ruled with might by the god of the silver bow. It is a long low island with a high headland at the north.

Beyond the island of Imbros to the northwest is the bold rugged outline of Samothrace, with its lofty mountain rising 5,240 feet above the sea. It was here that Poseidon, "the mighty Earth-shaker, held no blind watch, but sat and marvelled on the war and strife, high on the topmost crest of wooded Samothrace; for thence all Ida was plain to see, and plain to see were the city of Priam and the ships of the Achaians." It was no blind Homer who wrote that passage, and he did not invent his map. Schliemann made excavations on Ujek-Tepeh, but found nothing of importance.

We lunched at a village below Bounarbashi. The drum-beat in the village announced a Turkish wedding, but it was solemn enough for a funeral. Crossing the Scamander again at another ford, and later a stout arm of the same stream, we reached Schliemannville by evening, feeling more confidence than ever in the tradition that Hissarlik was the site of the Homeric

Troy. To accept that tradition is to settle the question laterally, but not vertically. Dickens wrote a tale of two cities; Dörpfeld was deciphering a tale of nine. Which of them was the Homeric Troy?

It is an interesting sight to see forty or fifty men working hard with spades, picks, shovels and barrows, not for gold and silver or precious stones, — though not a little gold has been found at Troy, — but simply in mining the buried ore of history. The hill has been cut and channelled in every direction. The only inhabitants, except the birds that light here, are lizards, worms and crickets. Two Turkish soldiers, armed with breech loading rifles, guard the excavations. Most of the workmen are Greeks, dressed in Turkish blouse and trousers. Without the slightest sentiment about Helen they are repeating the victory of their fathers in recapturing the city. The old Greeks took one Ilios; the modern Greeks are taking nine. You hear the clank of shovels and of picks against the stone. These men are turning stones into bread. They get two francs a day for about eleven hours' work. They begin at five in the morning and quit at seven at night; but they have a rest at eight o'clock, and three hours in the afternoon in the heat of the day. As fast as it is loosened the débris is carried off in wheelbarrows and hand-cars and dumped on the plain. As it is more interesting to see a fire burning than to see the charred remains after it is over, so in one sense it is more fascinating to see the work of excavation going on, and to take a hand now and then with the shovel, than to see only the remains of former digging. At Troy we had the stimulus which results may give to expectation.

"Who knows," I said to Dr. Dörpfeld one morning as we were sitting at breakfast, "but we may find to-day the temple to which Helen went to bear her offerings to Athene." Up to that time no building laid bare showed any traces of a column, though foundations of *megara* — which might have been palaces or temples — had been found. It was singular that that very morning, on the stratum of the Mycenæan or sixth city, should have been found the remains of a column in place, and on the other side of the cut the marks where other columns had stood. So that it was possible by the next day, in spite of all that had been unfortunately cut away in previous excavations, to describe the plan of a large *megaron* which was either a palace or a temple.

In his early excavations Schliemann, as already said, distinguished the successive strata of seven different cities, and regarded the third city, the "Burnt City," as the Homeric Ilios. The latest examinations show that not only are there nine strata of as many cities on the hill of Hissarlik, but that one of these has been rebuilt thrice on the original levels, so that very likely a dozen different cities have stood on that hill. This in itself proves that from the remotest time successive settlements existed on this spot. That it is the same site as the Roman Ilium or Novum Ilium, which was supposed to rest on the Homeric Ilios, can hardly be doubted. The nine successive strata may be distinguished, beginning at the bottom, as follows: —

I. A primitive settlement built of small stones and clay.

II. Primitive fortress; large brick buildings, much

at the beginning of the Christian era, we may date the sixth city anywhere from one thousand to fifteen hundred years before Christ; the fifth, fourth, and third cities may range from 1500 to 2000 B. C.; the second, from 2000 to 2500 B. C.; and the third, from 2500 to 3000 B. C. But these are only relative and approximate dates; the primitive city might easily be a thousand years older.

I have spoken of the different layers of history as they were suggested on the Acropolis of Athens. But nowhere can one pass so rapidly from one age to another by slight changes of level as at Troy. As we mounted and descended through the different strata it seemed as if we were going up and down the ladders of time. How young seemed the Hellenic city, with its beautiful marble capitals and columns, compared with the primitive villages built on the basic rock below! One day, as we were digging in the third or fourth city, we came on several large jars or *pithoi* containing about a bushel of peas. They had been there probably four thousand years, and still preserved their form without their vitality. Some of these jars found at different levels were five feet or more in height. They were set in the ground, as shown in the illustration, and served to hold grain or wine. But in some cases the mice had gnawed through and devoured their contents.

No bricks were found in the Mycenæan period, and the dressed stones are peculiar to Troy. I have lying before me, however, a piece of brick which came out of the second city. It was originally sun-dried, but it has passed through a terrible fire. The outer part, where it was in close contact with wood, has been

FOOD JARS AT TROY.

melted till it is nothing but a cinder. What was the inner part still retains the semblance of clay, and is friable. Running through it you can see the marks and the mould of the straw laid into it; for it tells of a time when bricks were not made without straw. After the Boston fire one could find many evidences of the terrible heat, but no piece of brick just like this. When this brick was burned neither Chicago nor Boston was known or thought of; the Pilgrims had not landed at Plymouth; the United States was a far-off event; Columbus had not set sail for the new world; the art of printing was unknown; neither England nor France had a national existence; Mahomet was not born; Paris had not been made the seat of the Frankish monarchy; Italy had not been conquered by Theodoric; Jesus had not come, and the marvellous results of his life were undreamed of; Julius Cæsar, Pompey and Cicero, Darius, Plato, Socrates, Sophocles and Æschylus were unborn. I have a few fragments of clear charcoal made from the beams set in the wall. It was just where these beams were that the fire raged hottest and the adjacent brick was almost melted. It seems remarkable that the delicate piece of straw laid in this brick should have imprinted on the clay the lines of the fibre of which it was composed. Think of a wisp of straw leaving its signature on a piece of brick made four thousand years ago! In a burnt wall at Troy, where a beam had lain, a knot in the wood was stamped in the clay.

The full results of the final excavations of Troy, which I shall always consider it a rare event in my life to have witnessed, will not be known, perhaps, until

the sources and relations of its culture have been more fully established. While holding that the sixth city of Troy is contemporaneous with Tiryns and Mycenæ, and noting the influence of Mycenæan culture as seen in the vases (undoubtedly imported) of that period, Dr. Dörpfeld recognizes the difference between the culture of Troy and Mycenæ. The decoration of the former is distinctly simpler than that of the Argive palaces. It was left to Dr. A. Körte of Bonn to show that the predominant culture at Troy was Phrygian with points of contact with the Mycenæan.

When I went to Troy my chief fear was that some of the poetry of the Iliad might vanish in the ruins of Hissarlik. There are scenes which are beautiful in the glow of a sunset which are not beautiful in the glare of noon. I was not sure that the Homeric Ilios could stand so much publicity. And if my conception of it had been confined to that of the second city, I should have felt that the fact fell too far below the poem. But the uncovering of the Mycenæan city, with its great walls, towers and battlements, strengthened the sense of reality. It might have been on just such a tower that Helen stood looking over the plain of Troy when she won from the Trojan elders the greatest compliment ever paid to the beauty of a woman. But in Troy, as in Ithaca, site and scene are but the warp and woof of which the immortal picture is woven. We need not press the correspondence too far between fact and fancy. Over mountains, islands, sea and plain the poet has spread his canvas, and like a beautiful sunset in the

Ægean has suffused the scene with the bright glow of his imagination. And when the last stone of Troy shall have crumbled into dust the unfading pictures of the immortal epic will remain. With Alpheus of Mytelene we can sing: —

Ἀνδρομάχης ἔτι θρῆνον ἀκούομεν, εἰσέτι Τροίην
δερκόμεθ' ἐκ βάθρων πᾶσαν ἐρειπομένην
καὶ μόθον Αἰάντειον, ὑπὸ στεφάνῃ τε πόληος
ἕκδετον ἐξ ἵππων Ἕκτορα συρόμενον,
Μαιονίδεω διὰ Μοῦσαν, ὃν οὐ μία πατρὶς ἀοδὸν
κοσμεῖται, γαίης δ' ἀμφοτέρης κλίματα.

Still sad Andromache's low wail we hear;
Still see all Troy from her foundations fall:
The might of Ajax, lifeless Hector bound
And ruthless dragged beneath the city's wall —
This, through the muse of Homer, bard renowned,
Whose fame not one alone, but many shores revere.

INDEX

Abbess of Cephalonia, 50.
Academic Greek, 28.
Academos, grove of, 126.
Academy of Plato, 233, 255.
Acarnania, 64.
Achaians, 363.
Achilles, 319; home of, 325, 355, 361, 362.
Acoustics of Greek theatre, 142.
Acro-Corinth, 271, 272.
Acropolis, 101, 106, 116, 139, 154, 155, 251, 253, 258, 272, 352, 355; art treasures of, 124; before Parthenon, 93, 94; Belvedere on, 128; bombardment of, 95; bronzes, 120; Byzantine chapel on, 125; circular dances, 153; divinities of, 120, 121; Dörpfeld on, 226; dwelling place, 118; fortress and sanctuary, 126; grottoes of, 124, 125; Museum, 7, 10, 89, 91, 113, 120, 121, 225; not a plateau, 119; occupation by Turks, 95; portico of, 107; sacred sites on, 114; splendor of paganism, 201; statues on, 118, 120; temples on, 117, 124; terra-cottas, 120.
Acropolis, daily of Athens, 163, 170, 229.
Acting in Greek theatre, 144.
Adeline, Jules, 214.
Adler, 291.
Admetus, 319.
Admiral Tryon, 78.
Advertisements, Greek, 230, 231.
Ægaleos, from Acropolis, 104.
Ægean Sea, 350, 363, 370.
Ægina, 104, 156, 271, 344, 345.
"Æginetan smile," 258, 345.
Ægis of Athene, 120.
Æneas, 357.
Aenus, Mt. in Cephalonia, 83.
Æolus, street of, 156, 170.
Æschines, 235.
Æschylus, 58, 142, 143, 149, 152, 153, 154, 369.
Æsculapius, sanctuary of, 272; street of, 167.
Æsop's Fables, 235.
Aëtos, 59, 62, 68.
"Against Timarchus," 235.
Agamemnon, 318, 355, 357; tomb of, 278; trees of, 300.
Age of stones used in building, 102.
Agogiats, 283, 307, 308.
Agora, 164, 167–177.
Aidipsos, 337.
Albanian costume, 159; mountains, 16, 27.
Alcestis, 319.
Alcinoüs, 9, 16, 32–37, 278.
Alexandria, 76.
Alivari, 337.
All Saints' Day, 29.
Allinson, Francis G., ix., 306.
Alpheius, 284–293.
Alpheus of Mytelene, 371.
Altar in Greek church, 216, 220; of Zeus, 288, 292; to the Unknown God, 127, 202.
Altis, 288, 290, 292.
Ambelakia, famous for dyeing and spinning, 323.

Ambrysus, 309.
American Archæological School, 114 226, 227, 271, 279, 317; Legation at Athens, 165.
" American School, The," 235.
Amphiaraus, 255, 256.
Amphictyony, 297.
Amphoræ, 133.
Amvelonia, 285.
Anagnos, Michael, ix.
Anastosios the priest, 50.
" Ancient and Modern Greece," 7.
Andros, 254, 345.
Angel, lion, ox, and eagle, 211.
" Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture," 214.
Anthology, 136, 137, 232, 233.
Antigone, 139, 146, 153.
Apollo, grotto of, 124, 348; hymn to, 301–306, 313; neatherd, 319; shrine to, 286, 346; statue of, 168; temple of, 251, 297, 301, 346.
Apologists, early Christian, 204.
Apollo's altar, 349.
Apostle Paul. *See* Saint.
Apostles, symbols of, 211.
Aqueduct of Samos, 351.
Arachnæon, Mount, 274.
Arachova, 308.
Aratus, 205.
Arcadia, 80, 271.
Arcadian kings, seat of, 283; mountains and plains, 284, 285.
Arch of Hadrian, 127, 227.
Archæological Cavalry, 282–287.
Archæological hospital, 352.
Archæologists, discoveries of on Acropolis, 119, 120.
Archæology, development of, 7; interest of, 8, 24; study of in Greece, 6.
Archbishops of Greek Church, 164, 218, 219.
Archimandrite Constantius, 327.
Archimandrites, 186–188, 196, 218.
Architect, inspection of, 116.
Architecture, Christian, 201; Greek, 101.
Architrave, curvature of, 100.
Arena, Roman, 150, 273.
Areopagus 10, 104, 127, 164, 201, 202, 205.
Ares, 202.
Arethusa, spring of, 67.
Argolis, 271, 279.
Argos, 7, 58, 279.
Argos the faithful dog, 58.
Argostoli, 46, 48, 49, 54.
Aristides, apology to Hadrian, 204, 205; "the rhetorician," 233.
Aristophanes, 126, 145, 154, 169, 176.
Aristotle, 226, 227, 318, 335, 343.
Arsakeion in Athens, 234.
Art, later Greek, 120; pre-Persian 120.
Artemis, 94; Brauronia, 112; worship of, 121, 346.
Asia Minor, 356.
Asia Minor, theatres in, 143.
Asylum of St. Catherine, 250.
Atakos, 64.
Athene, 33, 34, 55, 60, 61, 69, 94, 97, 103, 135, 260; ægis of, 120, 121; as Saint Sophia, 210; coin, 245, 246; colossal statue of, 101; contest with Poseidon, 114; Corinthian helmet, 123; Doric chiton, 123; early representations of, 120–122; Ergane, 117; girdle of, 95; guarding a stele, 123; holy hill of, 105, 112; Homer's conception of, 103; Hygieia, 230; in new guise, 104; influence of, 103; mourning, 122; Nike temple of, 97, 113; peplos for, 237; Polias, 117; Promachos, 118, 127; statue by Phidias, 103; statues given to, 94, 124, 261; temples to, 94, 124, 261, 352, 365, 366; types of, 118, 120.
Athenian Mount of Olives, 127; newspapers, 77, 163, 170, 229; Wall Street, 170, 171.
Athens, 6–10, 25, 58, 76, 89, 90, 118, 125, 126, 283, 345; Acropolis of, 107; Christian architecture, 201; citadel of, 126; cleanliness of, 155; dances at, 154; Easter in, 221, ecclesiastical school, 218; grave monuments, 135; growth of, 93; homes in, 195–198; in Middle Ages, 155; marriage customs in, 183–188; Metropolitan Church, 207;

morality in, 198; mountains near, 253; museums of, 7, 10, 89, 91, 113, 120, 121, 125, 158, 226, 248, 258; old and new, 155, 157, 162, 163, 225, 226; Roman monuments at, 127; *stelæ* at, 129; street shows, 178, 179; streets of, 156, 167, 171, 172; supremacy of, 114, 129–135; theatres of, 104, 139, 154.
"Athens of the Middle Ages," 228.
Athletics, 297.
Athlothetes, 207.
Attalus II., 167; Stoa of, 167.
Attica, 317; trees in, 256; wanderings in, 251.
Attic coins, 245, 246; drama, growth of, 149; gravestones, 131, 132; peninsula, 260, 261; shores, 254.
Attic Days, 223.
"Attic Nights," 223.
Attic workman, 347.
Auditorium, growth of, 141.
Aulis, 355.
Aulis, Bay of, 318.
Aulus Gellius, 223, 227.
Avga, 226.

Bacchanals, 160.
Bacchylides, 345.
Baedeker, 60, 67, 286, 292, 346.
Bakers, 168, 169, 173, 174.
Baptism, 193, 194, 208, 280.
Barber-shops, 231.
Barnabas, 203.
Baron Mimont, 335.
Baron Sina of Vienna, 158.
Basil, 309–312, 328.
Bassæ, temple of, 259, 285.
Battlements of Troy, 370.
Beams of Propylæa, 112.
Beauty in Greek religion, 206.
Beethoven, 106, 137.
Belvedere on Acropolis, 128.
Betrothal, 186.
Bicycles in Greece, 166, 200.
Bikelas' "Tales of the Ægean," 192, 219.
Birth, 192–194; Fates presiding over, 210.
Bishop, salary of, 219.
Black Hills, 350.
Bœotia, 271, 317, 318.
Boston fire, 369.
Bötticher, Karl, theory of, 98.
Boulé, debates in, 164.
Bouleuterion, 292.
Boulevard of the Academy, 173; of the University, 173.
Bournabashi, 361, 362, 363.
Bricks with straw, 369.
Brindisi, 14, 15, 57.
British Archæological School, 226, 280; Museum, frieze in, 95, 96.
Bronzes on Acropolis, 120.
Bugle calls, 241.
Building, mechanical difficulties of, 109.
Bulgarian church, 218.
"Burnt City, The," 365.
Byron, 9, 95.
Byzantine age, 275; art, 179; chapel in pagan grotto, 125; churches, 97, 158, 206, 207, 293; cupola, 277; supremacy, 4, 26.
"Byzantine Art," 205, 210.

Calendar, ancient Greek, 207.
Callicrates, 90.
Calvert, Frank, 361.
Calypso, 33, 261.
"Camperdown," 78, 85.
Camping outfit, 14.
Canada, camping in, 14, 20, 57.
Canal in auditorium, 143; of Corinth, 269, 270.
Cape Colonna, 261.
Carnival, 177–179.
Carphyllides, epitaph of, 137.
Caryatides, 113.
Castalian spring, 300, 302, 306.
Cathedral in Athens, 158.
Cecrops, 126.
Celsus, Origen's reply to, 204, 205.
Central Museum, Athens, 7.
Ceos, 345.
Cephalonia, 45–83.
Ceremony of baptism, 193, 194.
Chærestratos, 258.
Chalcis, 337, 343.
Chapels in Greek church, 216.

Charleston, earthquake of, 79.
Charon, death messenger, 210.
Cheese shops, 168, 169, 175.
Children of Athens, 237.
Chiron, 319.
Cholera quarantine, 18.
Choral dance, 139, 140, 152, 153.
Chorus in Greek theatre, 140.
Christ as Orpheus, 211.
Christian apologists, early, 204; church, Parthenon as, 94; doctrine, influence of paganism on, 211; pantheon, 202, 204; saints in street names, 167; service, 188; shrines, 201, 202; significance of orientation, 207; tradition, 29; virgin goddess, 104.
Christianity, advent of, 97; and paganism, martyrs of, 127; development of, 103; Greek philosophy in, 203; growth of, 203; in Jewish communities, 203; moral and social vigor of, 205; nature love in, 125; origin of, 201; temples of, 97; triumph of, 201, 203.
Christmas, 174, 179, 249.
Chryso, 298.
Church, modern Greek, 214–222, 164; music, at Athens, 160; problems in Greece, 215.
Circular dance, 139, 140, 152, 153.
Citadel of Corinth, 272.
Cities claiming Homer, 356.
Cladeus, 290, 291, 293.
Clasping of hands, Greek custom, 134.
Cleanthes, hymn of, 205.
Cleomenes refused admission to Erechtheum, 114.
Clepsydra, well of, 124.
Climate, 3, 8, 20, 27, 39, 70, 75.
Cocks of Athens, 224.
Coffee-house, 169.
Colonnades, 257; Doric and Ionic, 168; of Olympia, 292; of Propylæa, 108.
Colonus, home of Sophocles, 126, 255.
Columns, construction of, 100; Doric, 116, 270, 271; entasis of, 99, 100; of Nike Temple, 113; of Parthenon, 116.
Comedians, 178.
Communion, Greek Church, 217.
Conception of death, 134, 136.
Conflict, East and West; Greek and Hebrew, 216.
Conon, 255.
Conservatory at Athens, 160.
Constantine, 166.
Constantinople, 29; patriarch of, 218.
Constantius, 210.
Constitution Square, 229.
Convent of Daphne, 251; of Saint Gerasimo, 47, 50.
Cooking, 226, 253, 284, 310.
Co-operative industries in Greek village, 323.
Coppersmiths, 172.
Corfu, 15–76, 271, 274; images found at, 121; peasant girls of, 114; sayings in, 210.
Corinth, 282, 283, 297; excavations at, 271; temple at, 270, 271.
Corinthian colonies, 25, 45; gulf, 268, 271, 297, 313; helmet worn by Athene, 123; war, hero in 131.
Corinthians, epistles to, 272.
Cornice of Propylæa, 112.
Corycian grotto, 299.
Cosmetics, 199.
Cothurnos, 148.
Country hospitality, 285; weddings, 189, 190.
Creed of Greek Church, 217.
Creon, 146.
Crete, vii., 76, 230, 350.
Crinagoras of Mitylene, 252.
Cronion, hill of, 289, 290, 293.
Cross, sign of the, 216, 217.
Crown Prince Constantine, 78; Frederick, 291.
Crusaders, 26.
Cuckoos, 299.
Culture of Trojans, 370.
Curtius, Ernst, 281, 291.
Curvature of Parthenon, 92, 98–100.
Custer, 24, 242.
"Customs and Lore of Modern Greece," 209.
Cyclades, 344, 345, 349.

Cyclopean galleries, 278; walls, 63, 93, 108, 111, 119, 126, 275.
Cyprus, 29.

Dædalus, chair, 117.
Dances, Athens, Eleusis, Megara, 154.
Dancing at Eleusis and Megara, 140; at weddings, 188–190; on Pnyx, 140.
Daphne, pass of, from Acropolis, 104.
Dardanelles, 356.
Daskalio, Ithaca, 67.
Deacons of Greek Church, 218.
Death, views of, 210.
Deifying tendency, 203.
Delos, 346, 349–351, 360.
Delphi, 7, 297–312, 348.
Delphic Amphictyony, 297; hymn to Apollo, 303–306; oracle, 298–300, 307.
Demeter, 209, 253.
Demetrius of Phaleron, 132; the guide, 284.
Democracy of the Greeks, 228.
Demodocus, 190.
Demons, 204, 208, 211.
Demosthenes, 127, 133.
Despoina, temple of, 283.
Devil, representations of, 211.
Dexia, Bay of, 68.
Dexileos, tomb of, 131.
Diazoma, 143.
Diet of the peasants, 197.
Diogenes, 164–166; a modern, 164, 165, 173.
Diomedes, 357.
Dionysia, modern, 178.
Dionysius the Areopagite, 202.
Dionysus, 209, 273, 274, 297; dances in honor of, 140; festival of, 207; temples of, 153; theatre of, 152, 178, 227; verses to, 141.
Dipylon of Athens, 129.
Distomo, 308, 309, 312.
Divine agency, Hebrew forms of, 204; Greek forms of, 204.
Doctors, 218.
Dogmas of Greek Church, 221.
Domes and arches, 275.
Doors of temples, 109.
Doric architecture, development of, 139, 279; chiton of Athene, 123; colonnades, 108, 168; columns, 252, 270, 271, 276, 344; lighting of, 101; order, revival of, 13, 89, 90; pilasters, 347; roof of, 119; simplicity, 198; temples, 114, 202, 283.
Dörpfeld, vi., viii., ix., 8, 94, 153, 164, 168, 255, 257, 264, 267, 268, 273, 276–280, 283, 291–293, 342, 347, 356–371; lectures, 116; lighting of temples, 101; monuments of Athens, 226; studies, 117.
Dörpfeld's architectural knowledge, 102, 109; discoveries of, 112; Greek theatre, 144, 145, 148.
Dowry, 183–191, 198.
Drachmas, fluctuations of, 171.
Draco, 126.
Drama, development of, 141, 149.
Dressed stones at Troy, 368.
Drinking songs, Greek, 160.
Drunkenness, 197.
Duelling, 229.
Dumas, 35, 38, 58.

"Each and All," 96.
Eagle, symbol of Zeus and John the Evangelist, 211.
Early Christian apologists, 204; dwellers in Athens, 93.
Earrings, on early statues, 121.
Earthquakes at Ætna, Katakolon, Pyrgos, Zante, 80; at Charleston, 79; at Zante, 70, 191, causes of, 79; Olympia, 290; Parthenon, 98.
Easter, 30, 221, 222, 244, 287.
Ecclesiastical authority, 218; schools, 218.
Echo colonnade, 292.
Educational movements, 250.
Egyptian statues compared to Greek, 121.
Eileithyia, temple of, 209.
Elders of Greek Church, 218.
Eleusinian mysteries, 251.
Eleusis, 7, 251–253, 345; dances at, 140, 154.
Elgin, Lord, and Parthenon frieze, 95, 251; Caryatides, 113.
Elis, 297.

Emerson, R. W., 96.
England, protectorate of, 19, 26, 45, 60, 74, 80.
English Archæological School, Megalopolis, 198; residents in Zante, 78, 80, war-vessel, 85.
Entasis of columns, 99, 100.
Ephialtes, 322.
Epidaurians, 273.
Epidaurus, 7, 264, 272; theatre at, 142, 147, 148, 152, 154.
Epirus, sayings in, 210.
Epitaphs, 134, 137.
Epochs of Greek architecture, 252.
Erechtheum, 117, 118, 120; as Christian church, 114; as Turkish harem, 115; Cleomenes refused admission to, 114; description of, 94, 97, 105, 113, 114.
Erechtheus, 126.
Eretria, theatre of, 335, 342, 343.
Erinyes, 208.
Eski-Hissarlik, 362.
Eubœa, 254, 260, 335–343; ports of, 317, 318; priest in, 219.
Eubœa, villages of, 338.
Eulogia, 208.
Eumæus, 58, 63, 64.
Euphemisms, 208, 209.
Euripides, 126, 153, 154.
Euripus, 317, 318.
European cathedrals, grotesque in, 212.
European influence on Athens, 159, 181.
Evans, E. P. 214.
Excavations at Corinth, 271; at Delphi, 299; at Olympia, 291.
Excavations of 1893, 366.
Excommunication, 208.

FASHIONABLE life in Athens, 182.
Fates presiding over birth and marriage, 210.
Felton, Professor, 7, 200.
Felton's translation of "Œconomicus," 200.
Fergusson, lighting of temples, 101.
Figurines, Tanagra, 248.
Filioque, 217.
Financial condition of Zante, 77, 81.
Fishwives, 168, 176.
Flowers, 22, 23, 27, 43, 70, 350.
Flower-sellers, 173, 175.
Fluting of columns, 252, 259.
Fortresses of Mycenæan age, 366.
Foster, Mr., seismologist, 80.
France, 77; wine-market of, 81.
"Francinet," 236.
Frankish rule, 95; supremacy, 4; times, relics of, 251.
Freedom of the press, 229.
Freeman, Edward A., 224, 251.
French Academy, 158; and Italian opera, 159; Archæological School, 226, 301, 347; government, excavations of, 291, 299.
Frescoes, Propylæa, 110.
"Friends of the Poor," 250.
Frieze of Parthenon, 95, 124.
Fruit-dealers, 168, 171, 174.
Funerals in Athens, 179, 180.
Funeral, an international, 335.
Funerals, Greek, 179, 180, 339.
Fustanella, 159, 172.
Future life, belief in, 252.

"GAIUS, Lean," 232.
Game cock, 242, 243.
Games, 282, 288; children's, 179.
Gardner, Ernest, 280.
Gargoyles, 212, 213.
Gastouni, 80.
Gastouri, 39, 41, 43, 114, 310.
Gate of the Agora, 167, 168.
Gauls, invasion by, 301, 302, 306.
Geldart, 28.
Gell, 64, 69.
George, King of Greece, 26, 36, 48, 73, 78, 85, 221.
Georgios, 183–192, 225, 244.
Gerasimo, Hagios. *See* Saint.
German excavations, Olympia, 291; Institute, 226.
Germanus, Metropolitan, 219.
Germany, response from, 77.
"Gerostathes," 236.
Girls wheeling barrows, 198.
Gladiatorial spectacles, arrangement for, 150.
"Glory of Hellas," 309.

"Glory of the Imperfect," 6.
Glyptothek at Munich, 345.
Goats, 172, 175, 238–240.
God-parents, 193, 194.
Good Friday, 221, 222, 284.
Gorgoneion, 121.
Goths, invasion of, 181.
Græco-Roman city at Troy, 360; vase paintings, 149.
Græco-Turkish War, 250, 320.
Grave monuments, 131, 132, 135, 226.
Great Britain, protectorate of, 19, 26, 45, 60, 74, 80.
Great Treasure, The, 359.
Greece, excursions in, 267; old and new, 125, 162; sculptors in, 132; shrines of, 93; Venetian hold in, 95.
Greek Academy, 158; and Roman churches, 215; anthology, 136, 232, 233; Archæological Society, 251, 255, 256, 274; architecture, 101; art, later, 120, symbols of, 120; banks, 170, 171; calendar, 29, 248, 259, 260; church, 28, 52, 71, 164, 216–221, 227, 311, 312; columns in modern architecture, 157; deities, temples to, 97; domestic life, 181; engineers, 270; games, 282, 288; gods, 5; guns, bombardment by, 96; idea, influence of, 103; inns, 48, 65, 322; language, paganism in, 204, Christianity in, 204; liberty, 127; literature, conception of death, 136; love of nature in, 256; modern pronunciation of, 164; money, variations in, 171; national victories, 254; nationality, 126, 128; philosophy in Christianity, 203; Punch and Judy, 178; schools, 279; spirit, 195; stucco, 271; temples, orientation of, 101; theatre, formation of, 142, acting in, 144, germinal idea of, 154, origin of, 139, stage in, 143; virgin, inspiration of, 104; wedding, 140; wit, 232.
Grotesque in architecture, 212–214.
Grotto at Delphi, 299; of Apollo, 124, 348; of Pan, 124.
Gyaros, 349.
Gymnasts, 178.
Hadrian, 167; Arch of, 127, 227; Aristides' apology to, 204; Stoa of, 225.
Hahn's "Neugriechische Märchen," 209.
Haigh, Arthur E., theories of, 144–148.
"Hail, Columbia," 237.
Hair-dressers, 168.
Hall of Bulls, 346, 347.
Hanai-Tepeh, 361.
Handel, funeral march, 136.
Harness-makers, 168.
Harrison, Miss Jane, 208.
Havoc of earthquake, 76.
Hebrew religion, rise of, 94.
Hecla, earthquakes in, 80.
Hegeso, monument to, 130.
Hegoumenos, 309, 310, 311.
Helen, 345, 364, 365, 370.
Helene, 345.
Helicon, 302, 306.
Hellenic academy, 158; educators, 288.
Hellenism among rich and poor, 195.
Hellenistic Greek, 163.
Hellenists, organized, 267.
Hellespont, 363.
Hephæstus, 362.
Hera, temple of, 289.
Heræon, 279, 292, 293.
Hercules, 319.
Hermes, 135, 173, 261; of Praxiteles, 7, 18, 293; statues of, 117, 165; Street, 167.
"Hermogenes, Little," 232.
Hermopolis, 346.
Herod with nimbus, 211.
Herodes Atticus, 164, 223, 269; Odeion of, 104, 127, 154.
Herodotus, 351.
Heroic age, customs of, 191.
Hill, Rev. Dr., 234, 235.
Hippocrates Street, 167.
Hiram of Tyre, 277.
Hissarlik, 357, 359, 361, 363, 370.
History, 3, 5; and geography, 268.
Holidays, 30, 313.
Holiness in Greek religion, 206.
Holy Monday, Greek Church, 140; Oriental Orthodox Catholic Apos-

tolic Church, 217; Trinity, festival of, 312, monastery of, 326.
Homer, 4, 9, 13, 28, 32, 33, 35, 37, 56, 59, 63, 69, 82, 318, 357, 361, 363; conception of Athene, 103; epithets of, 83, 224, 262; the sea, 262.
"Homer's School," 67.
Homeric cock, 228; cooking, 284; gallantry, 191; geography, 56, 67–69, 84; Greek, 163; greeting, 63; ground, 274; Ilios, 365, 370; scenes, 278; times, 20, 27, 63; tradition, 25, 29; Troy, 358, 364.
Homolle, Monsieur, 347.
Honesty of the Greeks, 197.
Höpken, Dr. Julius, theory of, 144, 145.
Horned Altar, 346, 347.
Horses in Ithaca, 61.
Hospitals, 250.
Hucksters in Agora, 168–173.
Hulme, F. Edward, 211.
Hymettus, 10, 104, 253, 345, 355.
Hymnals, Greek, 227.

Icon of Virgin, 298.
Iconoclastic controversies, 216.
Icons, 216, 298.
Ictinus, 90.
Idolatry, 216.
Ignorance of Greek priests, 218.
Iliad, 25, 32, 56, 260, 360, 363.
Ilios, 364–371.
Ilium, 365.
Images in Greek church, 212, 216.
Imbros, 363.
Immersion, rite by, 215.
Impossibility of stage in Greek theatre, 145.
Independence, Greek, 254.
Inns, 48, 65, 322.
Inquisitiveness, 59.
Insane, hospitals for, 250.
Inscriptions, 167, 284, 346; on early statues, 121.
Invasion by the Gauls, 301, 302, 306.
Ionian Isles, 11, 19, 25, 26, 54, 70, 83; Musician, 237; Sea, 287, 297; worshippers, shrine of, 346.
Ionic colonnades, 108, 168; columns, Nike temple, 113; temple, Erechtheum, 114.
Ischomachus, 199, 200.
Island trip, 255.
Islands of Ægean, 346.
Isthmian Wall, 268.
Isthmus of Corinth, 268, 269.
Italy, 76, 85.
Itea, 297, 298.
Ithaca, 25, 33, 37, 54-83, 182, 274, 350, 370.
Ithome, or Phanari, 325.

Jackstones, 179.
Jars at Troy, 368.
Jason, 319.
Jerusalem, temple at, 116.
Jesus, apotheosis of, 203; disciples of, 116; miraculous birth of, 205; monotheism of, 203, 204.
Jewish temple, stones of, 116.
John the Evangelist, eagle as, 211.
Johnstone, Captain, 78.
Josephus on Jewish temple, 116.
Jugglers, 178.
Justin Martyr, 204, 205.

Kabbadias, Mr., 258.
Kæsariani, 253.
Kalabaka, 325, 326.
Kalikiopoulo, 37.
Kalopothakes, Dr., x., 227.
Karystos, 337.
Katakolon, 76, 80.
Katsiropoulou, Maria, 237.
Kehaya, Mademoiselle, 250.
Keos, 254.
Kephisia Street, 157.
Kerkyra, 25.
Khan of Baba, 322.
King George, 26, 48, 73, 78; his garden, 36, 345; religion, 221; yacht, 85.
Kingdom of Greece, 26.
Klephtic ballads, 210.
Konistra, 150, 273.
Körte, Dr. A., x., 355, 356.
Kréas, 226.
Kyanos, 278.

Kyrie eleison, 52, 187.
Kynthos, Mt., 349.

Labyrinth, 274.
Laconia, 284; marriages in, 186.
"Ladies of the Acropolis," 121, 122.
Laertes, 58, 67, 69.
Lambrós, Professor, 228.
Lamps in Greek temples, 102.
Language, 28.
Laodamas, 261.
Larissa, 279, 319, 320, 324, 325.
Laurium, 263.
Law and order in Greece, 320.
Lawyers, 218.
Lechevalier, 362.
Lent, abstinence in, 197, 221; in Athens, 140; marriages in, 187.
Leôn, tomb of, 135.
Leonidæon, 292.
"Les Sculptures Grotesques et Symboliques," 214.
Lesbos, 363.
Leto, temple of, 346.
Leucadian rock, 64.
Levke, 66.
Liberty, struggles for, 126, 127.
Library in Athens, 158.
Light in Greece, 101.
Limestone, 93, 258, 285, 286.
Lion as symbol in art, 133, 211.
Lion Gate, Mycenæ, 274, 276.
Literary and artistic products, 103.
Literature, 82; shrines of, 57.
Liturgy of Greek Church, 220.
Lockyer, 101.
Logeion, 144–153.
Lolling, Dr., 286.
Long Walls of Themistocles, 126.
Loukoumi, 183.
Louvre, sculptures removed to, 291.
Lover of trees, a, 339.
Lowell's opinion of Odyssey, 58.
Lucerne, 345.
Lucian, 210.
Lycabettus, 104, 155, 253.
Lycæus, Mount, 284.
Lycurgus, 197, 284; of Athens, 152.
Lykosoura, 283.
"Lysimachus' cushion," 233.
"Lysistrata," 146.

Mackail, J. W., 137, 233.
Magdalen College, gargoyles in, 213.
Magi, with nimbus, 211.
Magicians, 178.
Mahaffy, Parthenon, 90.
"Maidens of the Porch," 114, 115.
Makronisi, 254, 345.
Malta, 76, 78.
Manatt, J. Irving, ix., 277, 336.
Mandylion, 191.
Mani, 186.
Mansell, Rear-Admiral, 318.
Mantinea, 279.
Mantzeros, 237.
Marathon, 126, 254, 279.
Marble, Pentelic, 101, 108.
"Marcus the doctor," 233.
Market inspection, 176; prices, 167.
Marketing in Athens, 170, 176.
Marriage compact, 185; customs, 182–190; Fates presiding over, 210; fees, 219; laws of, 191; of Greek clergy, 217, 218; presents, 185; service, 182.
Martyrs of paganism, 127.
Masks, in carnival, 178.
Masonry on Acropolis, 93.
Mathetes, 204.
Mathitario, Ithaca, 67.
Matrimonial bargaining, 183.
Mavilla, ix., 14, 21, 28, 30, 37, 39, 46, 48, 53, 62, 63, 171, 172, 188.
Mavro Vouni, 319.
Mazi, 287, 289.
Megalopolis, 7, 279, 280, 283, 348; excavations, 198; theatre of, 273.
Megara, 154; dances at, 140, 345.
Megaron, 276, 365.
Melanydro, spring of, 67.
Melas, Leon, 236.
Memorial of the dead, 243; mound, 254.
Menelaus, 195.
Messenia, 284.
Messianic idea, 203; Christ, 204.
Meteora, 324; cliffs of, 325.
Metropolitan Church, Athens, 207, 225.

Metropolitans, 217–222.
Mice, havoc of, 278.
Middle Ages, representations of devil and demons in, 211.
Mimont, Baron, 335.
Minaret placed on Parthenon, 95.
Mining, 263.
Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, 218.
Ministers of State, 222.
Miracles of Epidaurus, 272.
Mnesicles, Propylæa, 111.
Modern Greek Church, 214–222; language, 27, 267; theatres in Athens, 159.
Mohammedanism victorious over Christianity, 95.
Molo, Gulf of, 64–68.
Monasteries, 49, 53, 218, 219, 307–312.
Monastery, ascent of, 326; of Holy Trinity, 326; of St. Barlaam, 328, 330; of St. George, 155; of St. Luke, 307, 309, 310, 312; of St. Stephen, 327; supper in, 328.
Monastic life, 49, 53, 310–312; property, 218, 219.
Money-changers, 170.
Monoliths, 270.
Monotheism, 203.
Monte San Salvatore, 27.
Morosini, 20, 95.
Mosque, Parthenon as, 95.
"Mother of God," 203.
Mother of the Gods, temple to, 168, 289.
Mother Superior of Cephalonia Monastery, 50.
Mount Ida, 363.
Mount Kynthos, 349.
Mountain shrines, 40.
"Mourning Athene," 122, 123.
Muir, Miss Marion, x., 235, 237.
Murray's Hand-Book, 318.
Museums at Olympia, 291, 293; at Athens. *See* Athens.
Music in Athens, 159.
Musical notation, 302.
Musicians in Roman theatre, 150; in later times, 151.
Mycenæ, 4, 7, 38, 64, 69, 268, 274–279, 358, 365–371.
Mycenæan age, 358.
Mycenæan city, 365.
Mycenæan period, 366.
Mykale, 351.
Mykonos, 349, 351.
Myrtle-sellers, 168.
"Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens," 208.
Mythology in the mart, 245; pagan, 202, 204.
Myths, Christian and pagan, 205.

NAMES, revival of ancient, 166.
Naos, 206.
Narthex, 206.
National Exposition, 158; holidays, 30, 313; hymn of Greece, 237; Museum, 7, 158, 226, 248, 258, *stelæ* in, 129–135.
Nationality, feeling of, 288.
Natural beauty, appreciation of, 256.
Nature worship, 286.
Nauplia, 272, 278, 279.
Nausicaa, 32–36, 39, 42, 349
Nave, 206, 216.
Naxos, 345, 347, 349.
Naxos, legends of, 209.
Nazarenes, Greek priests, 217.
Neachori, Zante, 75.
Neale, excommunication, 208; orientation of Greek churches, 206.
Neander, 216.
Neapolitan supremacy, 26.
"Nearer, my God, to Thee," in Greek, 227.
Nemesis, temples of, 258.
Neo-Platonists, 127.
Nereids in popular poetry, 210.
Neritos, 59.
Nero, 300; Corinthian Canal, 269, 270.
"Neugriechische Märchen," 209.
New Testament, evil spirits in, 208; Greek, 28, 209; times, 170, 215, 271.
New woman of Athens, 196.
New Year's, 249; in Agora, 174, 176.
Newsboys' schools, 250.
Newspaper jokes, 232.
Newspapers, advertisements in Greek, 199; in Athens, 228–232.

Nicholas, 183, 190, 280.
Nicolas, Prince, 78.
Night schools, 250.
Nightingales, 256, 323.
Nike, temple of, 97, 104, 105.
Nimbus, origin of, 211.
Noach, Dr., 356.
"Noctes Atticæ," 223.
Novum Ilium, 365.
Numismatics, 246.
Nymphs, cave of the, 68, 69.

Observatory Hill, Athens, 104.
Odeion of Herodes Atticus, 104, 127, 154, 164.
Odysseus, 32–37, 56–69, 136, 261, 278, 349, 355, 357.
"Odysseus' Castle," 62.
Odyssey, 25, 32–38, 57–70, 135, 195, 262, 279, 322, 349.
"Œconomicus," 199, 200.
Œdipus, 139; at Colonus, 146.
Officers of Greek Church, 218, 219.
Oil dealers, 168.
Old Greece and the New, The, 3; Testament rites, 221.
Olga, Queen of Greece, 78, 79.
Olympia, 7, 268, 282, 287–297; museum at, 291; shell conglomerate, 110; temples at, 100, 102, 270, 351, 360.
Olympic games, 288, 290, 292, 297.
Olympus, 9, 10, 319, 321, 322, 325, 340.
"On the Track of Odysseus," 37.
Opera in Athens, 228.
Opisthodomos, 206.
"Opisthodomos at Acropolis," 114.
Oracle of Oropus, 256.
Orchestra, 141, 143, 152, 263.
Orientation of Byzantine church, 206; of temples, 101, 206, 259.
Origen's reply to Celsus, 204, 205.
Origin of Ghristianity, humble, 201.
Oropus, 255, 256.
Orphans, care of, 250.
Orpheus, Christ as, 211.
Ossa, 319, 321, 322.
Otus, 322.

Pæonius, Victory of, 293.
Pagan marriage customs, 182; service, 188.
Paganism, 272; and Christianity, 201, 202; assimilation of, 202; decay of, 201; deities of, 103; in Greek language, 204; martyrs of, 127; splendor of, 201; triumph of, 203.
Paintings, Propylæa, 110.
Palace of Priam, 357.
Palæokrópi, 68.
Palæstra, 288, 292.
Palmer, George Herbert, 6, 36, 61.
Pan, grotto of, 124, 300, 307.
Panaghía Blastiké, 209.
Panagiotes, 308, 311–313.
Panathenaic procession, 96, 177.
Pandion, 126.
Pantheon, Church of All Saints, 210.
"Papa Narkissos," 219.
Papal infallibility, 217.
Paradoi, 151.
Paraskevás, 298, 307.
Paris, influence of, on Athens, 181.
Parish priest, income of, 219; occupations of, 219.
Parliament debates, 230.
Parnassus, 271, 297, 298, 300, 313; Club, 228, 249; inn, 65.
Parnes, 104, 253.
Paros, 345, 349.
Parren, Mme. Callirhoe, x., 196, 250; Monsieur, x.
Parrot, Greek, 225.
Parthenon, 6, 10, 20, 25, 55, 89–124, 139, 155, 156, 263, 332, 352, 355; Acropolis before time of, 93, 94; ancient statue in, 123; approach to, 106; as Byzantine church, 95, 97, 100; as powder magazine, 95; best time to see, 104; bombardment of, 92; Byzantine worship in, 102; called St. Sophia, 210; changes in, 102; completion of, 95, 108, 117, 118; crown of Acropolis, 112; curvature of, 92; details of, 102; drums of, 116, 117; earthquakes, 98; first impression of, 90; foundations of, 98; frieze, 95, 124; models of, 89; moonlight, 104; Pentelic marble,

101; perfection of, 103; photographs of, 89; setting of, 96, 101; simplicity of, 97; situation of, 93; statue of Athene in, 101; sunset, 105; topped with minaret, 95; work, resemblance of stelæ to, 134.
Passion service, beauty of the, 220.
Pater Anthimos, 186–188, 196, 219.
Pathos of grave stelæ, 136.
Patras, 76, 80, 287; goats at, 240.
Patriarchs, 218.
Patriotic institution, Greek Church a, 221; plays, 159.
Patriotism, 5; shrine of, 254.
Paul, Saint. *See* Saint.
Pauline church, 215.
Pausanias, 4, 8, 112, 117, 118, 167, 202, 255, 269–275, 281, 300, 301.
Peas in jars at Troy, 368.
Peasants, frugality of, 197.
Pedagogues, 233, 235.
Pediments, sculptured, 101; at Olympia, 293.
Pelasgic dweller in Athens, 93; walls, 97, 119.
Peleus, 319.
Pelion, 319, 321, 322, 340.
Peloponnesian War, 26.
Peloponnesus, 70, 76, 258, 267; an island, 268–270, 345; heart of, 284; homes in, 198; marriage customs in, 183–189.
Peneius, 320, 322, 326, 328.
Penelope, 54, 58.
Pennethorne, curvature, 92.
Penrose, measurements by, 98, 99, 101, 259.
Pentecost, 244.
Pentelic marble, 101, 108, 110, 123.
Pentelicus, 104, 156, 254, 263, 345; monastery on, 219.
Perfumers, 168.
Pergamon, Attalus, king of, 167.
Periander, tyrant of Corinth, 269, 270.
Pericles, 58, 90, 94, 96, 106, 225, 246; age of, 126, 164, 275; Propylæa, 107, 108, 111.
Peripatetic dairy, 238–240.
Permanent theatres, 143.
Persia, hosts of, 254, 279.
Persian invasion, 126; naval defeat, 351; War, 343, buildings before, 118, temple built after, 94.
Persians, spoils taken from, 117; destruction by, 120, of Erechtheum, 117, of Propylæa, 107, of statues, 120.
Pet animals on grave reliefs, 135.
Petrine church, 215.
Phæacians, land of the, 25, 32, 37, 38, 60.
Phædriades, 297, 298, 300, 306.
Phaleron, Bay of, from Acropolis, 104.
Phanari, or Ithome, 325.
Pharsalus, home of Achilles, 325.
Pheræ, 319.
Phidias, 58, 90, 94, 126, 263; statue of Athene, 103, 118, 292.
Philanthropic enterprises, 230.
Philanthropy, 77, 249.
Philippeion, 292.
Philologists, 218.
Philopappus, hill of, 104, 127.
"Philo's boat," 233.
Phocis, 271, 297.
Phœnicia, 277.
Phœnix, symbol of resurrection, 211.
Phorcys, harbor of, 60, 68, 69.
Piano in Athens, 160.
Pilatus railroad, 329.
Pindar, 126, 225.
Pindus, 328.
Piræus, 25, 104, 255, 317, 337, 352, 355.
Pisistratus on Acropolis, 94.
Pissaëto, 61.
Pithoi, 368.
Pithos, 164, 173.
Plato, 58, 126, 127, 183, 200, 204, 225, 227, 233, 252, 311, 369.
Plutarch, 169.
Pnyx, 104; dancing on, 140.
Polis, Bay of, 67.
Political and ecclesiastical authority, 218.
Pollux, 179.
Polycleitus, 274.
Polyphemus, 278.
Polytheism, 208.
Pompey, battlefield of, 325.
Poros, 345.

Poros stone, 103, 110.
Poseidon, 37, 73, 261, 317, 363; as Saint Nicholas, 209; contest with Athene, 114; month of, 287.
Post-Iliad, 355.
Potters, 168, 169, 171.
Pottery shops, 172.
Präger, Dr., 356.
Praxiteles, 263; Hermes of, 7, 293.
Prayers for success in business, 177.
Preachers, selection of, 218.
Pre-Persian art, 120, 121, in Acropolis, 108; days, 225.
Priesthood in Greek Church, 218.
Prime minister, 196, 222, 229.
Prince Nicolas, 78.
Prison chaplain, Athens, 219; school, 250.
Prisoner's aid society, 250.
Private schools, 234.
Procession of Holy Spirit, 217.
Prodicus, 345.
Promenades in Athens, 159.
Pronaos, 206, 347.
Propylæa, 25, 97, 105–118, 139, 155, 156, 263; begun, 108; description of, 107; design of, 108, 110; earthquakes and explosions, 109; materials of, 108; never completed, 107; old and new, 107, 108; permanence of, 97; prophetic details of, 112; symmetry of, 112.
Proscenium, 143–152.
Proskene, 257.
Proskenion, 143, 149, 151, 273, 281, 348.
Protection against rain, 143, 151, 152.
Psomi, 226.
Public buildings in Athens, 158, 159; cooks, 168, 173–175.
"Public Opinion," 228.
Public schools, 233, 234.
Pullah, R. Popplewell, "Byzantine Art," 205.
Pulpitum, 144, 150; of Roman theatre, 138.
Puritan churches as magazines, 95.
Puritanism, theatre, dancing, 138.
Pyrgos, 190.
Pythian games, 297.

Quarantine, 13.
Quarries, 254, 263.
Queen Olga of Greece, 78, 79, 221.

Ram of Odysseus, 278.
Rangabe, Alexander, x.
Reformatory in Athens, 160.
Refugees, sheltering, 250.
Reisch, Dr., 145.
Relation of temple and theatre, 139.
Religion, birth and growth of, 125; in human life, Greek, 206; of Greece, 252.
Religious conflict, 5; dances, 138; feeling, indications of, 120; rites, pagan influence on, 202.
Representations of life on *stelæ*, 130.
Resinato, 197.
"Retreat," 241.
Revolution of 1822, 124.
Rhamnus, 7, 257.
Rhenea, or Great Delos, 349.
Rhythm of Apollo hymn, 302.
Rings, wedding, exchange of, 186.
Ritual of Greek Church, 214, 220.
Rivers in Greece, 82.
Rodd, Rennell, 209.
Roman additions to Greek theatres, 143, 152; arena, 150; blocks, 367; Corinthian Canal, 269, 272; customs of burial, 129; Ilium, 365; monuments at Athens, 127; occupation, 4, 26; relics, 284; sculpture in Athens, 134; stage, 138; stucco, 271; times, theatre in, 139, 150, 151.
Rome, Christian architecture, 201; Pantheon, 210; the new, 157.
Roofs, 279; earthen, 119; temple, 119.
Roof-tiles, 118, 119.
Roscher, 61.
Rosetta Stone, 225.
Rouen, Palais de Justice, 213.
Royal palace at Athens, 158.
Russian Church, 217, 218.
Rustic pipes, 190.

Sacred precincts, 111, 252; Way to Eleusis, 251.
Saint Anastasios, 67; Barlaam, Monastery of, 328, 330; Catherine,

Asylum of, 250; Demetrius, 209; Dionysius, 209; Gerasimo's convent, 47, 48, 50, 51, 54; John, gospel of, 106; Luke, gospel of, 106, Monastery of, 307; Marina, 209; Nicholas, 209; Paul, 4, 10, 14, 127, 140, 164, 169, 201, 202, 203, 216, 238, 246, 272, 340; Peter's, 106, 201; Sophia, 103, 207, 210, 275; Spiridion, 29, 30, 32, 36, 39; Stephen, Monastery of, 327; Theodore's day, 243.
Saints, honors paid to, 211; icons of, 216; pagan gods as, 204, 209.
Saka, 286.
Salamis, 104, 126, 225, 251, 253, 271, 345.
Salary of clergy, 215, 218, 219.
Salisbury Cathedral, 106, 212, 213.
Samos, Cephalonia, 54, 61, 64, 67.
Samos, island of, 349.
Samothrace, 363.
Sanctuary, 206, 216.
Sanitarium, Epidaurus, 272; Oropus, 257.
Santa Maura, 64.
Sappho, 64.
Saronic Gulf, 268, 271, 337, 345.
Sarum, 106.
Satan with nimbus, 211.
Satire in cathedral sculpture, 212.
Scamander, 360, 362, 363.
Scene, 143, 152.
Scenery, 3, 8, 21, 26, 39, 43, 82, 104, 256, 261, 264, 287, 300, 309, 313, 321, 350, 370.
Scheria, 25, 38, 60.
Schliemann, Dr., 4, 7, 63, 64, 157, 196, 275, 278, 357–367; Agamemnon, 195; Mrs., x., 195, 276, 359.
Schliemannville, 357, 363.
Schmidt, M. B., 211.
School children, 233.
Schools, Greek, 164.
Screen in theatre, 142.
Sculptors of tombstones, 132.
Seats in Greek theatre, 143, 280, 281.
Seismology, students of, 79.
"Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology," 233.
Self-government, struggle for, 126.
Semantron, 331.
Seriphos, 349.
Servian Church, 218.
"Seven against Thebes," 255.
Sewing machines, 253.
Sexes divided in Greek church, 215.
Sheep at Mycenæ, 278.
Shining Cliffs, 297, 298, 300, 306.
Ship of Stone, 32.
Shoemakers, 172, 174.
Shoes, Greek, 171, 172.
Shouts in Agora, 174.
Shrine in Agora, 177; of Hellenic nationality, 291; of patriotism, 254; of the mountains, 286; of the sea, 286; of the Virgin in homes, 182.
Shrines of Apollo and Artemis, 346.
Simois, 360.
Simonides, 345.
Sioux Indians, burial customs of, 131.
Siphnos, 349.
Sirens, symbols on tombs, 133.
Skené, 13, 141–143, 151, 152, 281.
Sky, Greek, 101.
Slavery, 263.
Slaves, 168, 174.
"Smoke-shops," 169.
Smoking, 169, 181, 280.
Smyrna, 356.
Social conventions in Athens, 181.
Socrates, 58, 127, 164, 168–170, 175, 200, 223, 238, 246, 311, 369.
Solidity of Cyclopean walls, 93.
Solomon's Temple, 277.
Solomos, poet of Zante, 237.
Solon, 126, 246; Street of, 167.
Sophia, Saint, temple of, 103.
Sophocles, 58, 126, 143, 149, 152, 154, 227, 369.
Sparta, 156, 284; girls in, 193; marriage customs in, 183–189.
Spartan frugality, 285.
Spielhagen, 35.
Spinning, 253.
Spiridion, 181, 197, 225.
Spiridion, Saint. *See* Saint.
Spon and Wheler, 92.
Stadion, 292; café near, 183; Olympia, 290; Street, 173, 179, 202.

Stadium, Delphi, 297.
Stage in Greek theatre, 141–151, 257, 280, 281.
Stagirite, school of the, 226.
State and Church, union of, 217.
Statue of Apollo, 346.
Statues, 7, 94, 101, 103, 114, 115, 118, 120, 124, 168, 261, 292, 293; destroyed by Persians, 120; in Roman and Greek churches, 216; on Acropolis, 120.
Stavrós, 66–68.
Steamships, 9, 45, 57.
Stelæ, 129.
Stele, Athene guarding a, 123.
Steps, curvature of, 99; interpolation, 100; of theatre, 280, 281; size of temple, 100.
Stillman, 37.
Stoa of Attalus, 167, 225.
Strack, Dr., 356.
Strata of Troy, 365.
Straw, mark of, 369.
"Street of the Anvil," 172.
"Street of the Red Shoes," 171, 172.
"Street of Tombs," 129.
Streets in Athens, 156, 167, 171, 172.
Stretch, John, 21, 22, 46.
Stucco, use of, 110, 271.
Studies in public schools, 235, 236.
Stylobate, curvature of, 98, 99, 100, 281.
Suicide, in Greek Church, 241.
Sunday, wedding day of the poor, 190.
Sunium, 118, 260, 261, 263, 286, 317, 345, 352.
Superstitions, 208.
Supplies for Zante, 78.
Supreme Court of Greece, 202.
Swallows in Vale of Tempe, 324.
Symbolism in Greek Church, 220.
"Symbolism in Christian Art," 211.
Symbols in Greek art, 120, 133.
Syngros, Mr., patriotic Athenian, 291.
Synod governing Greek Church, 217, 218.
Syra, 346, 349.

TABLES of money-changers, 170.
Tagari, 176.
"Tales of the Ægean," 192, 219.
Tanagra figures, 226; vases, 247.
Tarbell, Professor, ix., 226, 317, 329, 331.
Taygetus, 284.
Teachers, salary of, 234.
Tegea, 207, 279.
Telemachus, 58, 135.
Tempe, Vale of, 317, 320, 322, 327.
Temple doors, 109; lighting, 101; of Apollo, 346; of Artemis, 94, 346; of Athene, 94, 352, 365, 366; of Athene Polias, 117, 118; of Hera, 35, 270, 289, 351; of Leto, 346; of Nike, 113; of Olympian Zeus, 100, 102, 127, 227, 289, 291; roofs, 119; steps, curvature of, 99, size of, 100; interpolation of, 100; to the Mother of the Gods, 168, 289, 292.
Temples at Bassæ, 285; at Corinth, 270; at Mycenæ, 276; at Olympia, 100, 102, 270, 351; at Rhamnus, 257–260; difficulties of building, 108; Greek, orientation of, 101.
Temporary stage, 144, 145; theatres, 143.
Tenedos, island, 360, 363.
Tenos, 254, 345, 349.
Terra-cottas on Acropolis, 120.
Tertullian, 211, 216.
Tetradrachma, 244.
Texier, Charles, "Byzantine Art," 205, 210.
Textbooks in schools, 235–237.
"The Attic Theatre," 144.
"The Clouds," 153.
"The Early Agora," 228.
"The Homely Sister," 192.
"The Knights," 153.
The Kyria, 181–190, 197.
"The Mycenæan Age," 277.
"The Stage in Aristophanes," 145.
Theatre at Argos, 279; at Epidaurus, 272–274; at Eretria, 355; at Megalopolis, 280, 281; at Oropus, 256, 257; at Rhamnus, 256; at Thoricus, 263, 264; Greek, 138; in Roman days, 150; of Dionysus, 139; of Herodes Atticus, 104.
Theban terra-cottas, 242.

Thebes, 256.
Themis, statue of, 258.
Themistocles, 108, 126, 255, 289.
Theodoric, 369.
Theological school of university, 218.
Theology, scholastic, 203.
Theory of theatre construction, 257.
Thermopylæ, 136, 166, 318.
Thersilion, 281.
Theseion, 104, 168, 201.
Theseus, 126.
Thespis, introduction of first actor, 141.
Thessalian coast, 318; grain, 321; plain, 328.
Thessaly, homes in, 198.
Tholos, 274.
Thoricus, 263, 264.
Thursday, fashionable marriage day, 190.
Tide mills at Cephalonia, 46.
Tigarni, 351.
Tiles for roofs, 279.
Tiryns, 7, 38, 274, 277, 279, 283, 358, 360, 367.
Tombs of Mycenæ, 275.
Tombstones, 129.
Tool marks, evidence of, 102.
Topography of Athens, 253.
Tower of the Winds, 127, 156.
Toys on Acropolis, 120.
Tozer, 330.
Tragedy in Athens, 240.
Trained nurses, 250.
Trapezitai, 170.
"Treasury of Bones," 243.
Trees in Eubœa, 339.
Triglyphs, 348; colored, 101; painted 110.
Trikkala, 325.
Trikoupes, 164; Prime Minister, 196; Miss Sophia, 196, 234.
Trinitarian formula, 204; formula in marriage service, 189.
Tripolis, 279.
Troad, 363.
Trojan acropolis, 366; crematory, 362; elders, 370; plain, 361; war, 56, 62.
Troy, 7, 25, 38, 64, 69, 355–371; antiquity of, 276; Mrs. Schliemann at, 195.
Tryon, Admiral, 78.
Tsountas, Chrestos, 277.
Turkey, map of, 350.
Turkeys, 174, 175.
Turkish battery on Acropolis, 113; dress, 364; harem in Erechtheum, 115; invasion, 4, 6, 26, 45; mosque, Parthenon as, 97; pipes, 169; wedding, 363.
Turks, Corinth, 272; on Acropolis, 95; unbaptized, 280.
Types of expression, 122, 123.

UNITARIAN Church, women ministers of, 252.
Unity of Greek Church, 219.
University of Athens, 158, 159, 226, 234.
Ujek-Tepeh, 362, 363.

VALE of Tempe, 317, 320, 322, 327.
Valonia, 345.
Van Lennep, 35.
Vases, 247; as grave ornaments, 133.
Vathy, Ithaca, 62–68, 350; Samos, 350.
Vegetable venders, 174.
Velestino, 319, 325.
Venders of small wares, 168–178.
Venetian supremacy, 4, 26, 41, 45, 95; architecture, 4, 29, 71, 74.
Venetians, Corinth, 272.
Victories leading a cow, 113.
Victory binding her sandal, 113; of Pæonius, 293; of Samothrace, 293.
Vido, 13, 16, 21, 23, 71.
Village washing, 41.
Villages of Eubœa, 338.
Villages, Troy, 366.
Vineyards, 27.
Virgin goddess, 203, conception of, 103; icons of, 216; Mary, image of in Parthenon, 97; Mary, Parthenon as church of, 103.
Virtues of the home, 198.
Vitruvius, 148, 149, 280, 281; statement of, 144.
Vlachou, Miss Marigo, 235, 236.

"Volksleben der Neugriechen," 211.
Volo, 317, 319, 320, 340; Bay of, 319.
Von Moltke, 362.
Votive tablets, 135.

WAGNER, 106; at Bayreuth, 90.
Waldstein, Dr., 343.
Walls at Mycenæ, 276; without mortar, 257.
Washing, village, 41.
Washington, 156; Capitol, approach to, 107; Monument, 329.
Wedding in Greek home, 140; procession, 190.
Weddings, 43.
Wheelbarrows, 198, 364.
Wheeler, Professor J. R., ix., 227.
Wheler, Spon and, 92.
White, Professor John Williams, ix., 114, 145, 147.
Winckelmann, 291.
"Wine-dark sea," 262; wine-merchants, 169; wine-shops, 168, 169.
"Wingless Victory," 113.
Wolters, Dr., x., 357.
Womanhood, idealization of, 203.
Woman's Journal of Athens, 196.
Women as clerks, 170; as wage-earners, 198; marketing, 170.
Women's work in Greece, 170; gallery, Greek Church, 215.
Wooden Horse, 357.
Wooden structure, reminiscence of, 109, 110.
Woodley, Alfred, 46, 47, 49, 53, 55.
Working-girls, help for, 250.
Workmen at Troy, 364.

Xenodocheion, 290.
Xenophon, 231, 279, 285, 287.
Xenophon's "Œconomicus," 199, 200.
Xenophontine Greek, 163.
Xerochori, 337.

ZAKYNTHOS, 70.
Zante, 54, 77, 82, 287, 289; currants, 49, 70, 71, 81; earthquake, 4, 70–86, 230; marriage customs, 183, 190, 191; natural formation of, 79; Neachori, 75; poet, 237.
Zeus, 175, 233; altar of, 288; eagle symbol of, 211; statue to, 168; temple of, 289, 292; temple, Olympia, 100, 102, 227, 351.

GREEK INDEX

Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ, 202.
Ἀκρόπολις, 163.
Ἀληθῶς ἀνέστη, 222.
ἀλεξίβροχον, 231.
ἀναβαίνω, καταβαίνω, fig. use of, 149.
ἀργυροδίνης, 324.
ἀρτοπώλης, 169.
Ἄστυ, 163.
Χάρος, 210.
χαίρετε, 63.
χελιδόνι, 324.
χορεία, 141.
χορεύω, 141.
Χριστὸς ἀνέστη, 222.
δαίμων, 208.
Δὲν ἐξεύρω, 280.
Ἡ Ἀσχημη Ἀδελφή, 192.
Ἡ Κοινὴ Γνώμη, 228.
Ἡ Ῥαπτομηχανή, 230.
ἔλα, 174.
ἔμπορος 170.
ἐπὶ σκηνῆς, 149.
ἐπὶ τραπεζῶν, 149.
ἕτοιμα, 329.
Εὐμενίδες, 208.
εὐφλογία, 209.
Ἰδιωτικὸν Σχολεῖον, 234.
Καιροί, 163.
καλὴν ὄρεξιν, 311.
καπηλικός, 170.
κάπηλος, 170.
καπνοπωλεῖον, 169.
καθαρὰ δευτέρα, 140.
κεραμοπωλεῖον, 169.
κλητήρ, 176.
κοκκαλοθήκη, 244.
λεπτά, 194.
λουτροφόρος, 133.
μάλιστα, 341.
μαρτυρικά, 194.
Μελέτη ἐπὶ τοῦ Βίου τῶν Νεωτέρων Ἑλλήνων, 211.
Μοῖραι, 210.
νουνός, 193, 194.
οἰνοπώλης, 169.
ὀρχήστρα, 141.
πανοῦργος, 63.
παπαγάλο ὡραῖο, 225.
Ποδήλατα, 230.
Πολίτης, Ν. Γ., 211.
πολυθειράς, 321.
προῖκα, 183, 184, 198.
προίξ, 183.
προπύλαια, 106.
Σ τὰ δικά σας, 188.
σεληνιάζομαι, 209.
Σεμουλίνα, 230.
σπανίως 185.
συμφωνία, 185, 186.
τράπεζα, 170.
τυροπώλης, 169.
ὡραῖον, 341.